Sunny Memories of Three Pastorates

William Elliot Griffis

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The Hour

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SUNNY MEMORIES OF THREE PASTORATES

Schenectady (1877-1886)

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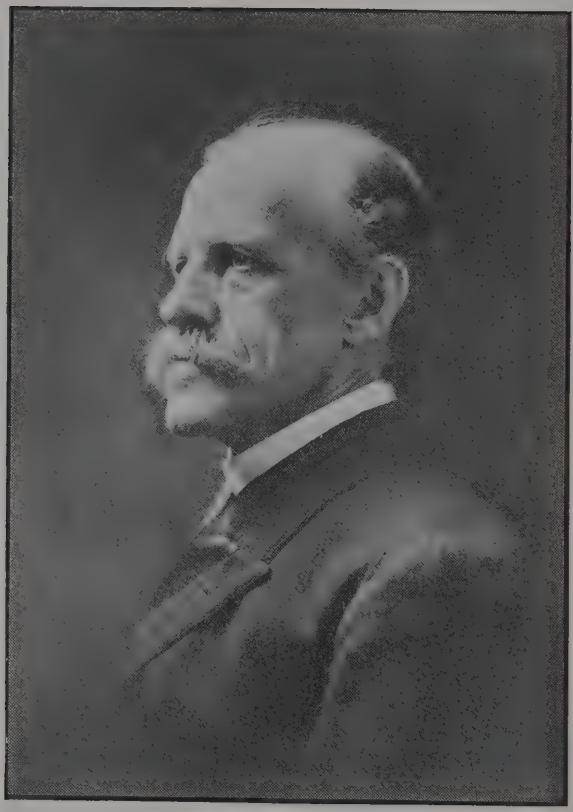

In sunny memories,
Wm Elliot Griffis.

SUNNY MEMORIES

OF

THREE PASTORATES

WITH A SELECTION OF SERMONS AND ESSAYS

BY

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, D.D., L.H.D.

"I MEASURE ONLY THE SUNNY HOURS."
Dial-plate inscription

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1903

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IN

ILLUSTRIOUS AND INSPIRING MEMORY

OF

ELBERT MONROE †
DUNCAN ROBINSON †
OKUNO MASATSUNA
CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN †
GEORGE F. BEARDSLEY †

Types and realities of true yoke fellows in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and of all who in His name have co-worked with their fellow-servant.

" Clothed in fine linen white and clean.
. . . the righteousness of saints."

PREFACE.

The promise of September:

> *"In withdrawing, for closer concentration in historical and literary production, not from the Christian ministry, but only from the active pastorate, I desire to offer to my friends and former parishoners, in New York, Boston, Schenectady, and Ithaca, a Souvenir volume, which shall contain memorials in word and picture of the church edifices, in which as pastor and people, we labored together in the name of our Master, with autobiographical and historical notes, names of church officers associated with me in the work, general notice of events in the church during each pastorate, and a selection of those sermons delivered before, and more closely associated with each congregation."*

Behold in this book, the fulfilment of December.

These are not "show" sermons, but the average messages actually delivered during a busy pastor's ministry, and printed in substance as they were preached. It is the congregation that makes the "best" sermon. Sometimes one face gives the preacher his audience.

I "lay up the rod before the Lord." May it bud and blossom with memory and hope. May it yield almonds for the refreshment of the soul.

W. E. G.

SHAWMUT HALL,
Ithaca, N. Y.

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THE DOMINE'S TALK

The Domine's Talk to His Readers.

THIS is God's world and His people live in it. Besides a thousand other reasons for holding such a belief, I have been re-inforced by "experience (which) worketh hope," and also by the wisdom of an old ferryman on the Mohawk River. It was his business, at the old stand near Niskayuna, N. Y., to carry passengers, both those with two and those with four feet, on a scow held by a rope and pulley running along a cable stretched from one side of the stream to the other.

One day a man in very bad temper, who had "one more river to cross," sat down on the gunwale. About to leave the country for other parts, he was grumbling and complaining about everybody and everything. Total depravity was in them all. He declared that the neighbors among whom he had lived were the worst lot of people he had ever come across.

"You'll meet the same kind of folks where you're going," said the old ferryman.

Sometime afterward, a man of sunny temper, obliged to leave the ferryman's neighborhood and to dwell at a distance, was the passenger. He declared that he had never had such delightful neighbors, that everybody seemed to be his friend, and that he was deeply grieved to bid farewell to such pleasant people.

"You'll be sure to meet the same kind where you're going," said the old ferryman.

And no doubt both of them did.

This certainly, for the most part, has been my experience in the world, whether at "the ends" of it, or in Europe, or, in the best of all lands, at home.

I was born on Sunday morning, and, I found unmeasured love awaiting me. Two sisters and a brother had arrived before me, and two brothers and a sister came after. I received the best of my education from "the teacher of teachers," of whom one of the essays in this volume will tell. After beginning at a "Dame's School" I went at six years of age to the public schools of Philadelphia and continued in Philadelphia until I was sixteen, being for nearly a year in class No. 41, of the Central High School.[1] Leaving redecraft for handicraft and trade, I was, until twenty-two, with Messrs. Carrow, Thibault & Co., manufacturing jewellers, learning much about gems, metals, human nature in shop and office, and of employers and employees, in short, the "labor question" in a practical form.

Of my education in boyhood, as in later years, I can remember less of books and their contents—though I have not utterly forgotten these—than of my teachers, whose personality in each case made a profound impression upon me, —both pleasant and otherwise. My earliest Sunday School recollections are of the Coates Street, now the Temple Presbyterian Church, but I heard many preachers and became familiar with various schools of thought, and not a few "isms" long before manhood. The man who was my chief guide in religion, who taught and inspired me, was John Chambers.[2] Under his ministry, during the great revival of 1857, and when but fourteen years old, I united with the First Independent Church. For nearly six years I was in the Sunday School, my chief teacher being that sunny Christian who loved his fellow men, Rudolph Schiller Walton, from whose large Bible class were graduated so many young men who have made records in varied lines of achievement.

[1] See Professor F. S. Edmonds' History. Philadelphia, 1902.

[2] John Chambers. Servant of Christ and Master of Hearts, and His Ministry in Philadelphia. Ithaca, 1903.

When the civil war broke out, in 1861, I took my letter to the First Reformed Dutch Church at Seventh and Brown Streets, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, pastor, and was enrolled there, and taught a class in the Sunday School. During General Robert Lee's invasion of my native state, I followed my minister and many of his young men to the war, and we were comrades in arms. Returning from the summer's campaign of 1863, I remained keenly interested in that great struggle for national life, beside which, for years after, everything else seemed dwarfish and contemptible.

Though no longer in school and busy at work—for I supported myself from the time I was sixteen—I kept up my reading of the English classics and general literature in the libraries, chiefly that of the Young Men's Christian Association. With a friend, George H. Hartman, an amateur printer, I edited and filled many columns of a Sunday School monthly paper, called "Our Messenger," with prose and "poetry."

But what was to be my work in life? Like other young men I wanted to be rich, and had entered employment with the friend of my parents, John Carrow, from whom I learned grand lessons and habits worth more than gold. He would have shown me, even as he once of his own accord promised, a fair chance of promotion, yes, even into the firm. In any event, prospects seemed very alluring.

One day, however, early in 1864, the voice of conscience, or the call of God, came to me very distinctly. Indeed, it seemed almost with the suddenness and clearness of a lightning flash, that the path of duty was made plain. I was to study for the ministry and preach the gospel. Instantly, and for many days, I made resistance. In fact, when occasionally in years before, my mother had told me that she had dedicated me to God before I was born, I rarely listened with interest and once or twice ran out the room. It was all external and even so distant from my thoughts. This

time, the call came from within. The voice was "still" and "small," but it was peremptory. After some weeks of futile resistance, I obeyed the call. Immediately I inquired about colleges text-books and tutors. As to the question of the college, *that* was settled. In the morning of her married life at New Brunswick, N. J., where her first son, afterwards an officer in the United States Navy, was born, and where my father was one of the charter members of the Second Presbyterian Church, my mother had attended the commencements of Rutgers College, and there, as she told me her hopes were to be fulfilled.

The name of the city on the Raritan was already rich in the aroma of friendship. It was especially associated in our childhood's memories with the visits of one Ezekiel Patterson ; for, when visiting our home in Philadelphia, once a year, he placed a shining gold dollar in the palms of each of us little folks. So to Rutgers I went. I think the association of ideas outlined above was the basis of that talk, which I have often given, acceptably I think, to young men in Christian Associations—"A Book, a Friend, and a Dollar,—what to do with them."

I asked Mr. Talmage in regard to tutors. He said : "In preparation, stick to one teacher, don't change. Each has a different system." I took his advice. Through Rev. Dr. T. W. J. Wylie, I found out a young Irishman, graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, named George Young, then studying for the ministry, and under him was put through the Latin and Greek necessary for admission.

How weird and puzzling Caesar's Commentaries and Xenophon's Anabasis seemed at first, but oh what golden wicket gates they proved to be when fully opened, and my eyes beheld a great broad land—"the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome"—which opened for a life's enjoyment ! How the achievements of Labienus and Klearchus touched my imagination ! What glittering picture

words! What superb discipline for the mind those wonderful texts were and are! To-day, I say, blessed be the tutor, severe but patient, helpful at the right moment, insistent on the true answer and the correct rendering, but always suggestive and helpful! Blessed too, are the memories of David Cole and Jacob Cooper and DeWitt Riley, and my teacher in Hebrew, John DeWitt, and all those, who, "by the banks of the old Raritan," helped me to know something of the ancient world of thought. How grandly unshackling to the provincial mind is the study of the classics of Greece, of Israel, of Japan, of China! Can I ever forget "Prex" Campbell's luminous expositions on Sunday morning, of the Greek New Testament?

College life was an enchanted land. My dial plate of memory marks only the sunny hours. There was toil, there were sad experiences, and what student's purse ever equals his desire for spending? Can any one truthfully say that the professors were *always* in good humor, their digestions perfect, and their tempers celestially serene? On the other hand, when were students always angelic in behavior, and equal to Moses in meekness or Abraham in faithfulness?

Suffice it to say that after four happy years, with five prizes won and converted into books or money, (though I keep one silver medal for a memento) I planned to go to Germany to study theology at Göttingen, Halle, and Berlin, and pleasant were the letters received from the great Tholuck and other shining lights in the theological world beyond sea.

From this course I was dissuaded by a famous and successful physician in Philadelphia. So, with my sister, I crossed the sea and spent four months in European travel, seeing what man, under God, had accomplished in the old world during the centuries told and untold. When again I stood on New Brunswick's red shale, a professor asked, "Well, Griffis, does it pay?" I answered instantly "So

well, that I intend to go again, even if I have to go in debt for it." One of the sure signs that a man has had a good time in Europe and profited by it, is that he comes home poor.

Entering the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Dutch Church, I came under the instruction of such good men as Berg, Demarest, DeWitt, and Woodridge. The latter's lectures and teachings I greatly enjoyed. He still lives in sunny old age, and I thank him for opening the fascinating field of Church history to my view. I certainly did not satisfy the Professor of Hebrew, with any exact or over knowledge of paradigms, but he kindled for me a light, that shall never wane while the mind holds its seat, on the path into the treasure chambers of the Old Testament. When Dr. Joseph Berg, grand old theologian, whom I had so often heard preach in Philadelphia, tried to lead me into the quagmire and abyss of dogmatics, I held back. They were too deep for me. In the struggles of soul I cried *de profundis*, to One greater, "Save Lord, or I perish." I hailed it as the call of God to go out into His great wide world, see some other children of His, and in the solitude of the sea and of Japan to do some thinking for myself, to find the rock, Christ Jesus.

Meanwhile I did, what I recommend every young student of theory and dogma to do, went into practical work, and found out what "the religion of a mature man," or one wanting to have such, was, by actual work and experience among men. I began to preach, not what I had heard, but what I had read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested, and fully believed. I kept, generally speaking, within the limits of my own faith. One of my very first sermons was "One is your Master, even Christ." Another was "The Word was made flesh." So far as I can recall, aided by my diary, I preached in the Knox Memorial Church, on Ninth Avenue above Thirty-eighth street, first on the morn-

INTERIOR OF KNOX MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

ing and evening of Sunday, February 27th, 1870, and continued to work and visit among the people until October 16.

I remember well this first Knox Memorial edifice, which has long since given way to a finer one. It was somewhat plain inside, but substantial and commodious. It was well lighted, heated and ventilated, with auditorium and rooms for the primary department and Bible classes, and with facilities for social entertainment. Refreshments were on these special occasions served by the ladies of the Marble Collegiate Church, on Twenty-ninth Street who seemed to take very great pleasure in their work. The same may be said of the visiting gentlemen, among whom Elbert Monroe was, in my remembrance, the teacher of a Bible class and a most indefatigable worker. One of the pleasantest families in the congregation that have left very sunny memories bore the name of Reinecker.

I have often admired the policy of this great ecclesiastical organization, which, under one consistory besides its costly churches on Fifth Avenue, in the fashionable quarter of the city, maintains also where most needed, by schools and chapels, with pastors, deaconesses and other helpers in the gospel, the various appliances of modern Christianity. Among the less favored classes and more numerous humanity of the side streets and humbler avenues, the Collegiate Church, the oldest in Protestant America, holds out in Christ's name an ever open hand of help.

Knox Memorial is named after the Reverend John Knox (1790–1858) for twenty-five years the senior pastor of the Collegiate Church. The edifice had a handsome front of pressed brick, faced with light stone, with stained glass and dormer windows, and was set off at the top with gilt ornamental iron work. It was built close upon the sidewalk with a substantial iron railing in front.

Possibly some can remember the sermons preached in Knox Memorial three of which are here reprinted.

I had to leave the Knox Memorial Church, for a Macedonian cry had come from Japan through the Board of Foreign Missions. The Revolution of 1868 and the Civil war were over and the Japanese were convinced that "education is the basis of all progress." Dr. Guido F. Verbeck, Matsudaira, Baron of Echizen, and the progressive men of Fukui were all links in the chain that has for life bound my heart in prayer and hope to Japan.

Was the chain forged on God's anvil?

When I told my professors in the Seminary of the call to Japan and asked them into my room to give me counsel, they did it unselfishly and nobly. Three said, "Go, and God's blessing be with you." One warned me, "Consider the whole thing as a temptation of the devil."

I think, however, that the devil was resisted and fled.

I heeded the call to Japan, to leave off for a while being, or rather, preparing to be, a "domine" in the Dutch church (for that is the way all educated persons ought to spell, according to the unaltered Latin vocative, the title of address of a minister of the Reformed Dutch Church) to be a dominie, which in Scotland, where this spelling of the term originated means a schoolmaster. My call was, as I have said, to Fukui, Echizen, "to organize schools on the American principle." So Dr. G. F. Verbeck, Matsudaira, Baron of Echizen, and the progressive men of the Fukui Han, or prefecture, wrote in their call.

NEW YORK

Our Master.

"*One is your Master, even Christ.*"—MATT. XXIII : 10.

It is always a pleasure to know the circumstances under which our Savior spoke the words recorded for us in the Gospels. Let us after a careful study of helps, and by the aid of a sanctified imagination, enter into the company of hearers and listen as one of them to Him who spake as no other man.

It was on Wednesday afternoon. Four days before, Jesus had come to Bethany ; that little town on the slope of Olivet, only two miles from the city. He had made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem on Monday, at night returning to Bethany. On Tuesday, he came back to the city, cursing the barren fig tree on his way, and cleansing the temple from the money changers ; at evening again returning to the home of Lazarus and his sisters.

The next day is Wednesday. Jesus returns to the city ; on the way the disciples see the fig-tree withered. In a few minutes more our Lord is within the courts of the temple. Let us enter with Him, hear His words, and see the great structure. It is thronged with devout worshippers, idle Pharisees, and sneering scoffers. A few Roman soldiers from the cohorts of the garrison in the city have come near to look at the holy place, and see how these Jews worship. Gay travelers from Egypt and Italy are here to see the sights and to contrast the culture of Alexandria and Athens with that of Jerusalem. Children are merrily playing upon the marble steps without. The sick and the lame lie before the Beautiful Gate, seeking alms of those who pass in. All Jerusalem is full of Jews and devout proselytes. Two days more and the Passover will be celebrated. Two days more,

and three fresh crosses shall be planted on Calvary. Two evenings more and that moon already hanging in the sky shall come to the full, and the new sepulchre in the garden of Joseph shall hold the crucified body of that pale man now teaching in the temple courts, and confronted by the hostile powers of church and state.

Let us enter the crowd. We listen, as the Master conquers the High Priests and Elders by this question: "The baptism of John, whence was it? From heaven or of men?" Listening yet, we hear the parables of the two sons, of the wicked husbandmen, and of the marriage of the king's son. We see the abashed Pharisees slink away, and coward-like, send the Herodians, the Jewish politicians, to ask concerning tribute to Caesar. When they are foiled by Christ's inimitable answer, the Sadduces, the rationalists of that day, come to ensnare him with the stale catch-question, perhaps asked and debated a hundred times, of the seven brothers and one wife. They too were answered, and leave him with this truth piercing their souls, "God is not a God of the dead, but of the living." Still again on the very spot, the Pharisees urge their attacks upon Jesus, and again are vanquished by unanswerable truth.

Now all objectors are silenced, and that pale man, in whom dwells the fullness of the Godhead bodily, turns to us as we stand in the crowd beside his apostles and says, "Be ye not called teachers, fathers, masters, for One is your master even Christ." All the morning he has battled against the pride and unbelief of tilted priest, learned Pharisees, haughty rationalists, proud politicians and men of the world, answering them by truths that stick like barbed arrows; but now, uttering perhaps the last words of his teaching ever spoken in public and to the people; in loving tenderness of command, he delivers these sentences which speak to us with such fitness and freshness.

Who is this one master? Let us look at him clearly. In

the scriptures of the Old and of the New Testament, He is One. His portrait is unique. His personality in all its varied phases of suffering and glory is single. Patriarch, law-giver, seer and prophet, evangelist, apostle, and primitive Christian, make Him the Messiah *one*. The photograph is recognizable as peculiar among all the millions of men and first and unapproachable among the world's sages, saints, masters, teachers, fathers. To his words, nineteen centuries have been able to add nothing.

Stand then, my brothers by the first records, believe the Christ's own account of himself, listen to unsophisticated apostles who saw, heard, and handled of him, he is One, and his message single. Running, you may read and reading a child may understand.

But listen to later ones who call themseves "Fathers," "Teachers," "Masters," and the picture is blurred and the word confusion. Look at the Jesus of dogma, hidden in a labyrinth of priestly inventions, ecclesiastical rites, and commandments, degraded by a virgin mediator above, and a host of saints of both sexes and all sins between him and his people. Look at the Jesus of the philosophers who in their egotism caricature him and in their invincible ignorance blaspheme him. Look at the Jesus of the worshipers of reason who degrade him by denying his divinity and explain away his solemn message. As I read the writings of those whom the world calls great, their essays, their systems, their history, yes, even their sermons, I say mournfully, "they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." The only safe master is Jesus himself and the only true scriptures are those which testify of Him. Sad indeed is it to see pride of intellect failing to understand, unable to believe the One Master who is able to teach the words of eternal life. Sadder yet to see the philosophy of selfishness trying to comprehend the cross.

But who say ye, that He is? Listen to his testimony

concerning himself given under the very shadow of the crucifixion. Grant to him, what you grant to your fellow-man who speaks in the last hours of life. Then, if at all, men aver the truth, profess their conviction, or utter that by which they expect to be judged in the eyes of the living. So Jesus in his final word to the people said, "One is your Master even the Messiah." Jesus the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world thus sets himself forth as the sin-bearer, the one anointed of God to pour out His soul an offering from sin, to bear our sins in his own body on the tree, to give his life a ransom for many.

A greater than the temple stood in the temple uttering our text, for whose coming all previous revelation, altars, sacrifices, oblations, nay, history itself were but a preparation. Of men and the Messiah it had been written in contrasting strophes by the greatest of the prophets. "All we, like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

That is the meaning of the declaration of Jesus that the Messiah is *our* Master and that his work of expiation, of reconciliation concerns us. The cross which explained all law, prophecy, type, and sacrifice of the old life that centered in the old Testament and the old temple, flashes also its light upon our soul. Instead of thanking God that we are not like other men boasting of integrity, the dignity of our character, we rather pray "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and rather as the publican meant it, as he thought, of the ascending sacrificial smoke,—"Let the offering avail for me." Understanding that cross and victim aright, we must at once humble ourselves, confess our sins, acknowledge that without its reconciliation we are lost from God. Hopeless in sin's disease we lie until we look to it for healing. The Son of Man, the Messiah lifted up, draws us unto him.

We then, who can say, "One is our Master, even Christ" may with joy consider the apostle and High Priest of our profession, the man Christ Jesus. Willingly we climb the mount of higher Christian experience having no Father save God, no teacher but the Holy Spirit, no Master but the Messiah. For our example, we see no man save Jesus only. Our hearts burn within us as we talk by the way and feel the human sympathy of God's Divine Son.

In the spirit on this Lord's day, let us all be brethern, as we look at our Master, (1) as he lived on earth, (2) as he is now, (3) as he will be, when the death gates are lifted, and we shall see him as he is.

Roll back the centuries then, and see Our Master in Bethlehem's manger; the star choirs have sung, the song of the heavenly host is stilled, and that child now in helpless infancy is the Son of God. His human mother's heart is big with joy that all generations in a thousand echoing Christmases shall call her blessed, but not sinless. Not strange that Christ should be born and lie a helpless infant; for one-half of our race die in childhood, and he must needs know how to suffer and feel for the helpless little ones. See our Master in the Temple with the doctors, yet leaving us an example that we should follow in his steps by honoring his mother. See him as he begins his life of love and duty and sacrifice; not in a graveyard, nor in gloom of ascetic mortification, but at the joyous banquet of festal cheer and of wedding joy—turning common water into glad wine. See our Master speaking the life-word to the widow's son, standing with Mary at Lazarus's tomb, and dropping tears, such as we wept when our brother was laid away under the grave-sods. See Him speaking before lying, plotting, and slanderous men, words of forgiveness and comfort to the sinful woman, whom men more murderous than judicial were ready to kill. When they had nothing for her but stones and death he said: "Neither do I condemn thee, go and

sin no more." See our Master praying for Peter that his faith fail not. Our Master standing on the cold shore of Galilee, forgetful of himself, caring only for his dear ones, asking, "Children, have ye any meat?"

Who is he among that crowd of too-careful disciples that says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me?" That is Our Master. Merry laughing children all around; how they love to take his hand and touch his robe! How infinitely more does he love to hear their sweet childish laughter and to take them in his arms; by one loving sentence revealing to us, that the whole Christian life is only a glorified childhood.

And he smiled. Yes, nothing can cheat our heart's witness and yearning. Surely on that frownless face, amid its its deep sorrow, played a smile when children were near. True, no evangelist records it. But which of the four tells us the sun shines, that the rose is fragrant, or the lily white? Who writes that Christ had two eyes, or that his heart beat? Christ was human. Christ smiled. Rob not humanity needlessly of the thing it believes but cannot prove. The smile of Christ,—though sculptors should chisel it in marble, painters embody it on canvas, poets sing it in inspired song; though it float in music that shatters the heart with its rapture, yet, when even thus represented, were not so dear as when accompanying the dear words, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Because of these words and because of the ancient promise that God would be a God unto us—who are blessed with faithful Abraham—and to our children, we believing that as speechless infants, who know nothing, are, without their knowledge, partakers of sin and misery, so, without their knowledge, are they partakers of the grace of Christ, and the benefits of his atonement, and so, to confirm the inward blessing with an outward sign, we baptize them. We voluntarily suffer them to come to Him through the

gateway of holy baptism as well as involuntarily by the door of death.

Our Master ! from the bosom of his earthly mother, through boyhood, manhood, the cross, the sepulchre, the ascension to glory ; no fable, no myth, an ideal, yet real in joy and sorrow, in pain and pleasure, in woe deeper than ours, yet a divine man,—the son of God in human flesh, leaving us an example to love and to follow. All that we know of his earthly presence (and is it not enough ?) is the record of the four evangelists. Clear, simple, unadorned, is the story. No fancy, not even chastened imagination filling the outlines or playing round its sharp edges. All that we can know of him in the flesh, we know only by the letter of the Gospel records. Cling to them. Against all false philosophy, against the hierarchy that would shut them, or the deceitful handling that would turn them into lies, cling to them with prayer.

This was our Master on earth. Is he any less *Ours* now, that he dwells in Heaven ? Is he far from every one of us, or is he near ? Ask the Christian, and his heart shall respond—" My Master is always a very present help in time of trouble." In every sorrow we pour our woe into his ear, and feel comforted with the comfort of sympathy. In every glow of gladness, in every heartthrill of joyful emotion, Our Master smiles with us, and checks not our mirth. In his heart we feel there is sympathy not only with our woe, but with our joy. To whom Jesus is the Master, every labor seems light. To whom Christ is a Saviour, every land is more than a Palestine. Faith in Him overcomes the world ; He is no shadow, no phantom, but ever near, ever real.

To all the brave and good spirits on earth, who have had God's work to do, Our Master has been strength, comfort, and joy. In Him they have found all their springs. Hope for the cloudy future, nerve for the weary aim, cheer in the hours of toil, refreshment in the gloom of the discouraged

soul, all blessings from above given are at the mercy-seat by Our Master. He helped Luther to lift up axes against thick trees, to battle for truth unfainting to the end of life. He helped Calvin, puny in body and frail of limb, to do a giant's work, to think out the mighty thoughts that wander through eternity, and to shape the granite boulders of truth. What a compliment to this servant of God, to our faith, that the skeptic and the rationalist so often speak of Christianity as Calvinism! Our Master soothed the weary hours of John Bunyan and Madam Guyon, as they lay in prison bondage. Our Master gave power to Wesley to breathe new life into a dead church. He was the help of Whitefield in his labors as a gospel evangelist. In persecution Our Master so sustained the martyr in the fire, so loved the sufferer on the rack, so nerved the weak woman who with her offspring walked into the open grave about to be filled up rather than apostatize, that they murmured not, nor denied their Lord. What were flames with Jesus' love? What the rack since Jesus suffered more than they? What was the seven-fold heated furnace of inquisitorial fires, if there walked with them the form of the Son of Man? In our full hearts' joys as in all our woes and questionings in the enigmas of life, in whatsoever things we are called upon to bear, to hide, or to suffer, unto whom can we flee, but unto Our Master? Such is he to us now.

But, as the apostle says, "now we see in part." We know, but we know by faith. Not having seen him, we love him, but soon, we shall see him as he is. We shall be known, and shall know him. He will be Our Master there also. He alone is our life and hope. Our hope of the blessed life hereafter rests not in any one word in the Holy Scriptures which measures time. We shall not build our hopes on a time-word or an eternity word—but on life—the life of the Son of God. "Because I live, ye shall live also,"

is our sure hope of Heven and based on Him who is made often the power of an endless life.

We need more than Heaven. Life of itself might be a burden. We need Our Master there. Whom have we in Heaven but Jesus? It will indeed be joyful to meet dear friends there, to mingle with the angels that excel in strength and be happy with the things which eye hath not seen nor ear heard on earth; but they would never satisfy the soul that loved Jesus. Whom we love, with them we love to be. Every new joy brings a new want. If it was a joy unspeakable and full of glory to love Our Master here, how can we do without him there.

Thanks, eternal thanks,—Jesus will be with us. I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am, ye may be also. He has promised to drink the wine anew with us in his Father's kingdom. He will sit down to the marriage supper, and shall we not be his guests? In him shall heaven's joys all centre.

Thus we have presented our Master as he was, as he is, and as he will be; but is he *your* Master? To us who have believed on Him; he says: "One is your Master even Christ." He speaks thus to you also, if you will accept him as your Master, and serve him. Expect not the Christian's hope, the Christian's joy, unless you are his servant. Call him not Master when your life declares that you are not his servant, else will he ask of you the question, and demand an answer. "If I be a master, where is my fear?"

"No man can serve two masters," and to-day you are called upon to choose. Thus has God ever called to men. By Joshua he said—"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve;" by Elijah he called upon the people to choose between Baal and himself. Before Pilate's bar, the Jews choose between Christ and Barabbas. Which will you crucify? The world or Christ? Whom will you serve? Satan or God?

"Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts."

ISAIAH VI: 3.

We choose to-day from the Bible, a scene and a text to illustrate certain truths to which we ask you to listen. It was in the days of the high splendor of the temple in Jerusalem. The sublime words of the eye-witness and participant Isaiah, thus depicts it.

"I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. Above it stood the seraphim; each one had six wings; with twain he covered his feet; and with twain he did fly. And one cried unto another, and said Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory."

With reverent eyes, let us look forth in this wide creation and realize the fulness of the title,—"Lord God of Sabaoth"—Jehovah of hosts. Seraphs call this august name to each other as they adore and burn and thrill; for they with eyes that know no earthly dimness, can see over the universe of the Heavenly Father. Fancy what would be our vision, were God to bid the seraph unfold his wings, and taking our hand, and lending us his eyes, were to lead us through all the starry spaces. Were not this frail body to sink in fleshly weariness, we too might utter the seraph's cry with a seraph's fulness of adoration. Yet we scarce need a seraph's powers; for with our eyes, multiplied millions of times by man's own instruments,—the telescope and microscope, we have now almost an angel's vision. We can see the hosts of which Jehovah is leader.

Think of this broad earth on which we stand, its cloud-piercing mountains, some of them domed in snowy effulgence, rising like a white eternity;—of vast plains embroidered with flowers, and tufted with forests, or sterile in

hideous sublimity, a Siberia or a Sahara,—of mighty continents laid on the foundations of a globe whose zone is twenty-five thousand miles—of oceans, on whose bosoms tempests gambol and hurricanes dance, whose waters might feed a hundred Niagaras through untold generations.

These are earth's wonders, beside which man is a pigmy or a pebble,—yet before God, where are they? "He weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in balances." Continents?—"He takes up the isles, as a very little thing." Solemn processions of clouds?—they the dust of his feet. Untold millions of men, and countless nations?—they are as "a drop in the bucket."

Behold the miracles of microscopic life which reveal immensity in the air and ocean. See that drop of water, populous with five hundred millions of living creatures. Behold that speck of insect life, that multiplies itself into one hundred and seventy billions of beings. Behold how every cubic inch of air pants with seeds and germs, and how every water drop throngs and palpitates with life. Who shall take the census of that population? Yet are they all, only the fractions of the number of those which have lived and died on this earth; and whose catacombs and cemeteries and fossils are piled and embalmed in rocks and mountains. Let Geology give up her dead, and what seraph could count the creatures that lived, and moved, and had their being here? Arithmetic, figures, and calculations might like the seraph fold their wings and well veil their faces before the hopeless task. Yet of all this life, God was the creator and Father. Lifting our eyes even no higher than this earth, shall we not reverently exclaim, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is full of thy glory."

Yet, what is this earth? Only a needle's point in the star-space of illimitableness. Behold the heavenly hosts around and above us. Except our own moon, we must travel from the earth 30,000,000 of miles, to reach our

nearest neighbor, a planet ; 62,000,000 more to arrive at the sun, whose light cheers us ever. Behold it sailing through the oceans of space with its squadrons of planets and moons; while anon there falls a rain of meteors, or some comet brushes his fiery beard against the blazing lamp that lights this world. What splendor ! What immensity !

Yet the sun and the planets are only another larger needle's points punctured in space. Behold the starry baldric that girdles the heavens above us. Wing your flight 36,000,000,000 miles further and you stand on the nearest fixed star, while imagination staggers to find the frontiers of the universe. Where does it end ? The throne of God may be its centre, but let not mortal man attempt with human brain, to span its glittering circumference. With his telescope, alone he can now sweep a space, whose diameter is measured by a line, on which a ray of light moving at the rate of 192,000 miles per second must travel 7,000,000 of years.

Every new invention of more powerful lenses is, like witnessing a new creation and hearing a second time, "Let there be light." What pomp, splendor and dazzling effulgence ! What scenery and beings there ! What systems illumined with uncounted suns, outpouring floods of white, ruby, emerald and golden light ! Think of a star, a speck in the sky, yet many a one is equal to 250 suns like our own ! What prairies of nebulae, whose blazing fire-tracks seem the rut-marks of God's chariot !

Who shall call the roll of the systems ? Who count the suns ? Who calculate the stars ? Yet are they all known to God. "Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number ; he calleth all by names." What colossal order ! What ravishing harmony ! In the new heavens and the new earth, God may give to his children, to see this spectacle of a universe in procession.

How our souls thrill, our hearts leap, and our eyes fill, when we see an army tramp through our streets? Picture the miles of faces, the nebulous sheen, and foam-like swell of ten thousand bayonets. Hear the clattering of a division of cavalry, and the thunderous rumbling of the trains of artillery, all in ranks and disciplined order. Head to head, shoulder to shoulder, foot to foot, and hoof to hoof, the stately mass moves with a mathematical precision, at the word of a single man.

All this is but a faint miniature of the order and obedience of the starry systems. Behold the Creator—Father on his throne. Rank upon rank of firmaments, systems, and suns. Serried lines of stars and planets and meteors, wheeling, countermarching, sweeping on in glittering effulgence around his throne. No disorder, no breaking ranks, all in majestic silence of law, and unity of varied change. See the mighty procession. Insect, flower and man, world and sun and star, system, galaxy and nebulae, serried legions of angels, body-guard of seraphim, attendant cherubim, captained by the Archangel, all, all, with their hosts obey his command.

If seraphim veil their faces, shall not we hide ours? If they bow their heads, shall not we put our mouths in the dust? If they,—sinless spirits thrice call him Holy, shall not we, cry out that we are thrice unclean? Before his almighty power what are we? Ask not immensity, lest it say, we are but dust atoms. Ask not blind science, starry-eyed as to material, but with empty eye-sockets and sightless eye-balls before spirit. Ask of Jehovah—will he call us children? We know we have human hearts, and we know that is no colossal lie, but the voice of God that tells us we have a soul. With reverent hearts, with bowed and uncovered heads, let us wait, and ask whether this Almighty Creator be an Almighty Father.

"Holy, Holy, Holy Jehovah of Hosts," cried the sera-

phim. We have a faint idea of the hosts. What means this awful name Jehovah? Fully to understand its meaning is to conceive of God as one eternal now. There is no past, no future to him. Over all the arches of the past eternity, over all of the future, sounds the majestic tread of the "I am that I am."

What is time? Only a lightning flash from this throne, cleaving the great night of eternity, whose responsive thunder will be the judgment. The Heavens may be laid on the pyre, but he is the bush that burns unconsumed.

We, whose long life spans not a century, may take solemn pause as we think of Jehovah. Stars have withered, systems have faded, worlds have burned in fire, and the voids of eternity space are white with the ashes of the consumed centuries, yet it is fresh morning with Jehovah.

Open the fossil Bible of the rocks, and read the genesis and the exodus and numbers of countless myriads of creatures, untold centuries ago. What appalling records of millions of centuries that picture the eternity of time, from the beginning of the rocky geologic scriptures, until they culminated in the Revelation—man! Who so presumptuous as to tell the uncounted centuries of this hoary earth? Who can fix the date of "In the beginning?" Yet it may perhaps be the youngest of God's worlds.

> "Eternity,—thou pleasing, dreadful thought."
> "Eternity stands always fronting God,
> With blind eyes and grand dim lips,
> That ever murmur God, God, God."

God's life! Who can measure that which has no beginnings of birth or boundaries of death? Jehovah, the eternal now, the "I am that I am!" Think of it. Turn round the ring till you meet its end. Roll over the ball, till you reach its edge. You cannot measure God's duration. Yet what is our life? Poets, since poets first sang, have sung the shortness of life, yet who ever named the true

symbol? The arrow-flight, the melting snow-flake, the winter's day, the lightning flash? What are these but shadow gleams of the truth?

My friend, this earth-life of yours with all its hopes and pleasures, and loves and duties, will soon be as a dream that has long ago been dreamed; that body of yours will be but a dust atom. Die now in your sin, and you can only call yourself *I was*; if God be a Father, you may become, *I shall be*, and live as his child, long after this earth shall have passed away.

Think of the Lord of Hosts enthroned in calm serenity of Almighty strength, while a universe of blazing suns and dazzling systems sweep rushing by with the speed of a thousand whirlwinds and the order of a phalanx; then cover your face and cry to the Lord of Hosts. Think of ages linked to ages, until the chain of eternity has stretched across the abyss that gaps from earth-beginning to earth-judgment; when the great bell of eternity strikes twelve, and to God begins a new morning. Then my soul, ask thyself now, unto whom shall I go, but unto Thee?—thou hast the words of eternal life.

"Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Hosts," cried the seraphim. With our feeble mind we have gained a faint idea of the hosts of God. We have considered the awful meaning of Jehovah. What means this choir and anti-choir of the seraphs? Holy beings themselves, why do they cry thrice, "Holy the Lord of Hosts?" Why must the prophet, the servant of God be purified, and his lips be touched with a kindled coal? It is because this Lord of Hosts, whose throne is eternity, is infinitely holy, pure, and good.

What sinful man can master the thought? Who attain the character? Easier to measure the star-spaces and number the hosts;—to sweep the circle of eternal duration, than to fully comprehend the fullness of the seraph's cry. Who can sound the depths of that mighty conception of God

which the Bible reveals, and without which all morality is a withered leaf? God asks no mortal, with no more than man's powers to understand this mighty truth, so inwoven with mystery, yet where is the man of pure life, who does not hold a true conception of God as the foundation of all duty and religion?

The God of the Bible "is a personal spirit, infinite, eternal, self-existent, the first cause of all things, infinitely intelligent, powerful, free of will, righteous, and benevolent." God is all of these, yet one in all. They are links, Holiness is the perfect chain. Each by itself is glorious, yet the whole together is glorious. Each attribute of God is light insufferable; his holiness is the effulgent total. God is perfect in moral purity. No speck of sin spots the sunbright character of God. Dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto, no dark ray of sin can stain the shadeless splendor of his throne. He cannot sin, he cannot be unjust. He has a right to do all things for all things are his; he may create or destroy as he sees best. He may hurl to hell, or honor in heaven, if he please.

Yet he is no tyrant. He cannot be cruel. He loves the children of his creation. What is human mother love compared to the love of God in Christ Jesus? His mercy is equal to his justice. His love is equal to his power. Men in their rebellion of heart, and made defiant by their sin, slander the Heavenly Father, and declare Him cruel and unjust. Men call God a tyrant, and say that his service is hard; that it is wrong to punish sin, and that free admission into Heaven should be given to all, even though they be drunkards, worldlings, or selfish moralists. They say that God is a jailer and a taskmaster, who demands bricks when there is no straw. By open defiance or deliberate neglect, they deny that God is holy, that say he is not morally perfect, and that he does positive wrong. We have known men

who considered the Holy God, an Almighty fiend. What greater proof needed of Man's own sin?

On the contrary the heart of a true Christian reflects the Scripture image of God, as the bosom of a lake mirrors a star. Genesis cries to Malachi, and Matthew to Revelation, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God." All the bright ranks of angels pour out in full swell of passionate adoration, "Holy, Holy, Holy." Hosts of seraphim veiling their faces cry continually, "Holy, Holy, Holy." Cherubim whose gaze sweeps eternity, and pierces the soul and spirit, cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy." Christ the Son cries, "Holy Father" Jehovah God, says, "I am Holy." Before this august array of conscience, angel, seraph, cherub, Christ, God himself, who shall say that God is not holy? Who shall charge him with wrong? Who dare make God a liar?

In what relation do we stand to that Holy Being? What is his message to us? It is brief, yet awfully plain. He hates our sin. He cannot look upon it, with any degree of allowance. His command is,—"be ye holy, for I am holy." Not only does his holy gaze search our hidden thought,—not only is he strict to mark our outward iniquity, he demands from each of us, repentance, faith, perfect moral purity, spiritual holiness of life, and a regenerated nature.

The fiat is brief and plain—"without holiness no man shall see the Lord." That moral purity, that spiritual holiness is found alone in Christ. It may be obtained by repentance, faith, and prayer. An open Bible and a mercy-seat are before us. Today let the seraph's adoration be ours, an awakened sinner's prayer, and a saved soul's salvation may follow.

The Christian's Eureka.

"*We have found the Messiah.*"—JOHN, I : 41.

It is always a joy to make a great discovery. To find a thing desired is the highest pleasure. The gladness of surprise and the happiness of possession mingle together, as our eyes light upon something unexpected and valuable which is to be ours.

Some of the grandest and most striking incidents in the world's history have been discoveries. What child has not read, how the Greek philosopher Archimedes, lying in the bath, perceived that a mass of water, equal to his body, was displaced ; and how in his oblivious joy he ran naked into the street crying "Eureka." He had discovered a simple yet wonderous principle. By it, he may be able at once to detect that fraudulent admixture of gold and silver in the crown of Hiero, King of Sicily.

Who has not also, pictured the scene which ushered in the knowledge of this vast Western world? It was on the eve of the 12th of October, 1492, that the fearless dreamer of Genoa, saw a light on land. Through all the sneers and gibes of the incredulous, he had believed there was a passage westward to the Indes. After weary sailing for weeks in the slow caravels of Spain, and among mutinous crews, he now stood upon the deck and scanned the horizon from which the setting sun's glow had departed. How anxious his brave heart, how sad his soul, as he thought of the disgrace of return, and the danger among the angry sailors! Were all his hope, all his toil and years of patient waiting in vain? No, there over the bow, he sees a light and a shore. Land is near, and a continent is found. Who can describe the joy of Columbus, as the repentant sailors gathered round

his knees to ask pardon for their faults; while he looked upon the land which fulfilled the dreams of a life? To have found a continent was a greater joy than to have inherited it.

Follow us yet in the walks of science, and behold the rapture of the finders of knowledge. See Franklin, with his kite and string, discovering that the electricity that sleeps in a dew drop, that glares in the lightning, and that leaps in the sparks of the battery is one and the same in all. See Humphrey Davy as he sits beside the voltaic battery. As though by a miracle of God, the potash splits into its components, and positive and negative poles claim each a dissevered element. Behold that astronomer, who after months of patient calculation, and weary watching with the telescope at last discovers a new planet, as a new world swims into sight. With thrills of joy, he shouts, "I have found it! I have found it!" All these are soul-stirring discoveries of men, with whose delight we can sympathize, but to-day, we have read of a grander discovery, and a mightier object of search, than a continent, a principle, or a planet.

That joyful outcry of the Galilean fisherman to his older brother, "We have found the Messiah," was as sublime a discovery, and to him more fruitful in results, than the eureka of Archimedes, or the discovery of Franklin. The pioneers of science and the explorers of undiscovered knowledge saw that which is seen and temporal. Andrew beheld him, whose kingdom is unseen and eternal.

In order to gain a vivid conception of the import of these words, we must study the circumstances under which they were uttered. It was in the country beyond Jordan, most probably near the little town of Bethabara. Multitudes of people had flocked from all parts of the country to hear the preaching of John the Baptist. Proud Pharisees were there, men that despised the rough-looking prophet who dressed in camel's hair, ate coarse food, preached with fiery eloquence the coming of the Messiah, and baptized the people in

Jordan. Cold-hearted and infidel Sadducees were there, who laughed at the idea of a saviour to come like the Christ. There were publicans too, and Roman soldiers. But the mass of the crowd who listened to John, were poor people from the workshops and vineyards and fishing boats, who repented of their sins, were baptized, and hoped for and expected a Savior to come.

Among those who not only heard John, but stayed with him and learned more from him, were three young men from Galilee. Two of them were brothers, Andrew and Simon, the other was John. One day as the Baptizer was preaching, Jesus made his appearance among the people. He was baptized by John and the Holy Spirit descended upon him. Then was he manifested as the Son of God, the annointed Messiah, the savior of the world. The next day, as John with his two disciples was standing by, Jesus passed. Again the Baptist hailed him as "the Lamb of God."

John and Andrew left their first teacher, and followed Jesus. "Then Jesus turned and saw them following, and said unto them, 'What seek ye?' They said unto him, 'Rabbi, where dwellest thou?'"

"What seek ye?" This is a solemn question. What are we trying to find? Christ's answer was "Come and see".

The two young men followed Jesus into the wilderness. Evidently this was a long walk, for it was late in the afternoon when they reached the place in which Jesus was dwelling. Perhaps this was only a hut of twigs and leaves, for the son of God dwelt in no palace. The two disciples remained with the Master during the night. What Jesus told these young men so eager and enthusiastic to serve him; what promises were made, or what vows taken, we do not know; but that night, the Lord chose these two disciples to be laborers in the kingdom of God. They believed on Jesus as the son of God, and till the end of life, served him with steadfast devotion.

Now mark the sequel! Did Andrew forget all about his brother Peter, who evidently had not seen Christ? No; Andrew was one of those generous souls, who cannot rest, until they have told their friends of their new-found joy. Andrew ever manifested his love for his fellow-men by introducing them on every suitable occasion to Jesus that they might be brought to a saving acquaintance with him. We read that later he brought some Greeks who were inquirers to Christ. With this knowledge of his character, we may imagine how he went off early in the morning to tell his older brother Simon the good news, that he had seen the long-expected Saviour, and had talked with him until his heart burned within him. Thus was the chief apostle led to his Master Christ, by a younger brother.

How the soul of Peter must have thrilled as he heard his brother utter those joyful words! With what glad alacrity did he ever after follow his Lord! To find the Messiah! What was it? We can scarcely conceive Peter's feelings as he walked on his way to see Christ. For centuries the people had been expecting him. Daily, they who could read the prophets watched to detect the signs of his coming. They were oppressed by the Romans. Religion was taught by the heartless Pharisees and worse, by skeptic Sadducees; for we read of Pharisees being converted, but never of Sadducees, and earnest men despised both. Those who waited for the salvation of Israel were few, and almost despairing. Andrew and John had at first believed that John the Baptist was the Christ, but he declared himself to be only the messenger of a greater one to come. So the impatient young men waited on, hoping yet to see him of whom Moses and the prophets did write. Many were beginning to doubt that Messiah would come.

What rapture then, as Andrew told his joyful eureka, "we have found the Christ." Was it not a greater discovery and a source of deeper happiness than to have caught

the first glimpse of a new world, or through the lens of a telescope to have found a planet?

Yes, unhesitatingly we make answer, for hear the testimony of one of earth's greatest philosophers, Sir Humphrey Davy, who trod the paths of science with the imperial step of a discoverer, won honors from kings, and high distinction from the sages of earth. In the midst of his renown and triumph, hear the testimony he bore. This was given not in the haste of youthful impulse, but in the calm ripeness of age.

"I envy no quality of the mind or intellect of others, not genius, wit, nor fancy; but if I could choose what would be the most delightful, and, I believe most useful to me, I prefer a firm religious belief to all others."

Such a search is nobler than that for wealth, fame or science. "Seek first the kingdom of Heaven."

What art thou seeking? Fame, wealth, honor, pleasure, self?

Such a discovery, each of us may make. This day I would act the part of Andrew, and since I have found the Messiah, who is called Christ, I come to you, with the joyful word, and would bring you to Jesus.

The Messiah is as near us, as he was to Peter. We may not gaze upon his earthly countenance, but though not having seen we may love; in whom though now we see him not, we may rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; and greater than all else, may receive the end of our faith, even the salvation of our souls.

But you may say, "how shall I find Jesus?" I cannot run to him, see him, and talk to him, as did Peter when Christ was upon earth. What must I do to find him? We answer, as the Scriptures do, "Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend unto Heaven? Or who shall descend into the deep?" The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart, even the word of faith, which we preach; that if

thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart, man believeth unto righteousness ; and with the mouth, confession is made unto salvation. Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

Here then we have the clear and sufficient language of Scripture. The first thing is to believe in Christ. They who believe in him, shall find him their Saviour. Peter came to Jesus and believed on him when he saw him with his own eyes. You cannot see Christ, and for that reason will you refuse to see him? Yield not the search for so slight a cause. Faith is greater than sight. Peter saw the person, the body of Jesus, but his eyes did not at first discern that Christ was the Son of God. "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee," said Christ "but my Father which is in Heaven."

You and I are as well off as Peter. Had we lived then we should have seen a man of sorrow and a being of infinite kindness and love, yet we should have been blind to see him as our Saviour from sin, unless God had given us eyes of faith to hail him as the Messiah. The risen Christ allowed Thomas, to be sure with his eyes that his nail-prints and thigh-wounds belonged to his Master. Yet, did he bless him for his eagerness for proof of sight, and exalt sight above faith? No, hear Jesus himself, "Thomas because thou hast seen, thou hast believed, blessed are they who have not seen, yet have believed." That promise was for us, to help us to believe on him. All he asks us to do, is, "Only believe." That moment we believe that Jesus Christ is the son of God, that we are sinners, that he is able to save us, that we repent of our sins, and put our faith entirely in him, that moment you and I are Christians. We have found the Messias. "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God."

It may be, however, that some are not even willing to believe. They acknowledge the importance of salvation. They even desire in their inmost souls to find the Messiah and love him, but they feel themselves powerless to love, believe or seek him. To such it is useless to say, "believe and be a Christian." Only after the earnest question of desire, "what must I do to be saved," did the apostle say, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." The invitation, "come to Christ" will be accepted only after men have felt a desire to accept it.

To all such we say, begin to pray that God may make you willing to seek Christ. Men are often powerless to be willing. Ask for his Holy Spirit to lead you. You are to be saved by faith, but that is not of yourself, it is the gift of God. Ask for it. If your heart and life are hardened by long sinning, pray earnestly, and if you do not know how to pray, let your heart's cry be, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and then "Lord, teach us how to pray."

God is not unreasonable, he not only asks us to love him, but gives us his Spirit to help us love him. He will make each of us willing in the day of his power.

All the Bible declarations are that the day of his power is to-day. All his invitations are now. Search this Bible over, use every fair method of interpretation we choose, and we shall find nowhere on the pages of it that God offers us any other time, than now.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts," by refusing to seek salvation and find the Messiah. It is your right and privilege to become the sons of God, and disciples of Christ. Hear the record of John. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not, but as many as did receive him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God."

This promise of power was not only to those who like Peter found and saw the Messiah on earth. Jesus in his

last great prayer uttered this petition for his disciples and for us. "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also, which shall believe on me through their word."

That prayer was for you, if you will believe on him. There is hope for you, for God will give you his spirit to help you to pray; then if you simply believe and receive him, the privilege is yours to become a son of God,—a privilege beside which the nobles of the earth, have nothing to offer.

To find Jesus the Messiah now, is more than Peter's finding of Jesus the Messiah then. On earth, he was despised and rejected of men. Even they who loved him most, scarcely knew until after his resurrection, that he was the Eternal Son of God; who by shedding his blood was to take away our sins; and make us —not noblemen of earth, not soldiers in an earthly army, nor kings of an earthly kingdom, but heirs of eternity, sons of God, and brothers of the Lord of Heaven and of earth.

Fear not, then, only believe. With confidence and earnest yearning, I would act Andrew's part, this morning, to tell you I have found the Messiah Christ. I urge you to come too, and make the great discovery, assuring you that the joy of finding him, will be such as no philosopher or scholar ever knew, no miner whose drill strikes the vein of silver, or the reservoirs of oil, however glorious his discoveries. Theirs satisfied the mind. Yours will satisfy the soul. They had to leave their wealth, their honors, in time. Yours will be ever fresh and ever new. Throughout all eternity in the fullness of a saviour's love, you will continually read new revelations; and discover new heights and depths to the Eternal "goodness of God, which leadeth thee to repentance."

Oh, since the path is so plain, the Saviour so near, the discovery so easy, who shall have to say on the last day, "I

never found the Messiah. I found health, pleasure, honor, fame, and every day needs, but never a saviour."

Fearlessly we reiterate,—the way is plain. You need read no pious books, no tracts, no papers. The Bible and the mercy-seat are sufficient guides to find Christ. You need study no commentaries, nor try first to understand the great doctrines of religion which are to be mastered only by a mature Christian. Don't attempt to grapple with or master the eternal problems of the universe before you have mastered the A, B, C, of religion. You must not wait 'till you are better, 'till you are sick, 'till you are dying, 'till you are old, 'till you are frightened. "Life is like a candle in the wind." Don't give the snuff of your life to God. Not to-morrow, but to-day, pray, believe; that is all the Bible tells you to do. Do that, and this night, it may be yours to say "I have found Christ."

JAPAN

Christ in Japan.

A PROTEST AGAINST SECTARIANISM.

I learned to love the Japanese before I saw them at home in their beautiful country. I had met at New Brunswick some of the first of the lads who had come from the Land of the Rising Sun, to study in America. They were sent by Yokoi Héishiro, that martyr to freedom of conscience, statesman, and morning star of the Reformation of 1868. I must have taught, met, or entertained probably three hundred subjects of the Mikado, before I caught sight of the Princess Country. From the deck of the Pacific Mail steamer, on the 29th of December, 1870, I peered far up in the air, and beheld the rosy, snow-tipped crest of Fuji, the peerless mountain. After five weeks in Tokio and Yokohama, every moment tingling with novel sensations, I journeyed by steamer and overland amid rice and tea and cotton and indigo fields, on horseback to Fukui.[1]

There, amid God's beautiful mountains, with snowy Hakusan—Japan's Mont Blanc—gleaming in distant vision, living on a beautiful part of the earth, which "He formed to be inhabited," and with His wonderful island children, passionate lovers of beauty all around me, I read the New Testament and got better acquainted with myself, and my Master, and the universe I lived in. In the Japanese people and civilization, I had plenty to study of the horrible and lovely, the revolting and the charming. There were many things to admire, and many things to detest. I am sure I learned to know my Master more and to love Him better for living where His name was then known only as that of an outlaw and even of a demon. For centuries Christ was "crucified afresh" in Japan.

[1] See Part II. "The Mikado's Empire."

Meanwhile, the Almighty was working wonders in this island nation and empire. Feudalism was abolished soon after I had lived in the City of the Well of Blessing, and after a year's lonely exile, as a witness of the feudal system, I crossed the mountains and the Eastern Sea Road in winter, bound for the capital. I spent three years in Tokio, intimate with the missionaries and their work. I saw the woeful sadness of a divided Christian Church, yet enjoyed ever fresh revelations of the glory of Christ and our common Christianity in communion with my brethren, native and foreign.

Meeting almost constantly with Japanese Christians, and watching the growth of infant churches, I studied the great subject of missionary life and work, of theories and agencies, on the ground, as in a garden or a laboratory. Besides teaching part of the time a Bible class of native young men, I was interested in securing and maintaining the organization of the Union Christian Church, of which I was chosen an elder. I served occasionally in the pulpit, either preaching one of my own sermons or reading, with book in hand, one of Robertson's sermons. Those who would know further of the missionary situation between 1870 and 1874 must look into the books, "Verbeck of Japan," and "A Maker of the New Orient: Samuel Robbins Brown." I was at the missionary convention held at Yokohama in 1872, at which the plan of union, under the name of "The United Church of Christ in Japan" was formed. It was a sad breaking away from a high ideal when the different sects, denominations and individuals began their divisions, and it helps largely to account for the comparative failure, or at least slow progress of organized Christianity in Japan. Perhaps all has been over ruled of God in the real, though not phenomenal, Christianization of Japan outside of accredited foreign agencies, thus illustrating the parable of the

hidden leaven, rather than the outwardly more impressive display of the mustard seed grown great.

Besides a sermon or two delivered in Japan and herein reprinted,[1] I am happy to say that I uttered at least one protest against the utterly needless sectarianism that rends the robe of Christ in fair Japan, in the letter to the native Christians now reproduced.

KAI SEI GAKKO.
[SCHOOL FOR THE PROMOTION OF CIVILIZATION.]
TOKIO, Jan. 21st, 1874.

Dear Christian Brethren in the bonds of Christ, in the churches of Tokio and Yokohama :

Allow me as a fellow-Christian to send you greetings and congratulations. I earnestly pray for you, and trust that this letter may find you in good bodily health, and in the enjoyment of a lively faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

My object in writing to you is first to express my joy that you are Christians in name and in deed, and that in Japan, there are already two flourishing Christian churches. My second object is, as a fellow-Christian who has seen the dangers to the religion of Jesus in other lands, to warn you of the great perils that now beset you, and to try to show how you may be kept from them.

In the first place, I am glad to know that the first Christian church formed in Japan, was organized on the basis of belief in Christ, just as the churches in the days of the apostles were. Now I am fully persuaded that if you were all to stand united in your faith in Christ, make the Scriptures your constant study, continue in the means of grace,

[1] Besides writing and speaking in behalf of Christian Missions in Japan, I expect to issue a manual for study, of the country and people, entitled *Flores Christi* (Flowers of Christ) prepared at the request of the Central committee of the Woman's Board of Missions of the United States and Canada. The Macmillan Co., 1904.

and live an active and fruitful Christian life free from bitterness, fanaticism, or strife about unimportant questions, the whole empire of Japan would feel the influence of the native Christians in Tokio and Yokohama.

But I am sorry to say that there is danger from the very quarter that we should least expect it. Some of your own religious teachers, I hear, are beginning to cause division among you. Some of the missionaries from America and England do not like the Union movement, and would like to divide up the native Christians of Japan into as great a number of sects and sub-sects as are to be found in Buddhism in Japan. I am extremely grieved and discouraged to find that this is the case.

Why is this? If the missionaries love Jesus Christ and wish to see the Japanese people Christianized, if they yearn for the souls of all the people in Japan, why do they not all unite and help each other? Why do they distract the minds of the native Christians with their strange questions and disputes? If they come to Japan to convert the people to the religion of Jesus, why do they wish to win over the Japanese to the special doctrines of their own separate sects?

These are the questions which you ask yourselves, but cannot understand. Will you let me try to help you?

I am a Christian, born and reared in America. I have tried to serve Christ for sixteen years. I have seen the operations connected with missionary societies in America and England. I know something of the history of the Christian church during the eighteen hundred years it has existed, and the sad story of its divisions, and know why we have so many sects of Christians in America. I, therefore, beg you to listen to me.

When the truth taught and lived by Jesus Christ was spread abroad throughout the world by his apostles, and churches were erected in almost every country in Europe and in many countries of Asia and Africa, the Christian

religion was greatly influenced by the peculiar kinds of mind in the various nations. Hence it was variously modified, just as the same seed will be modified by various soils and climates. The people of Europe are not all of the same origin, but are of different blood, and each national mind in Europe is somewhat different from every other, just as their languages are diverse.

Still further, the religion of Jesus was modified by being made part of the State government. Then in the course of centuries, the Pope arose, claiming power over the consciences of all Christians. Then the Greek or Oriental Church separated from the Roman or Western, and is now confined mainly to Russia and Greece. Three hundred and more years ago, the Protestant Reformation began, by which the Christian church was purified of many gross errors.

The Protestant Reformers endeavored to bring back the Christian religion to a purer and simpler condition, and they succeeded to a great extent. But although they cast off many hurtful and unnecessary popish doctrines, they still kept customs and dogmas which the apostles of Christ knew nothing about. They made some things a part of the Christian religion which Christ never taught. Then many sects arose which enforced their own special notions and usages, as if they were a vital part of Christianity, so that at the present time, there are as many varieties of doctrine among Christians, as there are among Japanese Buddhists.

An American can easily understand this division of Christianity into many sects. His countrymen are not one homogeneous people like the Japanese, but are made up of emigrants from every country in Europe. The people who come from Scotland like to keep up the Scottish form of religion ; the people whose fathers were of Holland enjoy the Dutch form of the Christian church, etc. Thus the people of each European nation, or sect, like to follow the customs and belief of their fathers, even to minute matters and long

after they have left the homeland. Hence, in America, there are many forms of Christianity, though the main doctrines are nearly the same. An American, therefore, can easily understand why so many sects exist, and it does not trouble his mind as much as it troubles the mind of a Japanese. He sees the historical reasons, as you cannot.

Let me warn you against introducing these purely American and European sectarian divisions into your own country. There is no need of them. The Japanese people are not a mixed but a homeogenous people. There is no reason why Christianity in Japan should be divided. The people all speak one language and live in the same country. Do not allow these foreign sectarian divisions and doctrines to get foothold on your soil. Let the missionaries teach you the gospel and make you Christians, but do not join their sects. Do not make any foreigner your pastor. Have your pastors chosen from yourselves. In Japan, native Christians should have native ministers.

The Japanese Christian church is now like a child, a David, with a sling and stone going out to fight the giant Goliath of Paganism. Shall not the young church go forth trusting only in God? The great sects and Missionary Boards, with their strength and money, are like Saul. They will try to get David—the infant church—to put on their big helment, and heavy coat of mail, and huge shield, which they are only too willing to furnish, but do not put them on. Let the limbs be free and the body unfettered, and let the heart of the native church be fixed on Jesus. Let young David trust in the living God and the great giant Goliath of Paganism must fall.

Now to my mind, the sectarian doctrines are like the helment, the shield, and the armor of king Saul. They are useless to help us slay the giant of idolatry in Japan. I cannot believe that the special doctrines of the sects have anything to do with a man's personal salvation. They are

simply questions of taste and only men's opinions. If a man chooses to hold these opinions, I cannot say whether he is doing well or ill. This I know, that they have nothing to do with the religion of Christ, and the salvation of the soul.

Let the native Christians of Japan first use all diligence to become true and faithful followers of Jesus, to grow in grace and righteousness, and to bring their countrymen to a knowledge of the Christ. I believe the best way to evangelize Japan is by means of native churches and native ministers. Use the foreign missionaries as your helpers and teachers, but do not let them become your actual ministers, and beware of their special doctrines, which will weaken and distract you.

If any man wants more rice, or fine clothes, splendid church buildings, or plenty of money, and perhaps have his expenses paid to America for travel or study, he can get them by joining the sects, and becoming their beneficiaries. Christian brethren, beware of this! Better to struggle and be poor, and keep united, than to divide and join the sects. I happen to belong to the Reformed Church of America, but I warn you not to become a part of that body. Keep the organization you have now, and keep free of all sects. I thank God that you have thus far stood together.

When Japan is wholly Christianized, then it is time for the sects to begin to form, but not now, for the only work to be done is for Christ and your fellow-countrymen.

All that any Christian or church has for guidance, are the Bible and the Holy Spirit. You have these. If they are enough for others, they are enough for you. Do you think you can get more by joining the sects? I know you cannot.

Therefore I send my greetings to you, and bid you to stand fast in the faith, united together, and always abounding in the work of the Lord. Resist all attempts to divide you. Be vigilant against your great enemies, sin, paganism,

and priestcraft. Do not be easily discouraged. Be careful even of your friends.

Examine what I say. Prove it, whether it be true or false. If it be true, follow it. If false, reject it. May God help you to judge, to prove all things, to hold fast that which is good.

Pardon the length of my letter. I feel it my duty to send it to you. I should not like to see the infant church in Japan torn into fragments, until I had first uttered my protest against it, and this letter is my warning. I may do no good, for Missionary Boards are strong, and have many men and much money, and the people of each sect like to publish it in their books and newspapers that they have many converts and churches in heathen lands named after them. I am afraid that sectarian churches will be planted in Japan, but before I see the Christianity already existing in this country divided into sects, I must plead for one church, and one simple Christian faith in Japan. "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are Brethren."

Fraternally yours in Christ,

WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS.

The Dominie Becomes a Domine.

I must refer my readers to "The Mikados Empire," and to the biographies of Verbeck of Japan" and Samuel R. Brown: "A Maker of the New Orient" and to "The Religions of Japan" for what I saw, heard and felt in Asia's Land of Hope. I went to and came back from Japan, grateful for the assured knowledge that God is in his world and that the kingdom of Jesus is coming. He whose right it is to reign now rules in thousands of hearts of the islanders who are loyal to the Lord of all. I returned to my native country to have a hand in its making and resolving to be the interpreter of Japan to America, to make the man of the Orient and the man of the Occident understand each other better. I entered Union Seminary to prepare for the Christian ministry in the Reformed Church, the church of my first love. I gave up the work of a dominie, to become a domine.

During my senior year in Union Seminary, Knox Memorial being then without a pastor I was invited to resume my labors in the old field, which I did. It was like "tenting on the old camp ground." Early in the year 1877 I preached a number of times in Knox Memorial and received an invitation from the Consistory of the Collegiate Church through Mr. Scheffelin, who called on me Saturday, April 13th. I could not give an answer at once, for Japan was not yet out of my view as a field of work.

After three years of lecturing and writing on Japan, composing and seeing through the press "The Mikado's Empire," and preaching in various pulpits, I found the day of decision rapidly approaching. I had covenanted with Providence that, if within six months of graduation I was

not settled, to the filling of heart and hand, in a church at home, I should go out to Japan as a missionary of Christ. How it came to pass that I went into the Mohawk valley, instead of going back to Japan, may be told in few words. Before I had scarcely time to consider the Knox Memorial matter, or a call from Spring Valley, N. Y., or the other invitations on my table, I had preached in the Reformed Church in Schenectady, receiving a few days afterwards a telegram with written and personal reinforcement by certified document and vesting elder, to be pastor of that congregation. That shut the door to Japan with a slam, for the call was like a mighty rushing wind in volume and power. In a word it was a heavy vote cast in a large meeting of the congregation and was unanimous. Let us now look to Schenectady and the oldest church there.

SCHENECTADY

In the Home Land Again—Schenectady.

If I were to say that in looking over my life as a pastor, it seemed to me that I had had but one charge, and that was in Schenectady, I might be doing injustice to my fellow-Christians in Boston and Ithaca, who were co-workers with me; and yet I should not be far from the truth in uttering my feelings thus; for, apart from the freshness of first love, there was, between the edifice itself and my boyhood dreams, a providential link of endearment of which I shall tell.

Furthermore certain elect angels of experience, that came to me in the city by the Mohawk, visited me nowhere else. They were the bearers of first things. Here I was ordained to the gospel ministry by the laying on of hands. Here first I had a home of my own and into it stepped the angel whom I was commanded to love "as Christ loved the church." Here first the windows of Heaven opened to the blessing of parenthood, and the cradle, rocking with new treasures awakened strange, deep emotions that made fresh revelation of the father love and mother love that was before ours, and of the Father's, after whom every fatherhood is named. Here, by me as pastor, were performed the first offices of communion, baptism, marriage of brides and grooms, and the whole round of joyful duties which belong to the ordained shepherd of Christ's flock. Though in other places such experiences befell me, they were those of continuity, pleasant indeed, but lacking the unique glow and mystic power of novelty. I will not say that friends in the Tri-Mount and Forest cities were less kind, but, even as "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," so with all new things of joy, as with Solomon's temple, God comes down and fills them with a cloud of glory as never before or again.

But what of the pre-pastoral vision of boyhood's dreams?

It was on this wise. While a Junior in Rutgers College, I visited a fellow student who lived at Guilderland Centre, at the base of the Helderberg hills, beyond which from my later home on the Mohawk, the sun sets in glory, at each day's end. I found myself in Schenectady one morning in a wagon load of young folks. We had driven over to attend a commencement of Union College and to see old Dr. Nott, who then bore the snows of over ninety winters upon his honored head. We arrived early in Dorp, and having some time to spare, I walked in the space within the ancient palisades to see "a Flemish town stranded in America," of which I had heard. Reaching the street called Church, while walking under the grand old elms and maples, suddenly, like an entrancing vision, the church beautiful, set in a field of emerald, dawned upon me. The side door was open, for the sexton within, concerned with what was next to godliness, was busy. Stepping indoors to behold the glory of stained glass windows and the superb pulpit, I was entranced by the loveliness of the architecture and the harmonies of color. Then and there, I wondered whether I should ever be the pastor of that church,—or of one like it.

The dream was soon forgotten. Years passed by. Even college days took on a perspective. After Japan, came two years in Union Seminary. Going back among these same Helderberg Hills in the spring of 1877, I lectured on Japan in the Reformed Church at Knox. I had been invited thither by the Rev. William Ballagh, brother of the honored missionary in Japan, James H. Ballagh, the pastor's wife of the Knox manse being a sister of two other ladies who were active in the Reformed Church in Schenectady. After the lecture on her return to Schenectady Miss Annie Boardman, entirely of her own prompting, presented my name to the elder who had charge of the matter of securing pulpit supplies and of recommending a pastor to the congregation. Happening to tell him of my life and work in Japan, the

honest elder, not catching the outline of facts very clearly, inquired with astonished voice and visage, concerning the candidate, "Is he a Jap?"

Just about the time that the senior examinations were in full blast, and invitations from Knox Memorial and Spring Valley, N. Y., were, with other missives in the air, I received a request by letter to preach in Schenectady on April 22nd, 1877. I accepted, and reaching Schenectady on Saturday night, was entertained at the house of Mr. William Boardman. The Sabbath day was bright and beautiful, the church was filled, and the sermons preached were on "Our Master," and "Christ Crucified." I returned to New York, and on Tuesday morning, May 1st, about noon, a telegram, signed by Charles W. Kingsbury announced that at a church meeting held the evening before, Caspar F. Hoag, chairman, the people had voted a unanimous call to me to become their pastor. In this the consistory at once concurred and the next day, while at examinations under Dr. Hitchcock, in walked a fine looking gentleman who at the end of the hour introduced himself as Mr. Daniel Vedder, elder of the church in Schenectady, who came to offer me a call in due form. The document was in the stately and dignified language of the ritual of the Reformed Church in America. It was signed by the

Elders	*Deacons*
Daniel Vedder,	Alex. Thompson,
Jonas H. Clute,	Albert Van Voast,
Duncan Robinson,	Harman Consaul,
John Westinghouse,	C. E. Kingsbury,

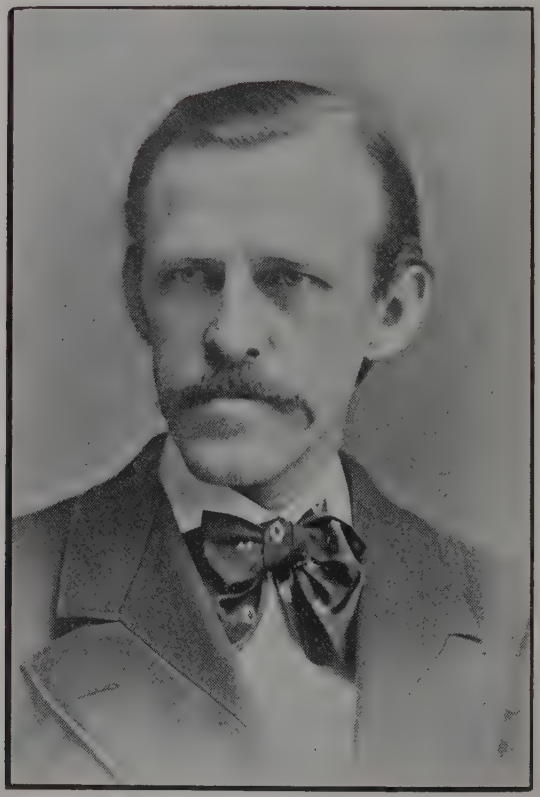
Attest A. J. Swits, *Moderator of the Call.*

Pathetic looked the signature of the trembling hand of dear old Dr. Swits. Warm and inviting seemed the sign manuals of those who "in the name of the church" promised "all proper attention, love and obedience in the Lord." Grandly they kept their word.

I had already, in Brooklyn, been examined, passed, and licensed by the Manhattan Congregational Association, the certificate having been signed by William M. Taylor, D.D. I remember how Dr. Richard Salter Storrs had a little fun with the examining magnates present by handing them (as I thought) copies of the Hebrew Bible, from which they were expected to read at sight. Or, was it King James' version to help them follow our renderings? At any rate, there was a good laugh all around.

On May 21st, I came to Schenectady and was entertained at the house of Professor and Mrs. R. B. Welch, passed examination the next day before the Classis of Schenectady, and received from them licensure to preach. With me on the same day, was licensed another young man, who has since been heard from, Andrew V. V. Raymond, the honored President of Union College. With Dr. Denis Wortman, my penultimate predecessor, "who by his pastoral devotion had utterly spoiled the people for his successors" as I later playfully told him, and Rev. J. A. DeBaun, I enjoyed the hospitalities of Judge Landon's home. Returning on May 30th, Decoration Day, I was, on the next evening, May 31st, ordained to the gospel ministry. Nearly twenty ministers laid their hands upon my head. Many of those hands are now dust, and their voices on earth stilled. As I knelt on the floor before the pulpit, I could in that psychic moment feel and distinguish the hand of that glorious specimen of stalwart manhood, Samuel Gamble, the trembling fingers of the venerable Swits, and—so it seemed—my mother's in blessing on her boy. My first service was the preparatory lecture, when besides a room full it seemed as though the one who bore me was very near me all the time. The following Sunday was communion, on which day six united with us—four by letter and two by first confession.

So I was in the church of my boyhood's dreams. The



ON GRADUATION DAY.

vision of a decade before had actualized. Then began the service of nine happy years.

It is high time now to begin the description of the church edifice, which as I studied it, realizing the architect's thought, grew to be a daily delight. It was rich in surprises. To her also who was my "helpmeet" for nearly twenty years, it had from her girlhood been a vision of beauty. When on moonlight nights, she looked from her home in the house opposite upon the great lights and deep shadows, the silvered glory and the inky gloom, wrought upon the exquisite architecture, she wondered if she should ever be a bride in that glorious structure. On the date also of my first appointment to perform a marriage ceremony. the evening of June 13th, 1877, I had my first sight of her as she came to supper with three other maidens, all Vassar graduates. She entered with me through the Bride's Door under the Carrara marble shaftlets and carved orange blossoms, June 17th, 1879. Her entrance through the Gate Beautiful of the Holy City was on December 8th, 1898. Where she stood as bride, there she lay with pulseless heart December 12th. In Vale Cemetery, near the dust of his honored predecessors, and in a lot presented by the church, the seventeenth pastor of the church expects to lay "the earthly house of this tabernacle."

The church edifice that I served in was the fifth in the history of the organization. The initial house of worship, built some time after the settlement of the palisaded village, a log house, fell to ashes under the torch of the French and Indians at the massacre in 1690. The second was a two-storied building partly of stone, the lower story being used as a town hall and for various public purposes. The third, a stone edifice, loopholed for rifle fire in case of attack, and set at the junction of Union and Church streets, was erected in 1734. The fourth structure of brick, and like the first destroyed by fire, lasted from 1812 to 1863.

The fifth and most glorious temple, built of the underlying valley stone, stands on an ample lot, with a great grass plot in front, 141 feet by 189 feet. Instead of separating the Consistory Room from the main edifice, as in the old days, the architect massed a group of structures which converge in their lines, in order to produce an imposing effect. Happily for the people and their posterity, Edward Tuckerman Potter, with rare enthusiasm and cultivated powers, made the very best of his resources and opportunities, so that this superb piece of architecture has been well called "the lily of the Mohawk Valley."

THE CHURCH BEAUTIFUL—SCHENECTADY.

The Church Beautiful.

The general shape of the "Fair House of God" at Schenectady in its ground plan, is that of the letter L. The Consistory Room is really a transept and both it and the tower open into the main auditorium with arches and glass, giving abundant light and a variety of vistas, the stained glass of church, tower, and consistory being visible from any one of the three rooms, while in time of crowding audiences, the Consistory Room can be filled with auditors who can also see both the preacher in the pulpit and the singers in the choir.

In the union of various sorts and qualities of stone for the church beautiful, one is reminded of the sturdy blend of ancestral qualities in the congregation itself. The chief stone used in the walls is the graywacke, which underlies the Mohawk valley and makes the strength of its hills. As taken from Sedgwick's quarry in Schenectady the graywacke has in its formation a floreated appearance and is rich in a variety of tints, dark purple inclining to gray and gaining a greenish tint with age. For warmth of color and richness of decoration, other materials have been used.

Connecticut Yankee and Mohawk Dutch blend well together. Limestone from Tribe's Hill was brought for stability and strength to the base of the building. From Portland, Connecticut, brown sandstone, for the water tables, belting, coping, offsets of buttresses and principal cut stone work, gives a good contrast in color and has excellent qualities in working and for wear. For the bases and capitals of columns of the main doors and for alternate voussoirs of the porch of the Bride's Door, for the tracery of the tower windows, the panels of the tower coping and on the clock gables, the light greenish olive sandstone from Nova Scotia has been used.

The Huguenot grace and lightness made noble union with Dutch solidity. The stone tracery of the south wheel window and small window over it of cream white are from Caen in France. Scotland and the Netherlands have been joined in friendship for centuries. The polished shafts of columns in the main door way are of granite from Aberdeen in "Auld Scotia." In the triplet window over the Bride's Door, we see two snowy marble columns from Carrara, Italy. The heads of the tower windows are enriched with white marble from Rutland, Vermont. The roof is slated with vari-colored slate from Poultney, from the same Green Mountain State.

In the foundations of the new edifice, has been built most of the material of the same use and sort from the old church. Of this more anon. Indeed, like the wise householder of Scripture, the church beautiful has in its feast for the eye, things old and new. The worshipper coming by the Church street entrance towards the Bride's Door, steps over and may even notice the inscription (cut in 1880 by Mr. Charles Dickinson)—"Doorsill of the Third Church Edifice—1734–1884," and may even discern the hole cut for the bolt of the ancient lock and door, the key of which was home-made, the latter of a single rod of metal and forged on an anvil. Go further to the northward and look east of the Consistory door, and one will see the white marble stone from over the door of the church of 1812, set in a niche and contrasting with the graywacke of the walls. It is indeed "a spared monument," for it survived the fire of 1861.

Inside in the Consistory Room the sofa in the pulpit, saved from the flames by John McNee, tells of the old days.

Before entering, let us note what on the outside of the edifice is symbolical or especially beautiful. There are many who, without being able to explain in detail or utter their emotions, feel what the architect felt and told in stone.

To-day the builder is in broken health, but long after he shall have passed away, his work shall abide. He

> "Wrought in a sad sincerity ;
> Himself from God he could not free ;
> He builded better than he knew ;—
> The conscious stone to beauty grew."

This son of Bishop Alonzo Potter and brother of Bishop Henry Potter of New York, was much in prayer with God during the one year occupied in the building of this edifice, and he put his whole soul in his work.

Besides giving a churchly treatment to his material, doing grandly with the resources in hand, and making a distinctively Christian edifice, he has given to it a historical and local interest. In the capitals of the columns in the front entrance are seen the fruit of what were once, at least, the principal industries of the Mohawk Valley—on one, hops and Indian corn ; in another the cereals, wheat, rye, oats and barley ; in another emblems of a once mighty but now vanished industry, broom corn ; in another the acorn and oak leaves, cones and pine needles. All of these are typical of the thank offering which this lordly structure is, for the prosperity of its people in the goodly land which the Lord their God gave to their fathers. When in 1661 under the leadership of Arendt Van Curler they bought the Indian lands, they became inheritors of a noble domain in the Mohawk valley. Hence the text, carved in the capitals "I have brought the first fruits of the land which thou O Lord hast given me." Hence also the invitation incised in stone along the arch over the door. "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise."

Turning from the main entrance, or Door of the Congregation, to the right and eastward, one looks to the north and down along the row of buttresses to see the new Sunday School room or "Zelie Extension." Close to us near the

southern end, is the side door facing the orient, on which the architect proposed to have cut in Dutch text the words, "We are strangers and pilgrims here, as all our fathers were." In 1880, when celebrating our bi-centennial anniversary, we named this the Forefathers' Door, and with the permission of the Consistory I had cut into the stone the text from the Dutch Bible, I Kings VII : 57 : "The Lord our God be with us as He was with our fathers." I did not then know that this same text, in its Latin form, was the inscription also on the seal of the city of Boston "Sicut patribus sit Deus nobis."

Further up on the facade, at the lower tip of the gables, are seen the numerals forming the date of erection, 18 at one and 63 at the other, with the figures A.D. and above the intertwined letters I. R. D. C., the initials of the First Reformed Dutch Church, form the apex. The other minor finials, crockets, etc., are combinations of an ideal foliage and fruit, or of geometric forms, without symbolism.

Let us now turn round the south-eastern corner and stand in front of the Bride's Door. The idea of this lovely portal was suggested to the architect by the name of the "bridal strawberry," the leaves of which he thought of introducing into the capital, but in which orange blossoms were afterwards substituted. Afterwards he learned that in the old home lands on the continent of Europe, many of the cathedrals and churches have a Bride's Door, through which she passes to be married and is carried out thither should she before motherhood become the Bride of Death. By placing the doors at the sides, instead of having three in the front, the unity and dignity of the architect's design has been emphasized.

The Bride's Door is a thing of beauty and well worthy of study. The arch, overhanging and hoodlike, is carried on its own corbels, forming also its own roof, the voussoirs joggling into each other and shedding rain like the weather-

ings of a buttress. When made it was unique in construction, but the form has since been frequently imitated. The material is alternate brown and olive-colored stone. The arch is surmounted by a triplet window, whose polished marble shaftlets show the bride's color, white, the emblem of her purity, the capitals being filled with orange leaves and blossoms. In 1880 the text was cut into the stone "His banner over me was love." It should always be kept bright with gold.

Look now to the tower, so stately and wrought in lines of beauty. It is well buttressed and above its pictured glass, its bands of ornamental stone, high up in the air is the bell deck with its ornamental iron color work painted tea color. This bell takes the place of its predecessor cast in Amsterdam, Holland, by DeGraff and Muller in 1753, in which tradition alleges many guilders, spoons, dishes and trinkets of silver were cast in the crucible for the making of a rand which, when struck, should mightily improve the tone. Higher up, set in the pointed arches are the clock faces, repainted and gilded in 1880. *In excelsis*, instead of the old Dutch cock of Saint Nicholas, symbol of vigilance, of warning to Saint Peter and all Christians, and of the resurrection morning (which seems to have flown to a perch on the weather vane of St. George's Episcopal Church in Ferry Street) is the golden arrow, which was preferred for the new edifice because it was like that on the old church. It is about five feet long and in 1880 was re-gilded by one of the young men of the church, a painter.

We must not turn away our eyes from the tower, until we notice at the angles the faces of the four cherubim, which, day and night, watch over Schenectady. The view from the bell deck over the country and the new electric city of industry is superb. From within a palisade of logs, "the Dorp" has expanded to a municipality of fifty thousand

people, and which, long before the end of the twentieth century, may have a hundred thousand souls.

The iron fence which encloses the south and west sides of the lot is of graceful design. It was selected by Dr. Andrew Veeder from one which he had seen in a town on the Hudson. On the apex of the facade of the Consistory Room is the hexapla, or symbol of Deity, and on the imposts of the arches are cut letters which should be kept freshly gilded "To show forth Thy loving kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night." The massive oaken doors hang on hinges, the iron scrolls and floreated work of which were made on the anvil by a very intelligent iron worker, who was the father of the well known artist, art-critic, author and journalist, William James Skillman, a graduate of Union College.

On the north side of the church is now the stone walk and entrance door of the new Sunday School room. In the days of my pastorate, we had to use the church auditorium for the Sunday School, while the primary department met in the Consistory Room. Many an hour did I spend in studying the problem, of how to get more space for a Sunday School room in which we could all meet at once. We talked of enlarging the Consistory Room on its northern side, making a twin facade and gable on Church Street and joining the added room to the old one by an open arch. I remember once, when excited on the subject, instead of going to bed, I went out late at night with a lantern and tapeyard and again made measurements. But, there was neither room nor could we think of marring the perfect architecture. Happily under Dr. Zelie's energetic initiation, the present handsome new edifice which communicates with the old one, by a door cut through the church wall on the northeast, has been completed.

It is time now to enter into the building itself. We note the tall columns, twelve in number in the grand auditorium,

—with one short humble and lonely one in the Consistory Room which bears its burden apart. The church has no clerestory, but there is a row of small windows on either long side of the great high pitched roof. Each column is a solid stick of timber, or forest tree trunk. Instead of artificial and meaningless capitals, the moldings, which are worked on them, are carried to the full height of the column, giving an impressive loftiness and airiness to the great interior. The columns are far apart and the architect introduced on the under side of the roof cusped stiffeners of stout timber to prevent any tendency to sag in the purlines or side timbers. For over forty years the ceiling, decorated to represent the blue firmament, or the blue sky with stars, has kept its flatness without sagging. This feature was new in our country and is a notable work for architect and engineer to study. The kingbeams have their ends carved and the curved braces are bolted together, all the boltheads, washers, and other iron work being treated ornamentally and more than usually relied on to decorate the roof. These bolts and nuts were all tightened up during the renovation which the edifice underwent during my pastorate. Another illustration of frankness in construction is seen in the gas piping, which throughout has been brought out openly and treated with decorative effect in being held with polished brass clasps, instead of being hidden behind plaster. The two gas fixtures over the pulpit are attractively set and throughout the house the ivy leaf is used as a decoration, and the brass work around the jets takes the form of a crown.

In fact the whole interior, as well as exterior, shows honest, open work with nothing of imitation or concealment. This is noticeable especially in the way the gallery is made and the beams and columns of the facade which form the gallery front. So also with the beams of the organ loft and their supports, while the outline of the organ itself is formed

in great part by the different lengths of the pipes which stand in their natural places in the scale. On the corbels, from which spring some of the organ supports, are carved the primitive forms of the organ and lyre, the parents of all other instruments, and these emblems are wreathed with ivy.

When looking carefully at the columns, as we scrutinize the corbels from which spring the arched ribs of the roof we shall see how much feeling for the beautiful in God's world, as well as for what is local and historical, and how much appreciation of the faithful work of his assistants, the architect has put into his work. Examining the corbels from the south side we see the different forms of foliage, such as the rose, the oak, the ivy, the clover, the pfingster, the hepatica, —all growing in the Mohawk valley, besides forms of ideal foliage. On the northern side, we see that the artist has represented the actual tools used in constructing the church edifice, and has remembered the master workmen, by their initials at least, in their own enduring work. We see here grouped together the implements of architect, stone-cutter, mason, carpenter, and painter, and the initials of the chief, or, to use a good Dutch word in its ancient and honorable sense, without unsavory American and modern flavor, the *baas* (boss) of each group of workmen.

Prayer, praise, and preaching are symbolized at the northern end of this house of worship. The pulpit, rich in colored marble and encased in black walnut, is the gift of the Hon. Gershom Banker, who is living to-day in the historic valley, his head snowy with four score years or more, he being the sole survivor of that group of officers of "America's greatest railway," of the corporation which turned the Indian trails of the Hudson and Mohawk into highways of steel for the swift speeding engines and moving hotels of modern travel. The inscription in memory of his mother is cut unostentatiously on the band behind, which the minister sees. The monograms on the flanking pedes-

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE.
"THE BANKER SCREEN."

tals are formed with the initials of the mother's name, the giver's, the church, and the date of the gift. The shaftlets of the outjutting desk have capitals of olives and palms and around the base in raised letters is the text: "We preach Christ crucified,"—which by happy coincidence, was the text from which I preached my first sermon in the edifice. The richest marbles which could be procured are used for the panels. They have awakened the enthusiasm of more than one connoisseur. To them let us give heed for symbolism and esthetic enjoyment. Here are stones "polished after the similtude of a palace" and fitly laid. In the three tiers we have the emblems of the earth, the building stone, and the gem. The variegated yellow at the base is from Jura in France; the green variegated marble is from the French Alps; while the upper panels of dark red, looking like bloodstone, are from Cône, France.

Beautiful are the windows, designed by the architect and worked out by the glass stainer, Mr. Sharp. The wheel window over the pulpit was given by the daughters of that superb scholar and eloquent preacher, formerly professor in Union College, friend of the Mackinaw Indians, Dr. Andrew Yates, father of John Austin Yates. The group representing Faith, Hope, and Charity, was designed by the Rev. Doctor Morton of Philadelphia. High above it were painted (in 1880) the words of the angel song "Gloria in Excelsis." Looking at the perpendicular windows set in the walls, we find that they are all memorial of those who loved the church. The design in the border shows the grapes and wheat,—the corn and wine of the promised land, the symbols of the communion also. Four of these windows in each corner are triplets. Over the tower window (in 1880) was painted in gold "Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem."

There was added during my pastorate, a handsome and substantial communion table by the late Dr. Alexander M.

Vedder, in which, besides the carving "In Remembrance of Me," are the symbolic Greek letters Alpha and Omega. A small table for use in the pulpit was given by Dr. Livingston Ellwood. Next to the communion table, in front of the pulpit, stands the baptismal font, which, in its inscriptions, enshrines the memory of one of the most illustrious Hebrew scholars that this country ever produced, Tayler Lewis, LL.D., who was long a worshipper in this church and whose striking and impressive figure on the streets of Schenectady reminded one of an old Hebrew prophet. One of the most active members of the building committee, to whose industry, energy, and taste, the building owes much, was Mr. Caspar F. Hoag.

The great rose window in the south wall contains "the accepted emblem of the Reformed Church in America," the centre piece of which is the arms of William of Orange. He was the founder of the Dutch Republic, the pioneer in modern times of religious toleration and freedom, "the moderate man of the sixteenth century" and is popularly called William the Silent. He was Prince of Orange, Count of Nassau, Katzenelenbogen, Dietz, etc., and Baron and Lord of Breda. Hence the variety of armorial bearings in this one composition. The crown which surmounts the helmet above the shield was granted by the emperor Charles the Great to the Orange-Nassau family as a special privilege. In the upper quarter to the left is the gold lion rampant, on a blue field, representing the arms of Nassau. The seventeen dots, or oblong spaces, standing for turf bricks, are symbolical of each of the seventeen provinces of the United Netherlands. In the right quarter are the arms of Katzenelenbogen, a red lion rampant, gardant, crowned, on a gold ground. To the right below is the shield of Dietz which has two lions passant, gardant. The fourth quarter is of blue banded with gold. The shield in the lower left represents Vianden and has a red field banded with silver.

The smaller shield in the centre represents in its two quarters Chalons, and has diagonal bands of gold on a red field. The hunting horns on a gold ground is that of an ancestor, the grandson of Charlemagne, who fought in the Christian hosts that drove back the Saracens. Laid upon the centre of all is the shield of Jane of Geneva, who married one of the princes of Orange. Of the nine squares five have gold and four blue fields.

The Reformed Churches of the Netherlands, in adapting this heraldic blazon to their use, added the pillars crowned with stars and underneath the national watchword in Dutch so much in use during the long war of eighty years for freedom from Spain, "Eendracht maakt macht" (Unity makes Strength). Over all are added the words of Psalm 127, Nisi Dominus frustra. It is wholly appropriate that this resplendent emblem should be set in the facade of the church edifice, especially as the first settlers of Schenectady, in 1660, lived in the heroic age of the little Protestant republic that led Europe in civil and religious liberty. The window is the gift of a family, the Vedders, which is said to have produced in four generations twenty-four ministers or ministers' wives, most of whom served in the Reformed Church. The cream colored Caen stone makes a most fitting frame for a glorious historic picture.

Within the tower room one can see representations of three of the five church edifices, that of 1734, of 1812, and of 1862, with another picture representing the burning of Schenectady in 1690. In the tower room were kept the Sunday School library, and the fire proof safe for records, the latter provided during my pastorate.

The windows in the Consistory Room are also memorials. One given by the Clute family, seems to suggest in its ostrich eggs and feathers wealth gained in South Africa. The other window, commemorating the Cuyler, Yates, Van Dyke, and Dunbar families, contains in its representa-

tion the figure of a broken fence post by a gate, the legend being that in the days of the civil war between King and Commonwealth, the life of Charles the First was saved by a loyal subject who opened the gate to let the king through, and shut it so violently to keep out his pursurers, that a portion of the gate post was broken and fell over. On the north wall above the windows is the painting of "the lily among thorns," with the Scripture passage in Dutch from Canticles II : 2, "Gelijk een lelie onder de doornen," the emblem of the Church of the Netherlands in the days of her persecution. I have had this emblem stamped in gold on the cover of the book which treats of the Song of Songs. Over the clock, painted on the south wall, is "The Night Cometh." Behind the gas jets on the west wall was the first line of the favorite hymn of Miss Mary Van Vranken, so long a faithful servant of Christ in this church, "Tarry with me, O my Saviour."

During the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Sewall, some changes were made in the room for greater conveniences, including a kindergarten, and kitchen facilities were provided underground as well as above. For a time there was hung on the wall, set in a walnut frame, the great parchment charter of the church given by King George the Second in 1734, which incorporated the church and gave it legal standing. The name, style and title which is still preserved in legal papers is that of "the Minister elders and deacons of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Schenectady in the county of Albany." With this august but ugly document were framed and hung up also the paper of the original articles of agreement, under which was formed the Schenectady Academy, out of which grew Union College. In the renovation of the church about five years ago, the rule was followed of beauty before age, and those memorials of the past, with other church records and treasures are now,

it is to be presumed, in the fire proof vault in the new Sunday School edifice.

The niches on the side wall of the church near the pulpit were, during my pastorate, filled with white marble tablets, which, by the courtesy of Mr. William Mynderse, have been photographed and are here reproduced to tell their own story. The organ was the gift of Mr. Doty and an engraved plate on its front commemorated that fact. During the pastorate of Dr. Sewall, the choir gallery was lowered so as to be on a level with the pulpit.

Both in lighting and in temperature the church has always been comfortable. There is an air chamber between the roof boarding and the rafters of the ceiling, the roof as well as the wall being made a non-conductor, thus freeing the edifice from the usual objection to an open timbered roof. Every window is made so that a certain space can be opened for air. The reflectors increasing the artificial light were added during my pastorate.

The pointed style of architecture was first introduced on this continent by the Dutch, and the church edifice in Schenectady is a most excellent specimen of it. The building, including buttresses, is 113 feet from north to south, and 116 feet from east to west. The height from the ground to the top of the spire is 170 feet. Within the auditorium the space is 60 x 100 feet. The height from the floor to the ridge pole is 58 feet, and in the Consistory Room 44 feet. The Consistory Room covers 50 x 30 feet in area and the tower room is about 16 feet square.

No imitations have been used, stone, iron, wood, plaster, all showing for just what they are, the solidity and thoroughness of the building being characteristic of the people themselves. Yet the cost of the whole edifice and all within it was originally less than $50,000. As completed, the edifice is "a very hymn in its teachings. If the sermon does not

speak, the church does. It is in itself an appeal to devotion, to reverence."

The ladies of the church, after carpeting and otherwise making comfortable and beautiful the edifice, with their own gracious labors, crowned the work of the architect by presenting him with a beautiful and costly silver vase as an expression of "their satisfaction with the manner in which the architect had performed his duties and their appreciation of the exquisite taste displayed throughout the entire structure."

The buildings and its surroundings demonstrated that the Reformed Church of Schenectady, however old its history, believed as well in the richness of thought and purpose of the present as in the past. It is a history. Faith is here shown not only that God was, but that He is. The devotion of centuries appears in a new dress of art by which the eye not only sees but the heart hears.

The Banker Screen, of plate glass and black walnut, thirty feet wide and over forty feet high, is a striking feature. It cost about $2,000. It consists of three archways surmounted by crocketted gables, the spandrils being filled with tracery. Above these is a series of cusped lancet arches leading up to the roof truss. On the capitals of the twelve columns which support the gabled arches are carvings containing a design which forms "a poem in twelve stanzas," in which the filial and maternal relations are happily shadowed forth, the screen being the gift of an affectionate son in memory of his mother. The carvings suggest the cycle of the year and correspond, broadly though not exactly, to the successive months, or lunations. On the abacus of each capital is seen the appropriate sign of the zodiac of the month.

What follows is the description given by William M. Gillespie, Professor of Engineering and Lecturer on Architecture in Union College. It was written to accompany the photo-

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER.
"THE BANKER SCREEN."

graphs, by Mr. Rockwood of New York, of the capitals, which were designed by Mr. E. T. Potter, the architect.

Gershom Banker, the donor, is the son of Hester Van Voast Banker (born 1792, died 1832). The Bankers have been in the church from the time of the first settlement of Schenectady when it was a forest hamlet.

"The First Capital, which might emblem the first month of the year shows branches covered with icicles; all life being suspended and dormant if indeed existent.

But in the Second, the icicles have gone, though the branches are still bare. But there is hope.

The hope is justified. In the Third, the leaf buds are swelling, and a bird is seen, a harbinger of Spring.

The Fourth shows us the branches in half leaf, and two birds. 'Coming events cast their shadow before.'

In the Fifth, the leaves are fully developed; the birds feel that May has come, and they have chosen each other for mates.

June shows itself in the Sixth; flowers appear and the birds are constructing their nests.

We next see in the Seventh, the forming fruit; and the now matron bird is sitting on her precious eggs, and being fed by her attentive consort.

In the Eighth, the old birds are bringing food to their eager young.

In the Ninth, the mother is urging the last fledgling to leave the nest.

Then we see in the Tenth, ripe fruit, and the now full grown birds feeding upon it.

November comes, and the birds are winging their way southward.

Finally the Twelfth capital shows us the summer over; the birds gone; the fruits fallen; the foliage sere; and the hemlock with its pendant cones adorning the brow of December."

"Deep Calleth Unto Deep."

PSALM XLII: 7.

A water-spout is one of the most impressive and at the same time most terrific phenomena in nature. These are especially destructive in some portions of the Mediterranean. Only during this past week, comes the telegram which reads:

"The Greek vessel Mahdia was struck by a water-spout near Tunis and sunk. Seven persons on board of her were drowned."

Apart from the sad feelings which arise in the mind on reading a despatch like this, it is edifying to compare the brief matter-of-fact prose of the telegram, spelled out with electric dots and dashes from afar, with the poetic narrative of the ancient psalmist. This through the telegraphy of inspiration comes to us out of the past ages. Grand indeed is this picture in the 42nd Psalm. Long afterwards, the writer of the book of Jonah puts these same words into the mouth of the submerged prophet.—"All thy billows and thy waves passed over me."

It is somewhat doubtful whether the human soul, even when fed upon the wonders of science in this century of marvels, can ever come as close to nature's heart as did the old Hebrew writers of the Bible. Some men of to-day think they are wise in erasing the name of Jehovah, and writing in its place "Natural Law," or "Force." They think *Nature* is a better formula for what exists, for what is in, and behind, phenomena, than the old word God.

After all, it seems as if the moderns were only putting the counter for the coin, the name for the thing, when in place of God, they would write "Nature." It may be that the Hebrew seer and psalmist saw deeper into the heart of nature, and the truth of things, than even the scholar of to-

day with all his retorts and re-agents, his microscopes and electric coils and air-tight scales and veniers. Between Psalmist and Scientist we choose the former. Who ever described a storm like David, or, like him, saw within the whirlwind and water-spout the hand that moved the springs of air and cloud?

See in this first ode in the second book of the Psalms, how, by one stroke of the pen, the inspired singer paints alike the commotion of nature without, and the storm within his own soul. "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts."

The experience of all those who know of the two great deeps of this universe—the heart of God and the heart of man—is much the same. One calls to the other, in answering recognition. In ordinary life, only ordinary truths are clear; but, darkness, the well-like places that shut out the glare, are needed to uncurtain what midday conceals.

You cannot discover the stars at noon, unless you go down into a shaft. Sirius and Aldebaran, the pole-star and Lyra appear only at night. God never lets us know much about ourselves, until he leads us into the valleys which are dark, or upward on the high places which are lonely. In plane sailing we glide over the surface. In the storm, we sink into the troughs. As Heaven has heights of space, so has the aspiring soul, for God is ever above him in holiness, attainable, yet unattainable. The ocean has abysses of water, so has the human soul, deeps upon deeps of sin. When the deeps call to each other—the finite to the infinite in penitent longing, man's heart beats rhythmic with God's. To prayer comes the accent of love,—pardon to the repentant soul, welcome and cheer to him who thirsts for God.

Let us look into our own lives and into the mirror of experience and discover when and how this text is true.

The Bible and the soul of man, a book and life, call to each other. There is a divine law of attraction between the

two. Grace brings them together. In the scriptures of the Word itself, how grand are the harmonies; for, deep calleth unto deep, not only in tumult but in calm. The book of books reveals man as well as God. Human nature and deity—how far apart yet God will not despise the cry of our souls. Deep calleth unto deep, and God and man meet in Jesus Christ. In Him Heaven and earth are one. See how Sinai calls to Calvary, the law to the gospel, justice to mercy. Clouds and darkness are round about God—so it sometimes seems to our eyes—yet justice and judgment are the habitations of his throne.

Righteousness and peace kiss each other, because the deeps of law and gospel meet on Calvary in the tumult of the Saviour's soul. The psalmist-poet exaggerated. He thought that every trouble in the world met in him. "Sorrow naturally states its case forcibly; but, that flood of torturing loneliness, that comes from apparent desertion by both God and man, has overwhelmed none but the Lord Jesus Christ."

He witnessed to the truth and was obedient to it, suffering all the consequences. Because he did so, he influences us to do likewise.

Let us see how the text fits into other truths. In all the history of redemption, deep calleth unto deep, even from the day when the morning stars sang together, and earth took her place among the spheres. Not all the writings in the world of purely human origin give us so clear a sketch of creation, nor has science yet been able to do more than here and there retouch the picture in Genesis. The world rose out of the void, and the deeps of clear ocean and dry land called to the starry expanse and the great lights of Heaven, making creation's antiphon. "Forever Oh Lord, thy word is written in the Heavens." "The Earth also is full of thy riches." So, astronomy with its lights, geology with its fossils call each other in testimony to God. So in the Bible,

Revelation calls to Genesis, and the Eden of innocence to the New Jerusalem coming down out of Heaven from God. Not more wonderful is the story of creation than that of redemption. Both will be completed.

Look again into the interior harmonies of the Bible, and see antiphonal responses. As in a great cathedral with answering recesses of light and glory, of shadow and gloom, we hear them. God hath made all things double, the eye for seeing and the thing seen, in his revelation as in nature. He bows the Heavens and comes down ; He would have man meet his Maker. He gives a five-fold law,—Moses and the succession of law-givers come with a Pentateuch. Man answers with a psalter,—David and his company of immortal singers, with the five divisions of the Psalms—the heart of man responding to the mind of God. Moses gives the law, all the people shout Amen ; Christ gives us the Lord's prayer; man responds, "Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, Amen."

Our text has both a shadowy and a sunny side. It is like a grave that contains our heart's treasure. There is the cloudy and dark day of burial. There is also the sunny morn of resurrection ; and hope already gilds even the grassy mound with the light from Heaven.

We know well how deep calleth unto deep, when we sit in our desolate home. Then, griefs, which never come singly, troop in upon us. One beckons to another until there is a host of them. Out of a once bright sky of joy there seems to have burst a water-spout that has washed away our pleasures, our joys, and the very paths in which we once walked. Then, it appears as though we hardly knew ourselves, in the changed landscape of our lives.

Yet the deeps lift up their voice in joy. Our griefs create a fellow-feeling. Across the gulf of bitter experience, our sympathy calls to others. We hear new voices. Our mind's ears are unstopped, our vision is opened. We see

with new eyes to behold a world of suffering before unseen. We join our hearts with the sorrowing as we never did before. We understand the psalmist. Dark places in scripture become plain, and Heaven comes down lower to us, and God is nearer than of yore.

Pain is a mystery, yet even upon a sick bed, there are sounds from secret chambers that whisper new truths too deep for the routine and shallows of life. A stroke of Providence is like a shell from some ocean cavern. We hold it to our ear, and lo! the murmur of that sea of human sorrow which cannot be quiet. Often our first real knowledge of life comes through grief.

Fear not because of this text. The deeps comprehend each other better than we think. See those two friends, so totally different outwardly, yet so knitted together inwardly. What is it? The depths in one's nature find junction in the other, as mortise and tennon, as link unto link. Congeniality of taste, thoughts unspoken to the crowd, aspirations unknown even to those near us, are revealed when some happy accident, rather, some good Providence, or some common sorrow, makes mutual revelation.

Behold in marriage! Common eyes that see only the surface, say "those two people will never mate;" or, "strange that those other two that seem moulded for each other are repelled." What is the matter? Why is it? It is the deep calling unto deep.

"Shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb." How easy the outward play of conversation, amusement, companionship in frolic—a party, a picnic, a show, society's gaiety; but the soul's yearning finds not a partner for life's mating in even the face of beauty or the form of strength. The deep things of the soul must have weight, their voice must be heard. Life is not all eating or drinking, housekeeping or frolic. Happy they, whose intellectual, whose spiritual natures find their helpmeet. Magnet and steel are

not alike. Their natures seem different. Yet they attract each other.

Far down where God's eyes see, the mystic currents of his law meet and flow. Deep calleth unto deep, and the poised needle swings for safety to the toilers of the sea. So, with those whom God joins together. Face answers to face as on the surface of water, but even more is it meet that heart answer to heart as do the deep sea tides.

Deep calleth unto deep in the play of the emotions. How different are smiles and tears ! yet down in the soul, how near is laughter to weeping ! Extremes meet. How distressing the agony of grief that finds its acme in the laughter of the insane ! How merry the tears of the overjoyed. "Excess of sorrow laughs, excess of joy weeps." The overstreaming eyes of gladness are better than the hysterical mirth of the over-sorrowful. Let the fountain of the soul over-well in tears, rather than in hollow smiles.

How beautifully in the history of Christ's religion, and in noblest human history, does deep call unto deep. From afar on the peaks of high endeavor, and noblest duty, flash answering signals. "Abraham saw Christ's day and was glad." To those even in ancient days who discerned the spirit above the letter, there is a Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. The prophets in vision looked above the altar-fire fed with the fat of bulls and goats. They stood in spirit on Calvary, sorrowing yet glorying in the great sacrifice. Isaiah now weeps, now rejoices with John. So, out of the ages, in obedience and stern duty, Jephthah calls to Regulus, and Regulus to Washington, and Washington to Lincoln, to love country and keep faith. Moses and Ezra and Luther are one, though far apart. Out of the sea of troubles that sometimes roars around the righteous, rises the spirit sympathy to grasp the hand of fellowship let down from the great cloud of witnesses.

So, under the discords of controversy and sect and out-

ward division, the great heart of the Holy Catholic Church beats true to Christ. When you and I do the right thing and follow God fully, even though we march not with the crowd, we hear Gideon's trumpet and are one with Caleb and Joshua and Jesus, and shall sit down with those in white.

We live in an age of discovery, of science so-called, when every star and stone and fossil is made to ask questions, and when men filled with the new wine of discovery assert that the revelations of heat, electricity, and chemistry are more eloquent of a Creator, more stimulating to the soul than creed, scriptures, or apostles.

Such madness will pass by, the noise of engines and motors will cease, and the still small voice be heard. At first, nothing seems more discordant than science and religion, Darwin and Moses, geology and Genesis. Seen through the rolling mist and moving haze of temporary opinions and interpretations, there is difference and there is conflict. In a cyclone and on the surface, the winds are often at variance, blowing a tempest, but there are deeps. Under the currents is the ocean's heart. The deeps will call to each other in due time. All the past tells us to wait. There is no conflict between science and religion. Though the zealots in all professions be noisy, eternal sunshine settles on the mount of God. Unrippled calm dwells in the deeps. *There* let us rest.

Time does but deepen the harmonies between the written word and the revelations of the past. Behold fifty years ago in Ezekiel, Nahum, Jonah, were the old prophecies against Nineveh. Yet no such city, its ruins or its relics were known on earth. The faithless gloried. Exploration lighted her torch, plied the spade, and lo! Egypt, Nineveh, Phoenicia, the Hittite empire rise in resurrection to greet the scriptures. On the camera of the explorer, we behold the true portrait, and the two answering as developed picture to the negative.

Even language in our day, has cast out her dead. Behold the living fruit of the scholar's research! The present wonders call unto the glories of the past. Assyria, China, India, and the forgotten and recovered tablets and tongues testify to Bible truths long challenged, and now triumphant. Science with her fossils, geology with her rocks, the ocean floor with its trophies, biology with wondrous thoughts in bone and muscle, call unto Revelation in mutual recognition. Science reflects God, as the Bible indeed pictures him, but as man never knew him until this generation,—as the Artist of form, and the Sculptor of life.

Verily in science, there are unities, the spade and the scalpel respond to pen and scroll in ever-deepening harmony. Well saith Bacon "A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion."

Give us more Newtons, yea even Darwins, and Pasteurs, the discoverers, more than the dogmatists, both in pulpit and laboratory, men who delve in the depths. Then, we shall have less of surface clashings, fewer ripples and more of calm below currents. Send us, O God, leaders who stand on Darien peaks of observation, gaze into new oceans of reality, and on the mountain summits of the once unknown kindle steady beacons for traveler and mariner. Let them overturn all human scaffoldings that hide from our eyes the House Beautiful of eternal truth. Let them compel in us the habit of suspended judgment. We pray for a kingdom that cannot be moved.

See how the deeps call unto deeps in mighty intellects. Profoundness of thought yields simplicity of mind, and transparency of soul. Men who have climbed highest in profession, achievement, and discovery, though different in education and all the surroundings of life, stand on a like platform. The base of the Cheops pyramid in Egypt covers many acres, and each side at the four points of the compass

distant and different, but the apex is only thirty feet square. At the bottom, the mountain edges are leagues apart, but in the upper air, slopes meet, valleys become wrinkles and distance is left below. So with all knowledge, all laws. What difference, what distance, what estrangement, what discrepancy here below, where we toil and see with half-opened eyes! But in the heights above—"there is *one* lawgiver." The aim of science, of truth, is unity. "Earth with her thousand voices praises God."

Oh friend, who art tempest-tossed under the rollers of doubt, of affliction, of grief, of nameless unrest, take comfort and be of good cheer! Let the deep call unto deep. Let God's waves and billows roll. Let the water-spouts of startling Providences burst, but remember that above thee is Mercy, and beneath thee are the Everlasting arms.

"Thy way is in the deep, thy paths are in the great waters." They are God's waves and billows, and in the haven of rest above, thou shalt hear the tumult of storm melt into the music of heavenly love.

Brother-man, you are made for God. Listen to one of our fellows. "Our souls are restless till we rest in thee." Rest!

Earthly and Heavenly Friendships.

"*From that time, many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him.*"—JOHN VI : 66.

The subject of the decay and death of human friendship is a mournful one. The sundering of the vital tie between friends is always saddening to contemplate, because it is very hard if not impossible to restore or resuscitate a friendship when once dead. The persons may live on, but a grave henceforth divides them. In that grave lie buried feelings that once made life very rich. Peculiar forms of intercourse which once bloomed like rare flowers are now as things dead and cast out.

The sundering of human friendships is something which we see every day, something over which we ourselves have had to grieve, and yet there is a difference between what comes from faults of our own, and what from natural causes over which we have little or no control. Let us glance at this in detail.

In childhood, at school, in play, friendships are formed easily, because all are on a level, and of the same nature. All are under a similar set of influences ; and one knows as a rule no more than the other. As children, we are drops in the same bucket, and take the shape of the vessels in which we find ourselves.

But the same boys and girls grow up and follow diverse paths. They pursue different trades, or professions. Let travel, distance, marriage, a new set of ideas, or associations separate and influence. Then let the old playmates after a lapse of years meet again, and there is a difference. Each has grown, and each in large sides and areas of his nature is stranger to the other. Starting from the same center they

find themselves wide apart on the arc of a larger life. In the old days, opinions and feelings were shared like the orange or the swing-seat or the romping game. Now, this cannot be. Now with a greatly enlarged experience on both sides, only a small range of ideas is held in common.

How often do people who have not seen each other for years, and have longed to meet, find that when they do, five minutes are apt to exhaust them. If further intimacy is carried on, it must be by some participation in work or amusement, in which it makes little difference whether player or worker be bosom friend or chance acquaintance.

Again, paths which in boyhood run parallel, diverge in later life, because of change of temper which come by the settling of character. Experience may mellow one man, and embitter another. While one holds more sunny views and a kindly philosophy, another becomes acrid and hard. The oil and acid will not mix.

One of the rocks on which most shipwrecks of friendship are made is change of opinion ; for, charity is one of the final graces. Most people, even Christians, find it hard to remain friends with one whose views are opposed to theirs. Politics, theology, art, social creed, may be the rock ; or, to change the metaphor, the slow currents of divergence of opinion may carry farther and farther apart, two souls that once were like sister ships. Only the great souls keep up friendship after mental differences separate. It requires a larger amount of Christ-like charity, than the average Christian possesses, to keep friendship warm, when ways of thinking are different. There are many Christian graces, but "the greatest of these is charity."

Even wealth or poverty changes the levels of intercourse, and narrows the sympathies. Election to office, or a rise in honors or emolument, is apt to make flaw or break in the continuity of mutual regard. Before a man gets into office, he is free with promises, and radical in criticism. To hold

office sobers him and he is not the same to his friends, especially if his friends be numerons. Or, new cares incident to necessary watchfulness of health, requiring changes in habits of life, may rupture a long-cherished tie. Even the cessation of some indulgence in games, or the use or disuse even of trifles has the power of changing fellowship. Those who were once friends become strangers through mere sand-grains of personal irritation. Marriage alone slays its thousands and tens of thousands of what were once supposed to be invulnerable friendships locked up in the armor of solemn vows, which boys and girls expected to last forever. A baby in the household may turn the world upside down and be set for the fall and rising of many.

In other words, average human friendships are beautiful and varied, but also fragile and ephemeral.

Yet we are not always to blame when they wither or break, nor do we commit perjury when our vows lapse. As children and youth, we cannot foresee the effect of times' touches, nor the changes which come inevitably upon ourselves as well as upon others. The remark, in meeting an old acquaintance after a long interval is often, "How changed he is," forgetting how changed we are.

Again we do not, and cannot, as children foresee that some friendships must and ought to die, and be replaced by others. We must grow, and as the flower must shed its petals, and the tree cast off the blossoms in order to mature fruit, so must we change—not as the cloud changes but as the tree develops. The sap and buds of April and May must disappear, in order that the blooms and perfume of June may come, and these in their turn fall, so that autumn's luscious fruit round to the ripening. If friendships fail through no fault of ours, lapse by reason of the eternal laws of growth, perish by ordering of Providence, that is no stain on our character. Nor will God blame us, so long we keep kindly charity, do justice, love mercy, and are still

good neighbors, and ever helpful to each other. There may be good but lonely men and women whose real friends are only in memory, who seem to be denied those close affinities of spirit which so sweeten and cheer human life, and yet of such the judgment of the considerate on earth, and the gracious decision of Him who makes no mistakes, alike, may be pronounced on such a one—"blameless."

However, there are other graves of precious friendships on which we should drop the mourner's tears, and keep memory green by penitence; because, of the death of them, we have been the cause. If we needlessly wound our friend with studied or indolent neglect, with harsh judgments, with unreasonable anger, with bitter words, with some wretched fault of temper, or irritating habit, and repent not, then we sin against God and our own soul, as well as against our friend.

"A wounded spirit who can bear?"

If we to-day cast the arrow and the fire-brand—intentionally or unintentionally—we must take strenuous care that the sun go not down on our wrath, or on our friends. To lose a friend by our own fault is a calamity indeed. We must ever remember how delicate are friendly sentiments and gentle sensibilities. Let us ever beware of the inconsiderate word, the ungentle remark, the slight, or neglect which chills the noble feeling in the bosom of our friend. Because the wounds of a friend are faithful, and better than the kisses of an enemy, let us never attempt to make trial of what our friend can bear from us. Above all, let us be on our guard, lest outrageous bursts of selfishness crucify this noble passion born of God.

We see then that the essence of friendship is sacrifice. Selfishness must be crucified. To make, to keep, or to be a friend, we must yield part of our nature to another. We must have at least one large area of likeness. Sympathy must be abundant. If our friend grows, we must grow with

him. If he is greater than we, then we must wait upon and seek after his love as a precious prize. Let us beware of false friendship and mean, low motives. If selfish or sordid considerations prompt us to gain favor with another, we are making acquaintance, but not friendship, in which selfishness dies. The recreant disciples and the multitudes who turned away from Jesus had no friendship towards him. They were not only selfish, but they were bigoted and narrow minded. Friendship was for revenue only. It had an eye on the dinner hour.

The other disciples who had loved Jesus and clung to him found it just as hard at first to receive his doctrine. They had prejudices which were jostled by Christ's words, but, except Judas, they remained faithful, and, all the more, loved their Master. He was number one, he first, and they last. With the multitudes and Judas, it was, "I first."

No man can be the friend of Christ, unless like Paul he says "not I, but Christ that liveth in me." There are in the world, many who call themselves Christ's friends, but who love the world first, last, and most, and the ego always. When the Master meets them in judgment, they doubtless will recognize him, but He will not recognize them. They will officiously salute and call to him, and show their credentials, their letters of introduction and commendation. They will say "Haven't we done this and done that in thy name?" but the Master will speak sincerely and truly when he cannot recognize them as his friends and says, "I never knew you, Depart!"

Let us look then to our lives and see if we have the stamp and quality of being friends of God and the Christ. Let us see that we have in us at least some of the marks of the Lord Jesus. What standard do we set up for ourselves. Do we declare that the man who does so and so—which we do not like—is not our friend? Many of us are very imperious in our friendships. We form only such attachments as are

based on agreement in feeling or purpose. Most persons, consider that an agreeable person is one who agrees with them.

Has not God the right to choose his own friends? He says, "The friendship of the world is enmity of God." Has not Jesus the right to invite the guests who are to live with Him in the Eternal House? Hear his infallible criterion "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."

Will you say then that repentance, faith, love, communion, confession, before men, taking up your cross, are mere forms, when Christ commands these? He makes these the tests of friendship. If His regard for us were but that of a friend whom we may lose to-morrow, we might not give ourselves to searchings of heart and travail of soul because of His words. But since He is the Friend that loveth at all times, "sticketh closer than a brother," and has eternity for his own, we do well to agonize to enter into the straight gate, and in this year, and in all the years, seek Him whom to know aright is life everlasting.

Glorifying God in our Sleep.

"*Lighten mine eyes lest I sleep the sleep of death.*"—PSALMS XIII :3.

I have always been interested in a prayer contained in the liturgy of the Reformed Dutch Church, entitled "An Evening Prayer." Its beautiful words were penned by John A'Lasco, John Calvin, or some other sweet saint of God, long before the liturgy in the English prayer-book received its present form. It runs after this fashion :

"Oh Merciful God, eternal light, shining in darkness, Thou who dispellest the night of sin, and all blindness of heart ; since Thou hast appointed the night for rest and the day for labor, we beseech Thee grant that our bodies may rest in peace and quietness, that afterwards they may endure the labor they must bear. Temper our sleep, that it be not disorderly, that we may remain spotless in body and soul, nay, that our sleep itself may be to thy glory. Enlighten the eyes of our understanding, that we may not sleep in death ; but always look for deliverance from this misery. Defend us against all assaults of the devil, and take us into thy holy protection. And although we have not passed this day without having greatly sinned against thee, we beseech thee to hide our sins with thy great mercy as thou hidest all things on earth with the darkness of the night, that we, therefore, may not be cast out of thy presence. Relieve and comfort all those, who are afflicted or distressed in mind, body or estate, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who hath taught us to pray : 'Our Father, etc.'"

This thought expressed in the prayer "that our sleep itself may be to thy glory," is quite in accord with the Bible idea, of honoring God in little things. Paul says, "whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of

God." That is, not only in the active, but in the passive states of being, we may still show ourselves children of the Holy One.

There is one side of our nature which is shown in intensest activity of mind and body, when what we do is the immediate result of the will; but by and bye, after repeated activities along one line, habit forms itself, and what we once did with conscious effort, we now perform unwittingly. Even in this second nature, in which we dwell as in a garment, and which is therefore called by a name meaning coat or clothing, that is, habit, we are to see to it that our action is in harmony with God's will and law. Else we may sin unconsciously, but none the less really.

Very few of us are so self-conscious, but that we continually betray ourselves, and men see who and what we are. Our tongues, our peculiarities of speech, our dress, our manners, in a word, our passivities, of which we take no note, reveal whether we are men of Galilee or Jerusalem, gentlemen or not, true Christians or worldlings.

The very idea of sleep is that of a slipping. "Sleep" is only another form of "slip." Our attention to outward circumstances slips away, becomes slippery, until the united faculties of perception and reason lapse, and we are asleep.

Now, is this state, a moral one? Can we commit sin in our sleep, and can we glorify God even in our slumbers?

It seems nearly certain that we can commit sin in our sleep. We do not say crime, nor overt breaking of the commandments, but that which violates the laws of good health and morals, or makes us offensive in the sight of God, may be done while our perception is congealed, and the river of our understanding frozen over by the winds from slumber land.

For while lying bound in the image of death, we are ethically, the result of what our waking moments are. If we are pure and noble in our daylight hours, living accord-

ing to the laws of physical and mental health, not intemperate in food or drink, not overworked or fretted, then shall our dreaming hours be holy also, or at least innocent. The night-blooming flowers in the soul's garden shall be as the cereus or the lily, while out of the soil of evil day-thoughts shall grow the night-shade of unholy visions. Whether we see ourselves transfigured or abased, in the realm of dreams, we shall recognize our true selfhood.

Whether the garments of circumstance be white and glistening, or foul and spotted, we who can control our health may decide. True, we cannot regulate all our fancies, for in "the land of Nod," reason, or the regulating faculty, is absent. The soul goes out to play. The kaleidoscope of imagination is busy rolling up new combinations of form and color, but yet in all these, our primal self will be there. Better than our friends know us, we know ourselves, and better than ourselves God knows.

Physical circumstance will modify the vision, and bodily habit will direct the form, shift the curtain, and control the scenery of the stage. The novelist well knows that eating strange food and meats difficult of digestion will furnish material from dreamland, even yards of sensational manuscript, for the weekly flash newspaper. Experiments show that certain sounds, odors, and temperatures produce certain effects on the chambers of dream-imagery.

So, also in soul-culture. Habit, environment, the constant and self-chosen atmosphere of thought will determine the shape of the dream. He who keeps his eyes and his thoughts from lust will not be lewd in the visions of the night. He who is temperate in food and drink will not be troubled with night-mares, or bat-winged giraffes, and the imaginary zoology of delirium. He who keeps swept and garnished the citadel of the soul, may safely trust, that when the sentinels of the will have withdrawn, the chained will not come forth. There will still be conquest of evil

thoughts, even when the mind acts independently of the will.

In a word, I believe that while there are some things in dreams we cannot regulate, there are other elements under our control. We can both dishonor and glorify God in our sleep. The Maker of our frame will not hold us responsible for that which comes as stroke or calamity from without, or is dyed into our souls in the vats of heredity ; but for what is governable and controllable, he will require of us to give account.

There are some great external experiences of life, mistake, accident, fright, that photograph themselves upon the negatives of our souls forever. We may not think of them in our waking hours, we purposely banish them. But when sleep comes and our souls enter the dark closet, the negative is developed, the picture becomes startlingly clear. We wake up, it may be trembling, or even in cold sweats, to thank God it is indeed a dream.

So, also there may be sins, that we have long since repented of, that rise like ghosts to torment our converted or penitent souls. We seem like Roman convicts chained to a corpse—the corpse of our dead selves. Often a humiliating or disquieting dream enables us to understand the cry of Paul, "O wretched man that I am, Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" For such aberrations from a healthy body and mind, God will surely forgive us, though he allows us to be humbled thereby ; but for the unclean dream, the detestable vision that grows directly out of the diligently cultivated soil of our willing thoughts, we must stand before God in judgment.

It is even more evident that we can glorify God in our sleep. This ought to be so, since one-third of our existence is, or, may we say, ought to be passed in the arms of the twin brother of death, and every waking thought ought to be a resurrection to fresh thoughts and health. It is very

hard to be a Christian and to lose sleep. This passive state, rightly entered into, ministers to good temper, kind words, and a sweet disposition. There is profound philosophy and sound hygiene in what the literalistic disciples said, "Lord if he sleep he shall do well." Indeed, with some persons, the quality and quantity of their sleep is as sure a guage of their domestic morals as the engineer's tubes and dials are of his motor power. To continue in insomnia when it is curable is a sin. American rush, hurry, and overwork are the little foxes that spoil the vines. Nervousness, the wear and tear of life when not repaired by sufficient rest, bring on insomia, insanity, and premature death. Yet is it not correct to say that in the vast majority of cases, the remedy is at hand? True it is that often the man or woman seems as helplessly entangled as a fly in a spider's web with social, or financial, or professional engagements and responsibilities; and it seems as if nature must be outraged and defied?

Let us note that this only seems so. It is wrong to violate daily the laws of God written in body and mind, until at last the furies of insomnia take their seat on the midnight pillow. To all such, who imagine they must curtail their sleep, drive the vital engine day and night, boast like a fool of their "iron constitution that can stand anything," "make a fortune in ten years or burst," worry over their social ambitions or failures, we repeat the words of the sweet lullaby psalm No. 127:

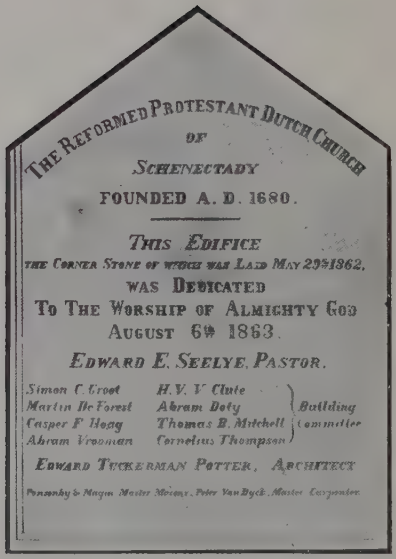
"It is vain for you that ye rise up early and so late take rest. For so he giveth unto his beloved sleep."

Yes, vain is the toil, the economy, the grief, even, that purposely curtails what God has made the most perfect form of rest; that is, poor economy, poor ambition, wasteful labor that cheats nature; for, says that Psalmist with profound physiological as well as spiritual truth, "He giveth unto his beloved *in* their sleep." God's beloved are they who love Him, and to love him is to keep his command-

ments. To them he gives richly in their sleep. Sowing their seed, it grows they know not how. Spreading the golden fleece of slumber, they wake to find it wet with enriching dew.

It is while we tarry in the land of unconsciousness that God fills us in basket and store, enriches, recreates us. In the Eden allegory, Adam wakes to find a wife, and so he who glorifies God by receiving, as he is bidden, the gift of sleep, is renewed day by day. There is many a man and woman who have blessed their offspring, because to them the promise of the lullaby psalm has been fulfilled; while thousands to-day are cursed in body and soul, because their father or mother refused rightly and sufficiently to glorify God on their beds. The woman who needlessly sits over a piece of needlework until midnight for vanity's sake, the man who posts books, or works problems, writes sermons or editorials when the strained eye-nerve or thumping brain calls for rest, may leave for a generation or two a trail of misery in offspring who are nervous or sleepless sufferers.

This subject lies in one of the nooks or corners of Christian duty, but is none the less worthy of the attention of all. We may indeed sin by sleeping too much, in the wrong place, or at the improper time; but, usually the American sins in this part of the mathematics of duty by subtraction rather than addition or multiplication. Ever, too, may we pray to be delivered from numbness of conscience or stupor of soul. "Lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death," prays the Psalmist. Rather may we so live and walk with Jesus our Saviour, that our death shall be the sleeping in Christ. What a beautiful coinage from the mint of faith was that when the early Christians named the graveyard "cemetery," that is, a sleeping place.



MEMORIAL TO THE BUILDERS.

The Faithful Wounds of a Friend.

"*Faithful are the wounds of a friend.*"—PROVERBS XXVII : 6.

It is not easy to express a racy proverb in another language, but with our text, the Bible translators have succeeded fairly well. Jerome made it, "Better wounds from the worthy, than false kisses of the deceiver." Is the picture in Proverbs XXVII : 6 a humorous one? Or, have we here a prophetic picture or ostentatious and inopportune salutations, like that of Judas in the garden? Luther says, "The blow of my lover is right good, but the kisses of the hater is bosh." The Revision says, "Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are profuse." The Hebrew text has but six words. The term for wounds is a light one, and does not mean so serious a hurt as would cause death, or even disable one. It refers rather to the slight cuts, scratches, sprains, or bruises such we are all likely to get, without going to war, without encountering personal violence, or without even venturing ourselves about machinery, edge tools, mining, chemical experiments or gasoline,—in short such as call for hamamelis more than surgery.

Just as we may make a difference between professional wounds—expected and not to be wholly guarded against, as in war or railroads, and those fractures of bone or skin that are of the household, stairs, stoves, icy pavements, etc., more private and also more moderate; so the wounds of a friend are not the wounds of an enemy, a murderer, a backbiter, but of a milder quality, leaving no poison in them. They create no scars. Once healed, they do not open again. There is no suppuration, gangrene, or after effects of evil in them. They may at first induce fever, and send the blood coursing violently in the veins, but misunderstanding

over, and peace restored, the whole constitution is healthier and the circulation more vigorous. Let us learn then, that if as friends we would or must inflict wounds, we are not to sally forth like a savage on the war path, to take scalps, or as a dragoon, to charge at a gallop with sword-point ahead, to make incurable stabs or cloven skulls ; but, we are to study most diligently,—on our knees, it may be —to do no more than mildly bruise or lightly cut. The scripture boldly faces the fact that friends must essay a hard task, even as the diamond cuts the diamond, but it happily chooses the exact word which lightly fills the idea of wound, while it lays strong emphasis on faithfulness ; for infallibly healing are the wounds which a true friend makes.

If like a clumsy surgeon, we do inflict wounds on our friends, and find that they do not heal, we have no right, be our motive as pure as an angel's, to inflict more. The black and blue of the bruise must be well turned to rosy flesh, and the smart gone, before we venture another blow. Else our wounds are not faithful, and we are quacks and bunglers. Our friend will experience only the feeling of salt and vinegar on an open cut, or pepper on raw flesh ; while we, in our vanity, may think we see even the very scar removed. Rather, like skilful surgeons, we must first know the constitution and condition of our patients. Not knowing these well, or, lacking skill or patience to find out, we had better keep our lance and gouge and saw in their cases, with the key well turned, before we draw blood.

Oh ! the world is full of people who have been wounded, nay butchered, in the house of their friends, whose hearts torn have not been healed, in whose wounding is no faithfulness. We do not wonder that many persons fear this proverb, because so many apprentices and so few masters ply its divine art. It has been made to them a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offense.

Yet the lion must sometimes be bearded in his den.

There is our friend,—as magnificent as the king of the forest. His roar subdues us all. We admire him. He is useful, generous, noble, abounding in all high qualities and graces. We love him. We think the world of him, but he has a fault, that annoys, even grieves his friends, and the worst of it is, he does not know it. The screw is loose where it ought to be tightest. The bar sinister ruins a grand escutcheon. The one defect spoils the whole. It wounds those who love him almost as he loves himself. It exasperates his enemies and keeps them busy. It strains the regard of those who would be friendly. His usefulness is curtailed, his influence with many is destroyed, and he knows not why.

"Oh if only some one would tell him," say his friends in council. How to "bell the cat" is a proverbial problem, but while a cat is not always worth belling, the king of beasts is.

The lion has a thorn in his foot, and does not know what is the matter with himself. Who will dare to enter the cave, take hold of his paw, risk teeth and claw, while giving the faithful wound that extracts the thorn that will make him ever after grateful.

Yet it can be done. As the faithful hound will not bite, though the master sets, even with torture, the broken limb. As the sagacious elephant will, unfettered and unbound, submit to mallet and chisel to have the decayed tooth removed; as even the lion has been known to restrain its ferocious instincts while the hunter drew out the thorn, so under the rebuke of a proved friend, how often have we cause to say, in the proverbial wisdom of holy scripture, "A word spoken in fit season, how good it is; it is like health to the body, and marrow to the bones." Better is open rebuke than secret love. Frank, undisguised censure honorably expressing its meaning, avails more than flattery, or even the love which from false consideration dissembles,

and does not name to its neighbor his faults even where it should do so, suffering him to lose fortune, friendship, life itself, because it does not like to tell him his danger. Because spiritual quacks and malpracticioners abound, who make wounds without healing, we should not shrink from being the friends whose wounds heal, like leaves from the tree of life, while always should we ourselves be ready to take our own medicine, or submit to the same surgery. May God give us grace to do so.

Granted that we should cultivate both sides of our nature, in the light of this truth, that we should act and be acted upon in the Christian spirit, we now ask, how can we do so aright? How can we combine healing with wounding, faithfulness with hurt, gain the good and be surely making the blow lightest, the incision smallest, and the benefit greatest?

Well may one be modest in handling this momentous subject. The surgeon whose probe plays among arteries, whose knife divides the nerves that hold the mysteries of heart and lungs, need not be more sure or careful, than he who gives instruction here. To talk to one's friends about this theme is like the marksman firing at an apple on his own child's head. To hit is triumph, to miss is woe. Yet, the surgeon dares, and life is happier. The arrow flies, and victory is won.

Allow me then to suggest, that we cultivate a kindly spirit that sheds all censoriousness, fault-finding, or magisterial tone of manner. The scripture would say, "speaking the truth in love." Charity never faileth. Study well our subject. With some, love is all; you need no more; you are armed triple-proof against danger of rebuff. Sometimes, nay oftener, the divinest tact is needed. To gain your own point, to besiege the citadel of opposition, you must slowly, surely, vigilantly, construct your parallels as for a siege, and approach gradually. Some fortresses

cannot be taken by storm. It is madness to attempt a sudden charge; and slow circumvallation is surer. Many natures that cannot be pushed may be led. It is possible to so present a reason, a purpose to your friend, that he may come finally to think your plan his own, and original with himself. He may imagine he is leading you and not you him. There is a good way and a bad way of being a Jesuit,—one is the Jesus way, the other is the Satanic.

Friendship has its privileges, but its responsibilities also. Do you love your friend? Have you more influence with him than any other has? Do you know all the doors of his approach, so that you can reach him when others cannot? Then you are your brother's keeper. Do not flatter his faults and blind him to his dangers. Use your privilege boldly, freely, kindly, humbly. Jesus spared not his friends; yet, such was his love, that but a glance of his eye was needed. Then, power, like the smiting of a rock, made the soul's fountains flow. His is our model. Let his gentleness make us great.

Along with love, should go reason, fair argument, exact statement of facts. With some minds or temperaments, these are necessary, nay absolutely indispensable. They are the salt that melts the snow, or the only motor that sets the wheel in revolution. Your mere likes or dislikes will not reform the fault. Back-biting, vague accusation, nagging will only exasperate, harden, stultify. Do we say, "I don't like that," "I don't want you to act so," "you are a fool for doing that?" That will do for master to servant, parent to young child, but not for friend to friend. We are wasting words. We stir up defiance. We get a challenge, instead of grasped hand and moist eye, and grateful heart and a change in life. But when we give the reasons, state the situation, explain as fully as possible, with the why and the wherefore, and the "for instance," and assurance in black

and white that our judgment is not alone, that we have the right as others see, then we win our friend. He will hear us.

What does a manly soul care for praise or blame in itself alone? Fame is a vapor. Popularity is a bubble. The palms of Wednesday are forgotten at the cross of Friday. The conservative of yesterday becomes the radical of next week. Mere feeling that blazes to-day is like the crackling of thorns under a pot, and is cold ashes to-morrow; but the argument built on reason, the principle revealed, the sure fact stated are steadfast and unchangeable. Give your friend your reasons, your verified assertions for thinking so and so. If he has head or heart, he will see eye to eye with you, or else he will convince you.

It is said that it is wisest never to push a Dutchman, or argue with a Scotchman, because the former, slow but sure, is more easily led; and a Scotchman once informed clearly will think it over; and if he does not agree with you, then you may suspect that you are yourself wrong. But, all human nature has a good deal of Scotch in it, and of Dutch too. You must no more think of correcting your friend while you are in a passion than a doctor should attempt a capital operation when drunk or sleepy. Don't brand your friend as stubborn, if he refuses to become your weathercock. If you want him to move, put a motor inside of him.

Oh friends, we do not need priest or confessional. Let us be ready to confess our faults one to another, and rather than make sport of each other's infirmities, attempt to heal them. Put away all wrath, clamor, fault-finding, and as God forgives us, so may we forgive one another. Whether as between husband and wife, friend and friend, pastor and people, see that we bear, forbear and love fervently, as among brethren. Let passion, envy, personal convenience sleep, and kindly affection and humility awake. Speaking the truth in love, let us encourage without flattery, and admonish with love.

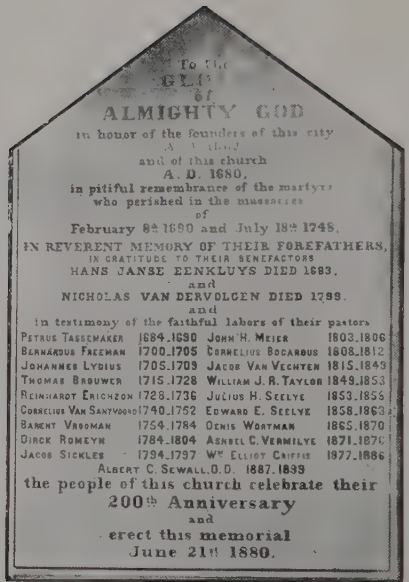
In this,—the pursuit of true friendship, as in every other good thing, Jesus has left us an inspiring example in order that we should follow in his steps. He wounded his friends, but oh how faithfully! Note his words and the reply of those he rebuked and the grand results. To his mother he said—"Woman, what have I to do with thee?" yet she replied "whatsoever he bids you, that do." To the Syrophoenician woman; he said "It is not fit to take the children's bread, and cast it to the dogs," and then after her —"Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall," rewarded her faith. "Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, 'Lovest thou me,'" yet Peter never again wavered, or denied his Lord. To another, he said, "One thing thou lackest yet, go and sell all thou hast, and give to the poor." In this case, the young man refused the wound—amputation, would you say?—yet he went off to die of a worse disease. Jesus wounded Paul, flung him to the earth, kept the thorn piercing his flesh, made him bear his marks and his dying, as of a crucified one, yet hear Paul shout, "When I am weak, then am I strong," his "grace is sufficient," that I may be made "conformable to his death."

Yes, the faithful Christ wounds but to heal. His is the wounding of the great Physician. He makes no mistakes. He never lost a case. His is the love that sticketh closer than a brother's. Has Jesus wounded you? Has he frustrated your purposes, kept you poor when you would be rich, deprived you of health, beauty, the prizes of life you most coveted? Do you see others possessing what you envy or even covet? Has he called away your bosom-friend, parent, child, lover, acquaintance dear, and made your path way lonely, and turned your life into one long rainy day?

Oh, my friend, it was to heal you, to turn your thoughts to him, to make the compass-needle of your life point to heaven, and away from the rocks and shallows of self, and

folly. Why will you not turn to him, and learn his faithfulness? "The Great Physician now is near, the sympathizing Jesus." Why not give the lacerated heart to him, and the broken and contrite spirit which he never despises? Alas, that so often we are afflicted, yet we turn not to him, and too often harden our hearts, and hope for healing in fresh excitements, and new worldly pleasures.

Listen then to the sweet invitation which to-night, is brought to you, "Come, and let us return unto the Lord, for he hath torn, and he will heal us, he hath smitten, and he will bind us up. After two days will he revive us, and in the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in his sight. Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord; and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain upon the earth."



MEMORIAL TO THE FOUNDERS, MARTYRS, BENEFACTORS AND PASTORS.

Compensation.

"*Let me be weighed in an even balance.*"—Job, xxi : 6.

The word compensation is not found in the English Bible, but the doctrine is. It is an arch stretching from Genesis to Revelation, with every book a stone and a thousand illustrations in history and doctrine to serve as cement.

Job prayed for its application to himself, when he cried out, "Let me be weighed in an even balance." Whether rich or poor, in honor or abasement, on a throne or in ashes, Job was willing to be weighed in the scales of eternity, provided God held the beam. In fashion, custom, worldly maxims, and wisdom, Job saw clearly that many things were weighed in false scales. Men deceived themselves and only when too late learned that everything, whether a grain of sand, or mountains, an idle word as well as a great crime is weighed in God's balances, and the results, God's and man's do not always agree.

That is what compensation means. It is mene, tekel, upharsin—enumeration, weighing, division. It is not merely give and take, tit for tat, wages for labor done. These things may have in them passion,—anger or favor, bribe or stripes. Compensation means weighing together, giving each side absolute justice.

The balances of God are impassioned, true, just, exact, without reference to friend or foe, favor or frown. We, in our pictures of blindfolded justice, as on the great seal of the Empire State, put compensation in her hand—that is a pair of balances. Job would make this same emblem that of the Almighty's government. He would so far trust in Him—even when in ashes, affliction and under a cloud—as to ask to be weighed in even balances. Job perhaps knew nothing

of a judgment day hereafter—certainly not of that day wherein Christ shall judge the world. So likewise did most of the Old Testament heroes fight in the dark, or at least, the twilight, as concerns eternity.

We hold and confess the doctrine of eternal judgment, because Christ and his apostles have taught us that he hath appointed a day wherein he shall judge the world. In the vision of Revelation we behold him that sits on the black horse of judgment "hath in his hands a pair of balances,"—that is, the final compensations to and for all things.

We do well so to believe and confess that Christ shall come to judge the quick and the dead; but, how do we abuse the truth! How often do we hear people talk, and even the clergy preach, as though there were no judgment on the earth and in this life. Instead of the balances held in God's hands, they would postpone all to an eternity beyond the grave.

Crude comfort do such teachers give! They caricature God's delicate weighings. Because the lightning does not strike the sinner dead at once, they think there is no damnation this side of Hell. Do we not know that the more exact the balances, the longer must we wait for them to tilt and poise?

The juster the scale, the slower moves the beam. Let Patrick drive up the cart full of coal on the rough planks of the ground-scale. The heavy iron and masonry jar with the shock, but we get the weight in a trice. Do frost and heat, dust and water derange the levers? What odds? five or ten pounds make no difference, flush or scant. It's only coal.

Weigh quickly and you lose in delicacy. But, is it a diamond we weigh or the tiny assay of gold from the cupel, which decides the value of the mine? Then put the scales in a glass case, shut the windows carefully and keep off the air currents; adjust the delicate pans that bounce with a hair, that kick the beam with a lead pencil scratch. Patience

here! It may take several seconds for the scales to move and a whole minute for them to settle, if the balancings are equal. For such balancings in moral things, Job asked for in God's hands, not quickly, but surely.

It is always so in God's compensations. His judgments are fine, delicate, and seemingly slow. This is because they are not the crude, half-weighed decisions of human tribunals. Because vengeance is not speedily executed against an evil work, the hearts of men are freely set in them to do evil.

Yet God does not always wait till the judgment day. The wicked are not successful, the good are not miserable. Compensation is made here, as well as hereafter. The plague of our orthodoxy is that we get too much eschatology. The doctors of divinity have too much probation on the brain, and neglect God's verdicts here on earth. That is one reason why heretics thrive and Canada is full of absconders. The sinners do not have all the good times even in this world. The saints are not the most miserable folks in the world.

There are success and happiness besides what the shop and the market and middle-aisled pews and bank-books know. There are other losses besides financial reverses and other miseries besides poverty and cheap clothes, and no carriages and horses. Miserable preachers are they that postpone all of Heaven and all of Hell beyond the grave. Paradise and hell begin here in our lives, and there are such times as "the days of Heaven upon earth."

Out on the novelists that always reward a good girl with a rich husband, and a good boy by dying early and going to be an angel; or, making him to grow up and own a farm, water stock, or capture a railroad. It's a cheap and vulgar heresy that reward must always be in hard cash, or society's currency; or, that the bad are successful, or that justice is not done now.

The movement in God's clock is with a compensating

pendulum. Buy an ordinary time-piece with an iron tongue and a brass bob, and the face of the clock will lie. In hot weather it will lose, and in cold weather gain minutes, because heat and cold expand and contract, making the ticks more or less than exact second-beats; but make your pendulum of steel and copper rods, with cup of mercury to rise and fall; let the two metals, by their varying expansion, compensate each other and they make equipoise. The dial-plate of God loses not a second, keeps true time as well as long eternity.

Look around you in the universe and see in nature the divine pendulum and balances. God hath made all things double, in order to compensation and harmony. In nature, behold darkness and light; heat and cold; ebb and flow; the centrifugal and the centripetal; systole and diastole; attraction and repulsion; spirit, matter; man, woman; everywhere are polarity, dualism, action and reaction.

To every gift there is a defect. Look at the animals. The giraffe has a long neck, but his tail and hind parts are weak and small. The kangaroo leaps by enormous and powerful hind legs and tail, but the head and fore feet are feeble. A sheep rejoices in warm fleece but cannot defend itself. On the other hand, the dogs give us neither labor, nor meat, nor clothing, yet they guard us. Whatever is surplus in one place is deficit in another. Above par here, means discount there.

A wondrous correlation of forces rules the universe. No potency is ever lost, it is only balanced. Loss is only profit in another direction. Gain in power and you lose in time. Quantity is bought at the expense of quality. Our northern climate is severe,—frost, cold, snow, eight months of winter, four of summer; but outdoors, hilarity and sport; within, comfort and soft chairs and hearth-fires. In Siam and the Spice islands, summer lasts all the year around; but, so do the mosquitoes, and snakes and lizards and bugs

and fevers. Read in the Bible how tersely the story is told. The little captive maid in the kitchen is healthy and happy, knowing the true God. Naaman, the captain of the Kings host, is "a mighty man, but a leper."

Happy he who can pray Job's prayer and see God's law and doctrine of compensation, not only outside, but within—even in his own nature and condition. Let us be thankful if we have learned the A, B, C, of it. Look in worldy success, or attractions. The maiden sees talent, music, skill, behind the footlights. She would be an opera singer and charm thousands, an actress and win applause and wealth. Well, that is looking on only one of the scale-pans. Look into the other—toil, discomfort, travel at all hours, strange beds and food, heart-burnings and jealousies, disagreeable attentions and stinging or fulsome remarks, the slave as well as the idol of the miscellaneous public.

The young man would be famous, would be President. How grand to stand at the nation's head! But the balance has two plates. Compensation takes out of the one to put on the other his peace of mind, makes him eat dust, and bow down to the bosses behind the chair.

The lad and the lass learn that the rose has its thorn, the sweet its sour. To the lips, the coveted pleasure is as delicious as honey; in the eating it is as bitter as gall.

For every grain of wit is a grain of folly. Alongside of the mind equipped with learning or brilliant with genius is insanity—the insanity of self-conceit, of folly. Do you stand high in thought, in achievement? Then you must feel the cold winds that blow over all lovely places, whether steeps or flats. The fiercest tempests assail the loftiest peaks. Do you get new knowledge, new truth? Then do not hide it under a bushel; but speak it out; only, if you do, then do not flinch from the cross that ever stands ready planted for truth-speakers. If a man is too far ahead of his friends,

he afflicts and offends them. They brand him as radical. You must buy dearly—even truth, because it is most precious.

Nature is a mother that treats her children with less favoritism than men commonly think. Does she give a man genius? She will not give him wisdom too. Great genius, great folly. So too, with the grosser, material, fortune. Look at rich men and people. Are they rich? Rare indeed do you find an all-round rich man.

How thoroughly did Jesus know what was in man! "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven," that is, to be rich in spirit. Emerson well says, "If the gatherer gathers too much, nature takes out of the man, what she puts into his chest, swells the estate, but kills the owner."

Do you tell me, "there's old X, he's rich, he owns millions, he has spent his life in business accumulating a fortune, and has houses, gardens, horses, all that one could wish. How enviable his place!" So say the fools.

But oh! what he has missed! How much he has lost. What good times in the world and he not in them! He has millions in rubbish, but what is he himself? What joys of the peaceful life he has lost—the charms of benevolence, of holy labors, of study, of soul-culture, the consciousness of the unselfish doing of good, the understanding of the wonderful works of God. His life has been lost and wasted over ledgers and day books, in mortgages and bargains, and he stands today, it may be, a shrivelled, puny, failure of a man with a fortune in dollars. He is hungry and blind and miserable and naked, and the worst of it is, he doesn't know it. The chief reason why the rich man cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven is because that kingdom begins on earth, and he has wasted his opportunity. It is within, and he imagined it was without. He has lived to be sixty and has not entered in. In money he is mighty, in his soul he is a leper.

God allows no monopolies, he makes no exceptions. His balances are just and even. Dives and Lazarus, Jezebel and Naboth, Pharisee and Publican, Judas and Christ—the last should be first and the first last, and the doings of God are as just in man's life as in nature. Silently, certainly, surely, the mills of God will grind out true grist. Chaff and bran, and kernel, are together now; but the fan of God keeps winnowing; and the heavenly garner and the unquenchable fire are equally sure. To us there are two natures, to many only one—the apparent; to God, there is always only one nature of things—the real.

We all try hard to separate what God joins together, cause and effect, sin and punishment, the sensual and the moral, the deed from its consequence, the life of the body from the life of the soul. But God does not allow us to cut things in half, to have light without shadow. Let not man put asunder what God joins together. The Bible says, "Eat and thou shalt die." "Sin and thou shall suffer." "Lose and thou shalt gain." "Gain and thou shalt lose."

The human soul and the wisdom of the past centuries are true to the Bible. In law, history, proverbs, every day conversation, yea, even fable and fairy tale, the bible doctrine and the universal law of compensation are taught and illustrated.

Individual men and women try hard to believe that God does not see. Ostrich-like they hide their own heads to Jehovah's law and go blindly. They think Deity will make an exception in their case. The man may be A. or B., X. or Y., this or that, but somehow by Providence, "Primordial Necessity," Fate, Chance, Jehovah, Jove, or Lord; whatever Infidel, Jew, Pagan, Agnostic, or Christian may call it, or name *Him*, His word comes to pass. The villain gets his deserts. For a time, even for years, the world sees only the one scale-pan, full of wealth, power, defiance of God, and man; but Heaven hasn't yet laid on the weights,

the plate is not full, the pot has not yet boiled over. God sits as a refiner. When the saltpetre is dropped in the crucible, when the iniquity is full, when the weights are put in the opposite pan, nothing of God's truth is lost either in refining, dividing, or weighing. Not at once, but sometime, everything will be enumerated, weighed, divided. God never has too much press of business. He never neglects. The Lord is at hand.

Even in the world's fairy tales, truth will out. Myth and fiction have been defined as the wild attempt of the human imaginations to escape God's laws, to leap his barriers and run riot, and do as pleases it. Yet even outside of church and parson, creed and scripture, everything human has a flaw in it. The "vindictive circumstance" creeps in somewhere, like the mote of dust that stops the watch. Something is forgotten. Accident, necessity, or oversight work the mischief.

In fact, and in history, the armor of Saul has a joint. The door has a crack. Peter's speech betrays him. In fancy's story, Achilles' heel is vulnerable. Even mythology cannot escape the law of compensation. A man can invent no checks to hinder its operation. It is yesterday, to-day and forever. It is in the world, and the world is made by it.

In the light of this doctrine, everything that Jesus said is not only true, but clear. His words are in the indicative mood. It is more blessed to give than it is to receive. He taught no paradoxes, or contradictions. His words seem strange to us, because we are so selfish, short-sighted, unbelieving. We are in a hurry. We want the seed that is planted to-day to become ripe fruit tomorrow. We demand our pay at once and our revenge immediately. He that loseth his life for Christ's sake shall find it. It is better, though it does not seem so to thee now, to lose thine eye, than for the whole body to be cast into hell.

So, may we, brother-men, consider this day, what scales we are using for the weighing of your own motives, acts, life. Are they the maxims of worldly wisdom, the dictates of the society in which we move, rather than the words of Christ? Are we living in unrepented sin, with minds intent on selfish ambitions, refusing to humble ourselves under that cross on which He who was unselfish, hung for us? No doubt we have our ready-made excuses for postponing repentance, faith, and child-like love to Him who says, "Take up your cross." He calls to us, inviting, commanding, warning, and all in the present tense, "*now*."

No doubt we are trying to feel satisfied. Possibly we have succeeded? Then, all the more, God pity us. "All the ways of a man are clean in his own eyes, but the Lord weigheth the spirits." Let us not think that we can load down one end of the scale with pride, procrastination, selfishness, unrepented sin, and cheat the sure result. God holds the scales, not you, and you will be weighed in an even balance.

It is better, fellow Christian, to be last in the world's estimation in order to be first in Christ's. The only real good we have is what we give, the only thing we keep is what we share. It is no loss to sell all that we have in order to follow Jesus.

Look in the deep wells of your life, oh Christian! Is not God's law of compensation reflected there on the calm waters of your soul, as a star of Heaven? What did you ever lose for Christ's sake, that God has not given you back in something else? Some new grace, some gift of love—peace of mind, hope and faith that out-weigh the earthly blessing lost.

Or, if the thorn still pierces, has not God granted sufficing grace? Since that great sorrow came to you, years now gone, have you not gained in character and love to him? Are you not now, as you were not then, richer in your inner-self—where your true riches dwell? Would you not

feel yourself degraded, would you not dishonor God by envying the lot of this sinner, or that, who seem to have no affliction?

Our strength grows out of our weakness. "When I am weak then am I strong," says Paul. Every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous." Why? because God weighs not in a hasty balance. Would you have a bereavement, and say unto God, "Oh Father, let this be no sorrow. Let me at once forget it?" No! such were madness. Wait for the fruits. Behold, in due time, God puts in the weights—and the scales are even. You justify God, and say, "The peaceable fruits of righteousness are mine." Nothing is lost.

Commit then your way unto the Lord. Seek to know him, and the power of his grace. Believe that he answers Job's prayer, and weighs all things in an even balance. With him not one thing is lost. The seed sown from sight will spring anew to life manifold. The irritations of life, like the grains of sand dropped in the pearl oyster's mouth will, by the transmuting power of the divine chemistry, become jewels of character, and the pearl of great price.

Cast the bread of good deeds, of generous actions, of sympathy and help and love on the waters of human life, and you shall find all, and more, after many days. Give your life unto Jesus now, and you will receive it again in "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

BOSTON

From Mohawk Dutch to Boston Yankees.

Nine joyous years sped within view of the Mohawk and the lower spurs of the Adirondacks. While in "Old Dorp," with a happy and united congregation to serve, I listened to none of the invitations which came to change my field of work. In November 15th, 1885, while preaching in the pulpit of the Collegiate Reformed Church, on 29th street and Fifth Avenue in New York, in exchange with Dr. William Ormiston, there was an old friend, Mr. Tyler, a librarian, in the congregation, who heard and took notes. He was spying out the man, if not the land. He at once wrote to his fellow alumnus of Amherst College, M. F. Dickinson, Jr., then in Boston and deacon of the Shawmut Congregational Church. Its pulpit was vacant by the resignation of Dr. E. B. Webb, after a pastorate of twenty-five years, though I knew it not. In Boston three spies made preparation to visit the land by the Mohawk.

A cold winter's day after a heavy fall of snow, was the Sunday of January 11, 1886. I was preaching the second of a series of sermons in exposition of that compend of rich, experimental, personal and spiritual theology, the Heidelberg Catechism. I noticed in the congregation three strangers, alert, metropolitan-looking men. After the sermon, they came up and shook hands with me and viewed the meeting house, especially the tower room, with its illustrated epitome of local church history. A week or so later, another delegation of Bostonians arrived in Schenectady. I had five or eight new auditors who had come from afar with a purpose.

Well, I went to Boston to visit my friend, Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Duryea, "to hear the Boston Symphony orchestra," and to preach in Berkeley Street Church in the morning, and in

the Central Church for Dr. Duryea in the evening of February 7, 1886. I was invited to dinner (after hearing the "Monday Lecture") at Young's Hotel, by a representative committee of nine men, every one with a good digestion, evidently to see if I possessed the same. The church meeting of February 19, voted me a unanimous call. In Springfield, at the Massasoit House, on Friday, February 25th, I found ten men from Boston. One of them was "Shawmut's grand old man," Deacon Wilkins, and the others, mostly of the "Society," were from the same church home. We talked delightfully from 12:40 to 3 A. M., and a few hours later breakfasted together. It was the day of "New England's ice storm," and a great blizzard raged, but I enjoyed "Edersheim" in the cars and the snapping zero cold. The winter's gale lasted six days.

The call was dated March 2, 1886, with appended record of the Church and Society meetings and votes. It was signed by the following persons:

Committee for the Church.	*Committee for the Society.*
Samuel C. Wilkins,	Charles H. Allen,
A. S. Lovett,	C. A. Putnam,
George E. Adams,	Edmund F. Leland,
James S. Stone,	D. M. Weston,
S. T. Snow,	Albert S. Pratt,
M. F. Dickinson, Jr.,	Franklin Crosby.
Wm. G. Benedict.	

It was no easy or pleasant thing to leave so hearty a people as those in my first pastoral charge, who had by nine years of fellowship in Christ's name revealed to me, as perhaps nothing else could so clearly, the solid qualities of the Dutch and their descendants. At a social meeting of the church, March 9, I was happy in saying:

"I am loath to leave you. I love you and I trust I have won some of your love in return. I am happy in having

been for nine years the pastor of a church in which there has been no division and in which no cliques have arisen."

After a tender address, rich in feeling, from Mr. B. L. Conde, Judge J. S. Landon offered the resolution which was passed with enthusiasm :

"Sincerely regretting the intention of our pastor, the Rev. Dr. William Elliot Griffis, to sever his connection with this church and congregation, we desire by this resolution to assure him of our grateful appreciation of his nine years of earnest and efficient ministry, our high regard for him as a pastor and pleasant friend, and our cordial wishes for his success in his wider field of labor. Commanding our respect for his ability ; he has won our hearts by his kindness and zealous efforts for our spiritual welfare. We part from him with regret, and shall always remember him with affection and gratitude."

A very handsome and very abundant set of table silver, a gift to the domine and his wife and a silver remembrance also to "the baby born under the shadow of the church spire"—the first in their pastors' families in twenty-five years, accentuated the words, written and spoken, of tender farewell.

So I left Dorp for Yankee land, met the new congregation socially and the ministers of Boston in an afternoon reception, and in the great council which thronged the church auditorium, was installed on the evening of April 15, 1886. Rev. Dr. E. T. Alden presided and the following ministers took part ; George A. Gordon, Alexander MacKenzie (preacher) Samuel E. Herrick, John L. Withrow, R. R. Meredith, Edwin B. Webb (pastor emeritus), and William Burnet Wright. The sermon was from JOHN XIV : 8, 9.

According to the excellent custom in Congregational Councils I read a statement of my beliefs, and, of what is even more important, my personal experience of the life

with God, which was printed in *The Congregationalist.* The Boston newspapers contained much matter concerning Shawmut Church and her new pastor. It was a time of tremendous theological disturbance of atmosphere, of talk about "Andover theology" and "controversy," and the American Board divisions, but I had come among the various disputants, ignorant of the situation and quite guileless, rather amused than otherwise at the labels which men of varying notions, with a propensity to over-classify, wished to stick upon me, as "liberal," "conservative," etc. Nourished in so democratic a church as the Reformed, I was astonished, and chafed somewhat, at the the close corporationism which I found in "the Board," while the narrowness and provincialism, of which I found much in "cultured Boston," surprised me.

Coming out of so noble and venerable a church and from a warm hearted people, I was grateful, during seven happy years to "find the same sort of people," as the Mohawk ferryman said. Reared in an Independent Church in Philadelphia, the free and reverent ways of the serious Congregationalists became very sweet to me.

I preached several courses of sermons while in Boston. Among these were "The Twelve Sons of Jacob," "Springtime Lessons from the Book of Ruth," "Fundamental Doctrines of the Christian Faith," "Religion and Amusements," "The Song of Songs," "The Gospel in the Book of Jonah," "Christian Education and the Public Schools," "The Parabolic Teaching of Jesus," etc. In the annual volumes from 1887 to 1904, "Sermons of the Monday Club," to which I belong, will also be found my discourses on the themes furnished by the International Sunday School Lessons.

Lest I ramble further, let me turn from self and direct the reader to the Shawmut sermons hoping that in them there may be many messages of help and strength.

SHAWMUT'S FIFTH PASTOR.

"For Glory and For Beauty." [1]

Shawmut Church stands in the South End of Boston. Whence the names "Shawmut," "Boston," "South End."

How long the name Shawmut, "or the place near the neck," was used in the unwritten history of the Algonquin Indians, we have no means of knowing. Tradition takes no note of chronology. The red man has vanished; but the names he gave to the rocks and waters, hills and valleys, are indelibly witten on the land of which he was dispossessed. As in sympathetic ink, the record of his impressions of nature are found beneath those geographical names which have been copied from Europe. Before Boston in America, was the Indian land of Massachusetts, rich in fish and waters; and, before Trimountain, or the three-hilled English settlement, was Shawmut.

In the old home land, before even the name of England was common, the good Saxon monk Botolph (or boat-help), after completing his Christian studies in Germany, founded in A. D. 654, a monastery in Lincolnshire on the Witham river near the sea, and made it a centre of holy light and knowledge. The name of "Botolph's Town," which grew up around the monastery, was in time condensed into "Boston." Over fifty churches in England to-day are named after St. Botolph. The great tower of the cathedral of the English town of Boston, founded by the friend and patron of sailors, is crowned by an octagon lantern nearly three hun-

[1] Exodus xxviii: 2. On that one of the little red 4-page leaflets, printed monthly for Shawmut church, for June, 1889, was the announcement and text, with asterisk and note— "A sermon in which the religious symbolism expressed in the architecture of Shawmut church edifice is explained." The sermon was prepared after a careful study with the architect, Mr. Charles Parker, of the structure and its chief features. The introductory portion of the discourse is omitted.

dred feet above the ground, serving as a beacon light, visible forty miles distant, and is still the boat-help of St. Botolph's Town.

After this English name, the people, who came from Lincolnshire to settle in Eastern Massachusetts, called their settlement at Shawmut, on the 17th of September, 1630. The future "South End" of Boston was then under the waves.

The three-hilled peninsula was connected with the mainland at Roxbury by a long narrow neck, over which the spray of the two waters of the South Bay and Charles River blew easily, and across which, boys, perhaps still living as old men, were able to leap at high tide. Within the memory of men still hale and hearty, large areas of marsh or submerged land have been filled up and the South End created. The once narrow "Roxbury Neck," famous in American history, but during two centuries only wagonwide, stretches either side of Washington, from Beacon to Albany streets, over a well-built and populous area of thoroughfares, houses, and gardens. Suffolk street, which was one of the first highways west of Washington to be filled up, was later named Shawmut Avenue. The streets running east and west reclaimed from the salt mud are named after towns in the Bay State, beginning with Dover and ending with Lenox. About midway as to order and distance in the list, are Brookline and Canton Streets.

Until about the year 1845, Washington Street was little more than a causeway, the space west of it between Dover and Dedham Streets being marsh and waste. On a space of harder soil, around Canton and Dedham Streets, a suburban village of frame houses had gathered. On this missionary ground an evangelical Sunday-school had a languishing existence from 1836 to 1839. On January 6th, 1842, the Christian people resident in the neighborhood, assisted by members of the Pine Street Congregational Church, began a weekly prayer meeting at the house of Mr. Samuel C. Wil-

kins, who is now our beloved senior deacon, hale, hearty, genial, and full of sunshine. Six weeks later, a hall was occupied for permanent services, and meetings opened to all evangelical Christians. A Methodist pastor from Roxbury preached the first sermon, and it was soon decided to have stated services on each Lord's Day, with preaching as often as possible. The hall was that still in use at the north-east corner of Shawmut Avenue and Canton Street. Most of the preachers were pastors from Boston churches. Growth was healthy and continuous. The Suffolk Street Union Church, formed Nov. 20, 1845, was the result. On the 4th of April 1849, the Shawmut Congregational Society was formed, and one month later the "Suffolk Street Union Church" took its present name, which is the "Shawmut Congregational Church." The wooden chapel dedicated July 13, 1845, gave way, in 1851, to the new edifice on the west side of Shawmut Avenue, between Brookline and Canton Streets, which was consecrated to God December 8th, 1853. This in turn was left for the commodious edifice on Tremont Street, which we are about to describe. On February 11, 1864, the ceremonies of dedication were celebrated. Meanwhile the "South End," rapidly filling up with enterprising people, had become one of the most attractive quarters of the city of Boston.

The pastors of Shawmut Church, Rev. George A. Oviatt, Rev. William Cowper Foster, Rev. Charles Smith, were predecessors, during comparatively short terms of service of Rev. Edwin B. Webb, D.D., who was called June 14, 1860, to begin a twenty-five years' pastorate,[1] during which Shawmut Church enjoyed its greatest prosperity—that is, until the tide of church-supporting population began to set towards the suburbs, the Back Bay district, and Brookline.

[1] Dr. Webb at the age of sixty-nine resigned, and enjoyed fifteen years of ministry at large. A memorial volume with biography and selection of sermons was published in Boston, 1901.

Two edifices preceded our present house of worship. One was a wooden chapel erected by the City Missionary Society, 60 by 45 feet in floor dimensions, dedicated July 13, 1845; and the other the Shawmut Avenue edifice (now occupied by the Universalist Church), dedicated November 18, 1852. In the corner stone of the new structure on Tremont Street, solemnly set apart to the worship of God on February 11, 1864, there was placed an engraved plate with the following inscriptions:

This Church is dedicated to the Worship of Almighty God,

THE FATHER, SON AND HOLY GHOST.

This Corner Stone is placed June 17th, 1863.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *Pres. of the United States,*
JOHN A. ANDREW, *Gov. of Mass.* FREDERIC W. LINCOLN, JR., *Mayor of Boston.*

This Church was first organized Nov. 20th, 1845, under the name of the Suffolk St. Union Church, and its name changed in 1849, to Shawmut Congregational Church.

SHAWMUT CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY

ORGANIZED APRIL 4TH, 1849.

Rev. William C. Foster was installed Pastor, Oct. 25th, 1849, resigned Dec. 30th, 1851.

Rev. Charles Smith was installed Pastor, Dec. 8th, 1853, resigned Oct. 27th, 1858.

Rev. Edwin B. Webb, was installed Pastor, Oct. 5th, 1860.

Our present Church Edifice on Shawmut Avenue, dedicated November 18th, 1852, and then considered ample for the future wants of the Society, having proved wholly insufficient, the necessity is imposed upon us of erecting a new and more commodious House of Worship, which with God's blessing we hope to dedicate in January, 1864.

OFFICERS OF THE CHURCH

Pastor, REV. EDWIN B. WEBB.

Deacons,

Samuel C. Wilkins, Aaron Kimball, Richard H. Stearns.

OFFICERS OF THE SHAWMUT CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY

Assessors,

Daniel C. Berry, Charles A. Babcock, Lester M. Clark,
Joseph H. Gray, Nathan Morse.
Frederic Jones, *Treasurer*. Charles F. Thayer, *Clerk*.

Building Committee,

Nathan Morse, Chairman,
Charles A. Babcock, Daniel C. Barry, Charles Carruth,
Lester M. Clark, Daniel Harwood, Frederic Jones,
Aaron Kimball, Charles F. Thayer.

Architect, Charles E. Parker.

Contractors, Isaac C. Cooper, W. S. Robinson.

And let them make me a Sanctuary, that I may dwell among them. EXODUS XXV : 8.

The architect engaged to furnish plans for the new edifice voted January 19, 1863, was Mr. Charles Parker, whose drawings and estimates were ready, and in the hands of the building committee, and considered by the society at its meeting. Ground was broken February 10, 1863. In the original design of a brick building in the early Lombard style of architecture, there were two imposing towers, and abundance of rich freestone ornamentation. Had this fine plan been accepted and executed promptly, the result would have been one of the most beautiful churches even in Boston of to-day, and the finest, architecturally considered, then in the ancient city. In the impoverished design, as finally carried out and visible to-day, one would hardly recognize the magnificent purpose of the original.

The $15,000 worth of freestone ornamentation, and one of the towers were cut out of the architect's plans; yet on account of delay, and the rise of prices of materials and

labor, consequent upon the war, the impoverished plan was carried out at a cost *exceeding*, by several thousand dollars, the first proposal.

Yet even as it was, the edifice of Shawmut Church was, in design, far in advance of the times. Boston was not then as she certainly is now, noted for the beauty of her churches. Excellence and taste in architecture were not striking traits of the city or people. The massive church edifices in the Back Bay district, and the comfortable ecclesiastical structures of the South End did not then exist. The old idea of building barns of wood, brick, or granite, to serve as worshipping places, still dominated the minds of most building committees. Orthodoxy was, somehow, supposed to be conserved by the ugliness, or at least the plainness of the meeting-house; and the traditions of Puritan Christianity, it was thought, would be disturbed by anything beautiful in architecture. To make use of the historical symbolism of the Holy Catholic Church in interior decoration, to embody history and the triumphs of truth in stone, or to express these in art, to build a tower instead of a steeple, or to make use of the cross to surmount either, was thought to savor of Romanism and the papacy.

Nevertheless, the instinct for beauty, taught of God in his word, and implanted by the Creator in human nature, is too deep to be uprooted even by Puritanism. The children of the men who sublimely contended for freedom and the Bible, while holding to the moral substance of that great movement of the human mind especially represented by the first settlers of New England, propose to follow their fathers' faith, but not blindly their mistakes. The people of Shawmut Church loved beauty then, and they love it now. While we regret that the original designs of Mr. Parker were not, with the courage and faith of the Pilgrims, carried out, we are happy to say, that, with the hereditary love of beauty inherent in the race that built the grand cathedrals

SHAWMUT CHURCH AND PARSONAGE.

of old England, the Shawmut people led the van of improvement of church architecture in Boston. Having made steady progress from a plain pine-wood chapel to an unadorned wood and brick meeting-house of the regulation one-steeple-in-the-front-centre style, they proposed a still further advance to a commodious building beautiful, in the inside at least, and suggestive in decorative details of the origin, development, and rich history of nineteen centuries of Christianity.

For years, the Byzantine had been a favorite style of Mr. Parker, together with the cognate styles of Lombardy and Normandy. Other monuments of his ability and taste are to be seen in churches in Keene and Concord, N. H.; Montpelier, Vt.; and Chicopee, Newton, and Auburndale, Mass. Strange as it may seem now, it is none the less true, that, the edifice of Shawmut Church, the first in Boston of the early Lombardy style of architecture, did much to educate the taste of the people of the city and of the denomination. The amount of money spent upon the building was, in reality, quite small, while the results attained were comparatively large, since the expenditures were on the inflated scale of "war prices," while the completed work was a remarkably comfortable edifice, well suited in every respect for the purpose intended, and for the social life and worship to be enjoyed in it. As to acoustics, the auditorium is perfect; and the writer believes that no finer room for preaching is to be found in Boston.

The cost of the land occupied by this house of worship was $10,626.42; of the building, $54,233.10; of carpets and upholstery, $5,485.36; organ, $3,406; and of the iron fence, etc., $3,240.43; total, $76,991.31. The total cost of the adjoining parsonage [in which the writer lived during his seven years stay in Boston] on Tremont Street, No. 638, was $10,878.47.

Let us now look at the ideas of the architect as expressed

in brick, sculpture, glass, and color, and discover his purpose and feeling. As mouthpiece of the desire of the Shawmut Congregation, his office was to interpret their longing for the glory and beauty which they thought and believed ought to belong to the House of God. Mr. Charles F. Thayer of the Building Committee was especially appreciative of the desire of the architect to give "feeling" to the edifice.

The style of architecture chosen, lends itself admirably to the purposes of a Congregational meeting-house, in the service of which preaching occupies so important a place. Hence, the first necessity is to hear well. The pulpit is in nearly an exact focus of the ellipse, and the ceiling is not only finely decorative in effect, but being made of thin wood reflects the vibrations of the air set in motion by the speaker's voice, so that no auditor has any difficulty in hearing. Further, there being no large pillars to obstruct the view, all can see the preacher, and thus through ear and eye, every one in the audience,—which may number fourteen hundred,—is put into easy relation with the leader of the worship. The chief purpose of a good meeting-house is thus secured. To the east of the choir loft is the pastor's study.

Beneath, on the ground floor, everything is for use rather than ornament. Not a foot of space is wasted, and the facilities for work are abundant. Entering from Brookline Street, we find on the right the library room, occupied during various hours of the week by the Bible Class, taught by Mr. Charles Carleton Coffin ; the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor ; the Ladies' Sewing Circle ; the Pastor's Mid-winter Bible Class ; special prayer meetings ; Shawmut Library Association ; and the Scandinavian Congregational Church, which, by the courtesy of the Shawmut people, worships here. On the left is the committee room, used also by the Infant department of the Sunday-school, and

the Young Ladies' Mission Circle. In the large and cheerful Sunday-school room, besides the well-attended prayer, conference, and social meetings of the church on Friday evenings throughout the year, are held lectures, concerts, or other appropriate entertainments.

When the seats are removed, a well-lighted and attractive reception room for the church sociables is available, and at such times is well filled. The Sunday-school library room, ladies' bible class room, and kitchen, complete the series so useful to a working church.

In architecture and decoration, the edifice has been made the vehicle of the faith and feelings of the devout worshippers. On the stone front facing Brookline Street is a handsome triple entrance, over the doors of which are sculptured in Latin the name of God, as he is revealed in Holy Scripture, Pater, Filius, Spiritus. These names of the Father, Son, and Spirit, are in bas-relief over the chords of the arches, and from them emanate representations of rays of light. Over each name and on each arch is the trisagion, Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus (Holy, Holy, Holy). Above these arched doors, and crossing the brickwork, from tower to tower, is a row of smaller pillars and arches representing a blind cloister or colonnade, and over these a large rose window. The campanile, or bell-tower, on the Tremont Street corner is an effective structure and landmark. It contains four clock dials, and is surmounted by a central square tower and four minarets, each bearing aloft a perforated cross, the whole group being symbolical of the five wounds of Christ. The belfry contains no bell, though occasionally, the imagination of neighbouring residents is sufficiently affected by the vibrations from the old spire on Shawmut Avenue as to locate the tintinabulation in the present edifice owned by Shawmut Church. The tower on Ivanhoe Street corner still remains in a state of arrested development. The campanile has always lacked

a chime of bells, but in lieu thereof has a clock, the faces of which register the march of time.

Within the auditorium, the most striking effects are in the great wheel windows, and the brilliant colors of the twenty-eight apertures for light and ventilation cut in the main walls. The "grandly-treated roof," as Jarves in one of his books, has well called it, is a notable feature. The walls are toned in warm tints; the organ is one of the finest and largest in Boston; and the galleries, terminating in stairways that open upon the pulpit, thus taking away the stiffness usually noticeable when these strike the walls at right angles, together with the bright carpet and cushions, make Shawmut Church a very home-like place of worship.

Looking for the symbols of faith, wrought into the ceiling, besides the baptismal font and communion table, we find the cross and the chalice, symbolical of the sacrifice and agony of our Lord. In the centre of the south wheel window, is the emblem of the Trinity expressed in Latin, and by an ancient graphic device. The word Deus (God) is in the centre, and with this, the names of Father, Son, and Spirit, are connected in the outer bands of the symbol, the words "is not" disconnect the names, making any one of the three names read: *e. g.*, "The Son is not the Father;" "the Son is God;" "the Spirit is God;" "the Spirit is not the Father; "the Father is not the Son;" "the Son is God;" the names of persons being three, the nature or substance being one. We had here also the Ter-Sanctus, "Holy, holy, holy."

In the north rose window, some of the stained glass is hidden by the massive organ-case, such as the eight-arched spaces in the glass of which are wrought the names of the four evangelists and the four great prophets. In the centre of the window is a picture of Christ sinking under the cross, which is a copy from Raphael's *Il Spasimo*, or the agony. In each of the smaller round lights sur-

INTERIOR OF SHAWMUT CHURCH, 1893.

rounding the central picture are represented the instruments of torture, or those accompanying the crucifixion,—the scourge, the spear, the hammer, the nails, together with the sponge on a hyssop reed, and the dice with which the soldiers cast lots. In the larger lights of the outer circle are the names of the twelve apostles. Above the window, on the frescoing, are clouds in a sunlighted sky, in the midst of which gleams the cross, with the words (in Greek) *en touto niké*, (in this conquer).

The designs of the tracery and colored glass in each one of the seven windows at the side of the church, are, in each case different. They are copied from a military-monastic establishment in Seez in Normandy, France.

The fresco tints of the blind windows on the north wall of the edifice over the gallery stairways, effectively relieve the dead wall. They cover on the east side solid brick, but on the west side canvas only ; for behind this originally were stored the pipes of the first organ in use which was small and inefficient. The present powerful instrument was obtained largely through the efforts of the late Charles A. Babcock. Among the musical directors and organists who have rendered noteworthy service are, Messrs. George Harris, Dudley Buck, Samuel Carr, H. E. Parkhurst, Mr. Heard, and others.

Professor Dunham the present efficient organist, under whose direction the organ has been wholly reconstructed, has served probably longer than any of his predecessors.

The communion table is the gift of the late Mr. James Stone, and the baptismal font of the late J. S. Ambrose.

In the days of its wealth and glory, when the "South End" was, like Moses, drawn up out of the rushes and water and made regal in beauty, and Shawmut Church was a great social center, rich in ambitious, prosperous and fashionable people, there may have been more elegantly housed

and arrayed, but not more earnest and even generous people, than they who worship in the grand old meeting house to-day. Nor had the men of the halcyon days of Dr. Webb's pastorate clearer "understanding of the times" (I Chron. XII: 32) than those who there in this twentieth century still labor for Christ and their fellow men.

Of the seven pastors, Oviatt (1845), Foster (1849), Smith (1853), Webb (1866), Griffis (1886), Barton (1893) McElveen (1899), three survive. The last is very far from least; stalwart in body, mind, and spirit, many sided in gifts and personality, aided by a faithful few of the old Shawmut workers and new yoke fellows, his career is worthy of such "An Appreciation" as was read and printed last year, 1902. May God ever bless and enrich the Shawmut people and their pastor.

At least five Manuals of Shawmut Church have been published. These contain lists of members, articles of faith and government, the history, etc. The last by Dr. W. E. Barton, besides portraits of the pastors and Deacon Wilkins, showed the seal of the Church, which, like a coin, tells its own story. The Greek sentence is that of Matthew XX: 28—"Not to be ministered unto but to minister." The central X is the monogram for Christ, and the four words centreing therein, Dux, Lux, Rex, Lex, shows that He is our Leader, Light, King, and Law.

With Dr. W. E. Barton, called from Wellington, Ohio, and now pastor of the Oak Park Congregational Church in Chicago, the church entered upon a new policy in harmony with its changed environment—even as his predecessor had foreseen and recommended seven years before.

At the semi-centennial celebration, beginning November 20th, 1895, there were addresses by Lieut. Governor Roger Wolcott, Rev. Messrs. Edward Everett Hale, D. W. Waldron, George A. Gordon, A. H. Quint, A. E. Dunning, Nehemiah Boynton, etc., and Hon. Charles Carleton Coffin, besides the pastors, Drs. Webb, Griffis, and Barton. Four of the charter members of 1845 were present. Former Sunday School superintendents, Wm. F. Whittemore, M. F. Dickinson, Jr., A. S. Lovett spoke and many neighboring pastors brought greetings.

With a rush of memories, time flies, and space forbids description of the new organ, modification of the pulpit platform with space for chorus choir, the reading room and other improvements on the ground floor. Greeting to all who love and pray for Shawmut Church wherever they are, in 1903 ;

> " Part of them have crossed the flood,
> And part are crossing now ! "

As we had carved in gold in the tongue of the founders of the Schenectady church in 1880, not knowing then that the words were in Latin on Boston's city seal, so pray we ever for Shawmut people.

Sicut patribus sit Deus nobis.

"The Lord our God be with us as he was with our fathers."

Experience.

"*O, taste and see that the Lord is Good.*"—PSALMS XXXIV: 8.

Experience is a valuable word. It is suggestive of the one costly pearl among the bushel of shells in a diver's basket, of the crown jewel in the coronet of gems, of the north star[1] among dim constellations. It may be the tag or the label which tells of value inside the cover. It is the key at the girdle of wisdom. It is the light behind the eye. It is the plough which breaks up the fallow ground of the face, and leaves a furrow here, a wrinkle there, out of which fruit has grown. It is the chisel that shapes from the clay of childhood, the marble of manhood and womanhood. It lifts the cover. It fills the heart. It threads the hair with silver. Sometimes it turns the fountains of life into salt streams and the heart to stone; but anon it casts the healing herb into the waters of Marah, and smites the hard rock, making it gush with waters of blessing.

The word "experience" occurs but four times in the old version of the English Bible, and but twice in the new. Laban (Gen. 30: 27) tells Jacob, "I have learned by experience that the Lord hath blessed me for thy sake;" but this we cannot make our text, for the experimental trial of the heathen uncle was gained, as the Revision shows, by divination, or omens. The Preacher in Ecclesiastes, in his soliloquy, says, "My heart had great experience (that is attainment by trial) of wisdom and knowledge." Paul writes to the infant church of believers at Rome, that "experience (that is, proof, probation) worketh hope," while in

[1] This sermon was translated at Constantinople by the American missionaries into Armenian for the Christians of the Turkish Empire. The Ottoman censor smelt treason in the words "north star" (which is also the poetical name of the Sultan's harem), and struck out this sentence.

Hebrews (5 : 13 Rev.), we learn that "every one that partaketh of milk is without experience of the word of righteousness; for he is a babe."

Yet, though the actual word may be discovered but four times, we find that we are bidden to learn of God continually by experience, that is, knowledge by trial. What could be stronger than this? "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good." "Prove me now, herewith saith the Lord of Hosts." "Come and see." "Seek, knock, ask." Our first experiences are through our senses, and especially those of tasting and seeing. A baby, in beginning its education, wants to put everything in its mouth to taste it, whether food, drink, or trash. By this it learns what nourishment, and thence growth is. "Seeing is believing, but feeling is the naked truth," we say. To first "see the light" is to be born and experience this world, and to feel it is to know it. So, when the Psalmist bids us taste and see that the Lord is good, he shows himself as much a master of the art of putting things as Philip, who said unto Nathaniel, "come and see." It is the same as saying "Learn by experience how good God is." As one may find out more about honey by tasting, and of the rainbow by looking, than by reading a library on these acts of the gustatory and optic nerves, so by experience men may know more of God and of true religion than by a lifetime of discussion, and the perusal of all that Hodge or Turretin, Dodridge or Spurgeon, Paine or Renan may write in a century.

The power of experience, as a practical force, has been well understood, by all Bible Christians. It is the corner stone of the Protestant Reformation. It is the motor in the engine both of the Moravian, Count Zinzendorf, and the Methodist John Wesley, and the infidel David Hume. For, experience like any other power, whether steam, electricity, fire, thought, emotion, may be used or abused; and, according as it guided aright, work infinite good or evil. Method-

ism, which is a revival of Puritan piety against Puritanic and ritualistic deadness, moves by this force rightly used. John Wesley built the Methodist church on the bed rock of experience. The most potent gatherings of the Methodist Christians are their "experience meetings." So long as they run the gospel engine on that track, they will spiritually thrive and bring many passengers safely to the right terminus. When they leave it, they had better consolidate with some other road, for they have then little reason to exist as a distinct company. David Hume, the philosopher who denied the faith, founded his strongest arguments against miracles in this dictum—viz. : "They are opposed to experience." The world, he argues, moves by regular laws, and we have no proof from experience that these laws are ever suspended, or exceptions made to them. This is the substance of Hume's famous argument against miracles, to which his disciples Huxley and Tyndall have added little, and which virtually makes experience a god. But Mr. Hume's gun is too big for its carriage, and too weak for its charge. It upsets by its own recoil. It is exactly like the argument of the King of Siam against ice. He claimed that solid water or ice had no existence, for he had never seen it, no one had ever heard of such a thing, nor did it exist in Siam. All experience in Siam was against it. Therefore reasoned this Siamese Hume, ice had no existence. Nine-tenths of the wonders and inventions of modern days are opposed to all human experience, prior to their discovery. So, we see that we must not misuse experience, nor take wrong advantage from it, as those that possess a certain sort of it, often do.

A man who has grey hair will command my respect simply because he is older than I, and the eternal fitness of things bids me honor the hoar head. But before I defer to him who is rich merely in a certain range of probation or to his word, or act upon his advice in any great emergency of life,

I must know first whether experience has brought him wisdom. He has without doubt gained more experimental knowledge of men and things than you or I, but that very experience may have narrowed, hardened, or embittered him. A broader range of proofs might have changed his view. Why should we value raw knowledge, when "wisdom is the principal thing?" I do not want an experience that does not bring wisdom. I do not value experience because it makes me narrow, or sad, or cynical. If the sadness comes, if the furrow is ploughed into the face, if the memory bends like the cypress tree to the grave, rather than like the palm fronds up into the bright sunlight, then I must manfully bear these results, because they are the premium I must pay to experience. But if with all these coming, wisdom stays behind, then I do not want experience, it is a curse to me, and I will say with Shakespeare's Rosalind, "I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad." "To have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands." To sell all your own land in order to go abroad and see other men's is foolishness. I will honor age in man or woman, according to wisdom gained, and not according to experience won. I cry again, "Justice, judgment with years, or else years are vain."

You may see people getting older every day, and yet growing narrower in mind, tighter in purse, harder in disposition, the sweet milk of human kindness curdled and dried up into worthless cheese-rind. Ask such an one what is the matter. "Oh," with a shake of the head, it may be answered "I have had experience. When you have seen as much of life as I have done, young man, you'll think as I do." This is the answer of many a grumpy and doleful Methusaleh, whose experience, after all, may be a very narrow one. This is one of the voices that is heard in Ecclesiastes—a book which when not read carefully seems

inspired by dyspepsia and nightmare, rather than by the spirit of truth. The solemn lesson of the book seems to be that experience of the world without God worketh despair, and that only when sanctified and divinely illuminated, does knowledge of men and things aid inspiration to duty, does old age become nobly wise.

Experience is often represented as sad-eyed, bitter, a Naomi standing by the graves of her husband and sons, deserted by Orpah, and crying out "Call me Mara, for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me, I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty. The Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me."

Is this aspect of the case the whole truth? Is this the necessary fruit of experience? All griefs ahead, and all joys behind? Is it a school in which all the seats are hard, the tasks all repulsive, and the correction entirely by rods and afflictions?

Whatever sculptor, or artist, or popular ideas may teach, such is not the Bible teaching concerning Christian experience. In this mirror of God, we find blessing, wisdom, strength. Testing the question of our text, by the Bible spectroscope, we discover in the sky of experience the bright lines of peace, joy, hope and all the rainbow tints of the fruits of the spirit. Let us listen to Paul: "We glory in tribulations;" for, by tribulations we test our own sincerity. For if our love to God holds on in the dark and cloudy day, then we know that it is genuine; our professions are true. "And we glory . . . knowing that tribulation worketh patience and patience experience, and experience hope," such a hope born of the Holy Spirit, maketh not ashamed. Hope may be pensive-eyed, but there's no bitterness on her lips or in her bosom, she is not mocking despair such as the world leaves under its broken bubbles. She is Ruth looking towards the golden harvest fields of Bethlehem, not Naomi

glancing back to the graves of Moab. Her emblem is that safeguard of the ship, which while it grips with its iron hands the unseen rock down under the waves, enables the eye to look joyfully to the haven in front, because its cable holds to things unseen, but proved beneath. It is out of the furnaces, in the Christian life, that this anchor of the soul is forged, for, says God's word, "experience worketh hope." "To most men" says Coleridge, "experience is like the stern lights of a ship which illumine only the tract it has passed." To the Christian it becomes the locomotive's head light or the electric lamp at the foremast, that shows clear the track far ahead, or warns of danger in time to avoid it.

Yet this gift of God comes not in its full beam and glow at once. It is a growth under divine influence. Affliction, bereavements, sorrow—the unexpected things in life—these make the soil in which God's choicest fruit ripens. Many a divine seed planted in youth, in some precious season of privilege would never sprout on the smooth-beaten wayside of daily ordinary life. The birds devour, the thorns choke ; or, in the shallows of routine and pleasure, the good seed withers ; but what we call "strokes of Providence" are the seed-drill, the plow and harrow in the husbandman's hands. First follows patience. We know it is a duty, and we endure, but in a stoic, soldier-like rather than child-like way. Then out of patience springs a practical wisdom, bearing within it hope as a blossom full of perfume. We have proved God, he has proved us. We approve him, he approves us. Our will and His will become welded into one. Once, these were as the two bars of cold steel which are to be forged into one ; but now in one fiery sorrow that brought them close together, in endurance that gradually melted every rebellious scale and fibre, the once cold will is one with God ; and, in unison by experience, we have "hope as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, and enter-

ing into the veil whither Jesus hath entered the forerunner." So by the successive temperings and mellowings of proofs and trials manifold, the Christian life deepens, while on all seas the soul safely sails, for Christ leads, and

> "Through all depths of sin and loss,
> Drops the plummet of the cross."

Still gleams the eye, steadfast pulses the heart, cheerful remains the spirit, and wise ripens the counsel till, like Milton, we see that

> "Old experience doth attain,
> To something of prophetic strain,"

and in the aged Christian's life read fulfillment of the promise—"At evening time, it shall be light."

Shall we not, then, continue in the school of experience? She is the best teacher, and her lesson is sweet and strengthening. Let us by experience learn daily more and more the evil of sin, the treachery of our own hearts, the vanity of the world, the goodness of God, and the love of Christ. However excellent religion may be as a theory, its excellence and energy can best be shown by practice and trial. Better than controversy are experiences, and the vital view and use of the truth than argument.

Conversion to God is emphatically an experience. A man unacquainted with those changes of the mind and heart which are mentioned in the Scriptures can have no right notion of them. He thinks he can understand the possibility of such things as the new birth, of sanctification; but not knowing their nature, they are either stuff and foolishness to him, or dreams and sentimentalism. But man's nature is made of the emotions as well as the intellect; and so, feeling and passion rightly evoked and guided have their place in religion, and peace, joy, the glow of love, the taste and the sight that the Lord is good are freely spoken of in the Bible. Hence the churches rightly follow the Bible in insist-

ing on experimental acquaintance with doctrine. Hence also the immense superiority of such confessions as that of the Heidelberg Catechism over those of which the Westminster is the type. The one is all experience, the other mainly logic and inference.

Experience cannot, indeed, be absolutely pure in our present life, and we must guard against mistaking the illusions of the imagination for the operations of divine truth on the heart; yet so far as it is genuine, our experience tends to become purer and purer, because the power that works in us, even the Holy Spirit, is pure. It is His mission to lead us into the way of all the truth. "Having this hope," says the beloved apostle—this very hope which is born of experience, "let us purify ourselves, even as He is pure." So Peter writes, "Seeing that ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth, through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another, with a pure heart fervently." And again, he bases his exhortation to those who have laid aside all malice and guile, and hypocrisies, and who ought to desire the sincere milk of the word to grow thereby, on this plea, "if so that ye have *tasted*"—found out by trial—"that the Lord is gracious."

And how shall we know that our experience is genuine? Can we test it? Yes, as surely as the circling watch-hands on dial-plate tell of movement within, as accurately as the engineer's guages indicate that water, fire, and motive power are all in readiness to draw his train up the grade, so by these signs, we know our experience is genuine and approved of God, our Father. A well known writer points out for us, the following evidences:

a. When it accords with the will of God as laid down in His word. However pleasing a thing may be, a habit, an experience which is plainly contrary to the spirit of Jesus is not sound, but a delusion and a snare.

b. Christian experience is genuine in us when it tends to

humility, when we learn our own weakness, subdue our own pride, and live more closely with Christ, having our lives hid with Him.

c. When our experience teaches us to bear with others, to be patient with those who trouble us and to do them good.

d. When our experience operates in us so as to be ardent in our devotion, and sincere in our love to God, leading to daily deeper sorrow for our own sin, and gratitude to him, as shown in earnest consecration.

These are proofs to ourselves that the refined gold of our experience bears the mint-mark of Christ, and has his image and superscription upon it. Yet as good coin is not only counterfeited, but abused, so let us notice, in order to guard against a misuse of our Christian experience. For many good people certainly do feel and enjoy the power of true religion, who do not always act wisely in the manifestation of it. Some boast with ostentation of it, talk of it as most extraordinary, peculiar, and different from that of any one else. Now it is a good thing to mention our experience, it may help others, but to flaunt it, to be always talking of ourselves, shows both pride and shallowness. The symbol of this abuse of experience may be in the seed which in stony places speedily sprung up, but because it had not much root, it soon withered away.

Another, and the most common abuse of experience is an indolent dependence on it. In practical life we often see men who have never grown beyond one certain famous experience; in the professions, those who never rose above a commencement speech, ministers whose college careers culminated in some tremendous sermon preached years ago, lawyers who once won a grand case, and have since lived on memories. So, among church members, how many rest on the one experience of conversion! Can you warm your houses with a stove that had fire in it last winter, or must you kindle it anew? How many idle church members are

like empty fireplaces with nothing but cold ashes on the hearth or like ships that were once launched amid flags and congratulations, but have never sailed on a voyage or ridden in a storm! Let us take inspiration from the past; yet, do not expect that the fire will burn without fresh fuel, but seek new supplies of grace daily. Sit not idly by the dry fountains of what is by-gone. God teaches us by our very errors, that there is no such thing as "might have been." Even states of mind, habits of life, holy motives or emotions which were right yesterday, and were sent from God, as manna to the soul, may to-day be stale, or even "breed worms." God sends the fresh shower of manna for every day, and commands us to gather it, but to remember also that He is daily leading us to the promised land where the manna is to be forgotten in the abundance of new corn.

Shall we not then awake to new experiences of love and faith and action to-day, and expect more to follow to-morrow? Cast off the old habits of indolence and apathy, and put on a new suit of holy emotions, of new experiences, of active service for Jesus. Learn by experience.

"Cleanse first the Inside."

MATT. XXIII : 26.

So great and persistent was the opposition of Jesus to the ideas and methods of the Scribes, Pharisees and official class in the religion of his time, that he was looked upon by them very much as a communist or an anarchist is regarded to-day. His criticism against their spirit, was merciless, his condemnation unsparing.

Yet the Pharisees were, by profession, the solid men, the moral citizens, the reformers, whose claim was for strictness, for purity.

Why then did Jesus make them the target of his scorn, and cease not to hold them up as men strutting on a stage, and acting a false part under a mask? He, the Son of God did not hate the men. He had no bitterness against the persons themselves. What he struck at was their sin, their deceit, their hypocrisy. He knew what was in man. He saw beneath the surface, probed the reality, put the actual motive under glass, and made the true inwardness of things visible.

And because he did this, not only with the Pharisees, but with the priests, they bribed the sleuth-hound Judas, to decoy and trap him, and then after a mock trial, they murdered him. In a very true sense, it may be said that Jesus shed his blood, and laid down his life in protesting against their practice and spirit.

Now it is an especially practical theme suggested by the text, because the Pharisees were not originally stupid sinners and hardened hypocrites. They were men with an idea. They started out as reformers. Their purpose was to benefit their fellows, by elevating the masses, and getting

away from the priests the monopoly of religion. They were Protestants who protested against too much priestcraft. Unquestionably the founders of the sect were Puritans. As sincere and godly men, who hated clerical usurpation, detested ecclesiastical and corporational tyranny, they were democratic in their religion. The people were to be free of priestly control.

Had these Hebrew protestants lived in our day, they would have opposed parochial schoolism, close-communionism, cardinalism, ritualism, confessionalism, and all such things which everywhere belong to priestcraft and sectarian pretence to infallibility. In a word, the original Pharisee in his first enthusiasm of reform, in his fresh fervor of faith, was a Puritan. Strange as it may seem, Puritan and Pharisee mean literally very much the same thing. Just as the Puritan was orignally so nicknamed because he insisted on being pure, and purifying the church of abuses, so the godly man among the Jews, when Greeks introduced heathenish customs, were called Pharisees, that is Purists, or "Separatists," because they separated themselves from wrong doing or unholy customs.

The original Pharisees were the same as the godly men who are so often spoken of in the Book of Macabees, and four times in the Psalms, where the word "saints" stands in our English Bible, as for example, "Ye that love the Lord, hate evil; he preserveth the souls of his saints." "Let the saints be joyful in glory"; "Let thy saints shout for joy," etc., etc. In a word, the Pharisee of the year 200 B. C. was a saint, a Protestant, a Puritan. How then came it that in Christ's time the man of the same name was quite often a scoundrel and a hypocrite?

Well, it was because the shell outlasts the life once nourished inside it and which once made the shell. Many a tree produces wood and leaves long after the fruit has ceased to grow. Let the vine run to fibre, and you get no

grapes. There are many people to-day who walk in the ruts, and boast the traditions of the Puritans, who know very little of their faith and God-fearing spirit. So the fair flower of Phariseeism ran to wood and bark and leaves, instead of a good fruit. Gradually the leaders laid increasing emphasis on externals, until the old inward principles were forgotten. Bones are good to support the vital frame, but the Pharisees' religion died of ossification of the heart.

Read the catalogue of our Lord's charges and specifications, number the counts in the indictment, in Matthew 23rd, and do not wonder that he whose eyes pierced eternity found within the glittering outsides only the things that belong to sinks and sewers and graves. Instead of seeing in them gentlemen of property and standing, and religious men, he denounced them as mask-wearers and stumbling blocks, fathers of hell-children, perjurers and robbers of God. While tithers of garden truck, they were law-breakers too respectable to get into jail. He saw that they were polishers of the outside of the cup and saucer, while the inside was begrimed, dust-laden, and foul. He beheld what outwardly were whitewashed vaults, but which reeked with subterranean corruption. He saw that these men were subscribers to monuments and decorators of the tombs of men whom they would have helped contemporaneously to kill.

All this came from reforming too much from the outside, emphasizing the traditions of the fathers, instead of freshly studying the word of God; from attempting to convert a man by changing his circumstances, instead of altering his mind. They petrified the routine instead of keeping up to the spirit that makes the new routine displace the old. Theirs was a great error in spiritual geography. They located the Kingdom of God outside of a man. Jesus and all the prophets placed it within.

Let us not blame the first Pharisees. They were in

former times saints, godly, wholesome men who meant well. It was right to pay tithes, even of the trees and field. It would be a good thing if Christians, rich or poor, would do the same thing yet and give to the Lord a tenth of their property. It was right under Moses' law, to strain the wine before drinking, lest a gnat—an unclean thing—should be drunk with it. We do not like flies or mosquitoes in our butter or milk. Cleanliness is as near, even now, to godliness as in the days when fuller's earth stood in lieu of soap.

When the law of Moses said "Whosoever toucheth one that is slain with a sword in the open fields, or a dead body, or a bone of a man, or a grave shall be unclean seven days," it was right to avoid, except under stress of necessity and duty, all septic defilement. Many a disease, many an epidemic and a pestilence would we avoid in our crowded cities, if the sanitary regulations of Israel were observed by us in our persons and dwellings. Fevers of all kinds and colors, and blood poisons of every sort would be rarer. Modern science so-called has never yet passed ahead of these laws of Moses and of God.

In order to carry out that ordinance in Numbers XIX : 18 spirit and letter, the Rabbis reinforced their teaching from that text in Ezekiel XXXIX : 15,—"And the passengers that pass through the land, when any seeth a man's bone, then shall he set up a sign by it, till the buriers have buried it." The custom was established of annually whitewashing or sprinkling over with chalk, every grave, so that it might be visible, and avoided.

Now all this was in so far, right. Jesus, who kept the whole law, approved of it, while yet condemning the tendency to do only the whitewashing of the grave without cleansing the dead man within the whitewasher himself. Any kind of attempt to substitute esoterics for religion, churchianity for christianity, or polite conformity for actual godliness was sure to be shrivelled up in the fire of his wrath.

Yet, I have no doubt that there were some Pharisees whom Jesus pitied, Jesus always had a sympathy with men who meant well and failed. He dealt gently with any who had a sincere purpose, or who met only with discouragement. Is it not true, that sometimes our best intentions become the causes of our greatest calamities?

Sometimes we suffer the most when we mean to do the best. The tombstones of our most exasperating, humiliating and crushing disappointments lie often over the graves of our purest motives and most unselfish hopes.

There are men now as there were then, good, moral, religious, members and officers of churches, who weary at the slow progress of humanity. Because the jubilee trumpets of the millenium do not at once sound, they faint and become discouraged. They find the people are so slow to move, the poor are ungrateful, the popular and successful ministers are not spiritually minded, while the true gospel preachers are not appreciated. The church is full of hypocrisy, only the rascals succeed in business, only money makes friends, and liquor and bad politics rule the world.

How often then do the men who feel in this way turn from the slow, toilsome plan of trying to improve society by preaching, by doctrine, by conscience, by the still small voice, by love and patience and gentleness, and try to reclaim humanity by outward means. "We must elevate society," say they, "by legislation, by teaching political economy, by giving the poor good homes, by labor reform, by art-galleries, reading rooms, right practice in food, ventilation, clothing, etc."

This in a word, means begin outside. Give the Indian plows, seeds, blankets, houses. In missionary matters, send out fleets and cannon, and conquer India, China, Japan, and Africa. Compel the heathen to come in, to renounce his idols. Build railroads and telegraphs and machine shops and renovate Asia and Africa. Give naked savages suits of

clothes. Subsidize the soap factories and teach the use of towels and nail-brushes. In the theological seminaries, let the young men drop their Hebrew, Greek, and theology and master the mysteries of drainage, plumbing, ventilation, chemistry, engineering, the labor problem, and the arts of human comfort.

Is not this, in substance, the talk and plea of earnest men who sicken at the squalor and vice of the great cities that menace Christian civilization? And are they not sincere in their belief that the church is not practical enough, and that Christianity is presented too much as a system of dogmas that only slightly affect the life? Does not the commercial traveler vote the preacher dull, and declare that he could give him points and show him how to make society over? Does not the young journalist every day tell us how it ought to be done? Certainly our age teems with criticisms upon pulpit, church, and the popular religion.

We cannot deny that in these strictures upon traditional Christianity there is much truth. Our religion is apt to be too theoretical. There has been too much emphasis laid on ecclesiastical details. Metaphysical discussions have too often usurped the place of a living Christianity. The term "orthodoxy" is a household word. The correct compound orthopraxy is not in our language, except as a curiosity or exotic.

Granting the force of just criticism without any reservation, nevertheless we are still to stand in the paths of the old faith. We are to be loyal to Christ, believe in his methods, spirit, and gospel. We are to cleanse first the inside. We are to recognize Him as our teacher, and work our work and his work on the lines he laid down. After the pattern shown us by Him are we to labor on, both for the world and in our own hearts?

Following, as we believe we do, his spirit, we declare it to be purely visionary to start from the circumference in-

stead of the centre. To begin the culture of our own hearts by aesthetics, the building up of character by music and geometry, and the salvation of our souls, from the outside, is to reverse both Christianity and common sense. "Where is the kingdom of Heaven?" we ask. "Lo here, in the infallible church," cries the priest. "Lo here, in political systems," cries the demagogues both male and female. "Lo, in this way," shouts the dreamer of isms.

Jesus says, "The Kingdom of God is within you." Not that which entering from without defileth a man but that which originating within makes him vile. The call of Jesus was "Repent;" that is, have a new mind; and the key note struck by him was followed up by the music of a new world. The burden of the New Testament is "Have a new mind, take on a new purpose." "Get a new outlook." For lack of vision, the people perish. It is most unfortunate that this strong word of Jesus and the apostles (*metanoeo*), has been twisted out of its original simplicity of meaning. Like so many other Christian ideas it has suffered from having filtered down through the Latin language and the dye-vats of Romanism, which have first bleached out the gospel meaning and then stained false notions into it.

What Jesus said, what Paul said, was not "do penance," it was not "be sorry," it was to perceive the truth, and change your prejudice, your warped and fixed notions and half-truths, and thus get a new view and outlook. Jesus would say, "Come unto me, learn of me, cast away the Pharisees' view of religion. Change the Jew's, the heathen's, the Samaritan's way of looking at things.

Give a man new eyes to the mind, a new universe, a new God, a new habit of thought. Then, there is hope for him. Above all, Christ is the light of the world. The Pharisee was an extortioner, a swindler, an oppressor, his cup and platter were full of wickedness, and by sophistry and a habit of mind, stereotyped and Chineselike, he justified himself in

doing wrong, because it was customary in his sect, and orthodox, to do so. Now, with the savage, the old school Indian, the heathen, and often the unconverted sinner, the force of custom, habit, rules with irresistible power. Lay a railroad in Arabia, and in a few years it would become a streak of rust. Build brick houses and start telegraphs in Soudan and your bricks will be ground into paint and the wire coiled into leg rings, unless the mind that understands the telegraph goes with it. Send an American to Europe; What can he see? Only what he has eyes to see. What is the difference between Japan and China? Simply, that the Japanese sees the reason of things. He knows what it is all about. His mind was converted first, while the Chinese mind is still in slavery. Mental initiative has passed away.

So with many stolid and unimportant people among us. Their habit of mind is this: "I have always done so and so, why should I change now." This is why the respectable sinner in the pews, who has let fifty years pass without putting on the mind of Christ and humbly confessing him, still stands in his old tracks. He is deceived by his own hard heart, while God loves a broken and a contrite heart. Habit has enslaved him, and for the same reason that the Chinaman still worships idols, and binds his daughter's feet, he refuses to repent, and so hugs his idol—his thought that he is about as good as the average church member.

Oh! man without God, and my brother out of Christ, I would rather in judgment before God be a poor Congo or Zulu whose excuse is darkness of mind, than you who live right under and in the light. Sad indeed is it to die without knowledge, but to live like a blind Pharisee and die in the light is to tempt the divine wrath and judgment.

How clear is God's word, and how harmonious,—like the banks and octaves of a great organ,—are the other clear statements which respond to and reinforce Christ's words. "Clean first the inside" commands Jesus. Strike a note in

Jeremiah, and the responsive chord is, "Oh Jerusalem, wash thine heart from wickedness that thou mayst be saved. How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee? We can blame no person and no thing but ourselves if we are not following Christ fully. It is our mind and our will that are responsible for our wicked do-nothingism, for as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." To him who does not know what a poor, a miserable, a blind and naked sinner he is, God says, "I counsel thee to buy of me, gold, white raiment, eye-salve to anoint thine eyes, that thou mayst see." "I am come into the world," says Jesus, "for judgment, that they which see not, might see." "If ye were blind, ye should have no sin, but now ye say, 'We see,' therefore your sin remaineth."

This vital principle of the Gospel is the only one to work upon in our missionary operations, in dealing with individuals, or with men in the mass, in reforming the vicious and low, in recovering to God his lost children, whether in city or country, or in our own land, or in those beyond sea. You and I and every one who has had experience, who are not mere dreamers in the study, or bookish men who plan their work on paper, know that the best way to better a man is not to first change his condition, but to improve himself and then his circumstances. Take a wild beast of a sensualist, and put him into broadcloth, and a brown stone house. Do these alter him? No. He is a sensualist yet, except that he can employ a lawyer, or possibly hoodwink a minister. So, putting a vulgar woman in seal skin and diamonds does not reform her bad grammar or neutralize her vulgarity, or shed night over defects of early training.

So while we have hearty faith in clean clothes, and well-drained and ventilated houses, and good schools, and wholesome theatres and decent places of amusement, and cooking schools, and manual training and political economy, and sound legislation, we are first to make clean the inside, and

begin with the mind and heart. One ounce of gospel prevention is worth a pound of legislative cure.

Instead of being theory and dream, Christ's receipts for the bettering of humanity are the most practical ever devised. Apply His principles where you will, in army, navy, evangelization, or in missionary activity and they work best. Look in our army and navy, where flogging, grog rations, and brutal customs once prevailed. The soldier of the old style made a good one of a certain sort. Under the outward pressure of mere authority, the articles of war, and the court-martial, the cowardly brutality of officers, and the clamps of fear, he was held in discipline, and would stand and be shot down, simply because he was ordered. So in the Navy, the sailor was kept to duty by flogging and irons, the officer's pistol, the hangman's rope from the yard arm, and the marine's bayonet. Under a cruel captain, more than one American frigate of the old grog and cat days, was a floating hell. Then Jack hated the marine, the marine bullied the sailor, and too often both were drunkards.

How changed is all this now! You would hardly know our navy since practical Christianity has been applied even to men of war. The brutal floggings are abolished. The cowardly cruelties of officers are comparatively few and rare. The mariner's occupation is almost gone. Humanity, decency, morality, mutual kindness prevail. Our ships sometimes are even floating Bethels.

How and why the change? Well, the chaplains have much to do with it, good officers, much improved food, health, ship hygiene much, but first and most, the change has been within the sailor himself. The liquor ration has been abolished, and with it the school which made drunkards. With the doing away of flogging and cruelty, the sailor is educated, taught, his mind is enlightened, his manhood appealed to. Better than the bayonets of marines, or the cat o'nine tails of old days, are the new motives, and

outlook of the sailor. I question whether, considering their conditions and temptations, there is really a finer body of true men than the sailors of our navy. What is a demonstrated fact in the navy, is also true in those prisons and reformatories in which Christianity instead of barbarism rules.

Another illustration of the practical nature of our Lord's principle is in this, that Christianity is the greatest actual working force in our world. There is more power in it for accomplishing the world's moral work than anything else. There are more brains, more heart, more money here than in any other moral force known to us. Does a man say to me, "The Christian religion is wearing out, it won't work any more, it is speculative, but not practical?" I reply, that speaking what I know, testifying to what I have seen, it is the most helpful, the most available force, not only in respect of personal unselfishness but even on the basis of dollars and cents.

Let me specify. Some years ago, I brought to this country from Japan, a young Japanese, the son of a Buddhist priest, with the idea of obtaining for him a college education. I hoped he would become a Christian, and return to preach Christ's gospel. After two years, I found he still clung to his old beliefs. Being probably under parental and religious bond and oath not to renounce his religion, he declined to change. Though regretting this, I resolved still to help him to a liberal education. I was unable to pay his expenses myself, so I attempted to obtain a subscription from generous persons. I did not succeed but I learned a lesson. While Christians of almost any name were abundantly willing to pay for his education, if a Christian, the others, "liberal thinkers" so-called, would not in any case.

So I have almost invariably found that when I want dollars and cents for help, healing, education, I can find men, women, children, rich and poor, who will give in the name of Christ. I find a lever to move the world. Jesus has an

army of people willing to serve him, to pay their money, to make sacrifices for his sake, while outside the Christian household and influence, I get usually talk, and sentiment.

Undoubtedly among agnostics, unbelievers, infidels, and amateur heathen, there are generous, self-sacrificing men and women here and there. Unquestionably there are liberal, kindly, and benevolent heathen. The spiritual force of the great men of Asia, whom God sent to do great works, Mahomet, Buddha, is still unspent ; but the dynamics which are to convert this world to holiness and truth are in Christianity, and to the other religious systems are as the sun to some far off star. Christianity is not merely one of the religions of the world. It is *the* religion.

In this faith, then, let us stand, for our own moral improvement, for the building of character, for our soul's salvation. Let us ask of God his Holy Spirit to dwell in us, that by the cleansing blood of Christ, our hearts having been made pure, we may become his temples. In common faith with Jesus let us preach the gospel, teach the Word, build churches, and patiently, hopefully, be fellow-workers with God.

The Holiness of Jesus.

"*Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord.*"

In one of the short stories of a master of American fiction, who has touched with the hand of genius human life in the mining camps of the frontier, we have this picture.

A rough miner, who has long ago left his home in the east to dig gold on the Pacific coast, stands in his gulch, pick-axe in hand. Though once reared in a Christian family he has for years ceased communication with his friends near the Atlantic. His wild life on the border consists in rough work with ore and rock by day, drink and cards by night, amid boon companions always. One day, however, a strange sight appears among the cabins on the unpaved street of the canvas town. A woman, neat, clean, pure, in the dress which bespeaks a background of home, and comfort, and settled life, passes by. The gaze of the shaggy miner is fixed upon her. Like a fair home flower springing up on strange soil, her appearance calls up new feelings. Old memories are awakened. He says to himself, "I'll write home to the folks to-night." That evening, instead of the saloon and the drinks and the cards, the stiff hands drive the long unused pen across the paper, and a letter full of old-time affection wings its way to the far-off home in the quiet village east. Post-marked with strange name, the message is eagerly read by those whose love, though neglected, is still warm for the wanderer.

Such touches on a writer's page stamp him as a man of genius. The presence of a pure woman stirred the depths of the miner's better nature. The hidden fountains of his heart's deeps were broken up. The literary artist transferred the picture to his pages. Yet of such accidents, human life

is full, for the best romance is not a matter of invention, it is made up of the transfigured things of actuality. The secret of human nature is an open one, though only the fine eye reads it. To be able to put it on the manuscript or printed page is literary genius. Though the story in its framework be a fiction, we say of it or the incident, how true!

Happy are we if, without being gossips, or cynics, we have eyes to see and healthy hearts to feel the pathos and romance of common life. God gives us all things richly to enjoy, and not the least is the kaleidoscope of human nature. The interplay of human feelings is really a sumptuous book, full of varied picture and fascinating page, for our reading; for,

> "Life, like a dome of many colored glass,
> Stains the white radiance of eternity."

Now the holy scriptures are full of these graphic touches, which convey rich lessons. To explain one of the many charms of the gospel narratives, is but to call attention to incidents like that we have read to-day. It is morning. Jesus had rested well during the night, but His disciples, forced by the necessities of daily food, had toiled all night with their nets and caught nothing. Theirs was not fishing for sport that recks little whether or not troll, fly, or angle win its game, and the string be full, so that amusement is had. Hunger and poverty were the impelling motives with the disciples. Toil and the loss of sleep had discouraged them, and few causes so tell upon our temper, upon the judgments we form, and even upon character, as loss of needed rest. Volumes on the philosophy of character, as well as of healing are locked up in that sentence spoken of one known to have been ill,—"Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well." Nevertheless, fatigued and worn from having been up all night, Simon obeys the call of the Master. Putting out his boat an oar's length from the shore, its stern becomes the Saviour's pulpit to the audience on the strand.

The sermon over, Jesus forgetful of himself, and with a sympathy that never omits an act of kindness, bids his disciples launch out into the deep and cast their nets. It was hope against hope to try again, nevertheless with that spirit of the Psalmist, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it," the fisherman obeyed. So many a Christian stifles all objections to his Lord's will, saying only: "Nevertheless, at thy word I will let down the net." That is genuine faith—enduring not as seeing things as plausible; but, though invisible, real because of Him in whom we trust.

Down plunge the sinkers, out float the corks, their bubbles flecking the surface of the water. Perhaps half peevish and fretful, yet with some hope, the drag ropes are hauled in. The abundance of fishes caused the nets to give way, and "they beckoned to their partners in another boat, that they should come and help them." The act of faith was rewarded, as all acts of true faith are. The boats sunk in the water to their gunwales with the shining mass of finny spoil.

Here we see Jesus made a little lower than the angels, literally fulfilling by his power the prophecies—"Thou hast put all things under his feet, ... the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and what soever passeth through the paths of the sea."

Peter, with all his faults, and they were many, was a man of quick spiritual insight. He was the first to recognize in his Master the eternal Son of God. Other men might have been now content to utter forth profuse thanks, others to be lost in wonder, but Peter at once sees before him one who is more than himself. He is smitten as by an arrow with a sense of his own unholiness. He falls down at the knees of One whom he now knows to be the Christ. He cries out "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!"

Peter was not a man of conventionalities. He did not live

in the straight jacket of icy etiquette. There are some people who use their politeness as a barbed wire fence, to make others uncomfortable, and to hedge in their own crusty selfishness. Their docorum is sacred to the Devil, and is his tool. Their politeness is inhuman. There are others whose good manners are like the magi's gold, frankincense, and myrrh—laid at the feet of Christ, to be used for the glory of God and the happiness of man. The genuine Christian has the politeness of Jesus.

No true man is ashamed of the conduct of Peter here. He is rather willing to follow him and imitate. In presence of the Divine Christ, all that was conventional in this Israelite was swept away. The fountains in the great deep of his heart were broken up. Hidden things came to light. Peter's confession of his own sinfulness sets the crown of Godhood upon the head of Jesus.

The Master did not take him at his word—"Depart from me." Others made a like request, and Jesus left them; but looking at the heart of the disciple, Jesus reassured him—"Fear not." If Peter were sinful, there was the more need that Jesus should be near him. Better for him, better for you and me, that we should have the sense of sin than the conceit of holiness; for, well has it been said—"the sense of sin leads to holiness, but the conceit of holiness leads to sin."

Christ makes Peter henceforth a fisher of men. While drawing the multitude of fishes into his net, he has himself fallen into the net of his Saviour. "Admire," says Chrysostom quoted by Trench, "the dispensation of the Lord, how He draws each by the art, which is so natural to him, as the Magians by a star, so the fishermen by fish." Of David that is a shepherd before, God says, "He took him to feed his people." To those wise men from the East, who were given to the study of the stars, God gave a star to be their guide to Bethlehem. . . . . To the Samaritan

woman whom he found at the well, He preached of the "water of life." To the fishermen, he says "ye shall be fishers" still. "Christ makes Heaven all things to all men, that He may gain all."

The impression made by the holiness of Christ upon the mind of a quick discerning disciple, is repeated in the case of all who are honest with themselves in His holy presence. For the deepest thing in the human heart when conscience is allowed to speak, is this sense of God's holiness as of something bringing death and destruction to the unholy creature. The honest man under the law cries out: "Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance." He instinctively humbles himself crying out "God be merciful to me a sinner." Hear the people before the quaking mound, "Let not God speak with us, lest we die," and they removed and stood afar off. Listen to Manoah. "We shall surely die, because we have seen the Lord." Hearken to the bereaved mother before Elisha: to the rapt prophet Isaiah before the vision of God and the winged seraph in the temple; to Ornan the thresher of wheat when seeing the Invisible One; to Daniel before the archangel; to Job in converse the Almighty; and in all you see the abasing sense of sin in the presence of the Holy God. Amid all the diversity of outward accident of place, or time, the heart is ever alike in its workings. In the light of the manifestation of God, men recognizes his own weakness, insufficiency, and guilt, as he never has done before.

So have all leaders of mighty movements felt, when God called them, despite their human infirmities to lead his people. Their excuses, honestly spoken and true of their unclean lips and their sinfulness, the shoes off their feet, their faces on the earth and their mouths in the dust, are the seemly circumstances in which their inauguration to a loftier life is made. The earthly pales before the heavenly and man decreases that God may increase.

It was then a perfectly natural, as it was a noble manifestation of human nature in Peter thus to feel. This sense of unworthiness and self-loathing showed that his heart was not entirely hardened. In utter contrast with this is the state of the consummate hypocrite, on the totally profane, who do not feel this state of contradiction. Some of the Judean Pharisees, Judas Iscariot, and the self-satisfied people of our day are examples. They feel no startling discrepancy between themselves and a holy God, because they consider themselves sufficiently moral. According to their hackneyed statement, they "do the best they can." On the Lake of Galilee, they would probably feel no compunctions in the presence of Christ, while on the whole, rather thankful for so good a cargo of fish. It would never occur to them to talk like Peter. They might the more probably request the Master to stay with them till they could get new nets and more boats. This is the attitude to the cross of some of our own neighbors even at this day.

And yet, very different, either from the state of a man under the awakening smart of conscience or from the hardened, is the spirit of the loving child of God. The Christian feels the contradiction between his imperfect humanity and the holiness of Jesus, just as keenly as ever; but, there is a difference. God is a consuming fire, but no longer for the penitent, but only for his sin. The obedient soul sees, even more clearly than before, the great gulf fixed between human sin and divine holiness, but he beholds a bridge, and that bridge is Christ. Between the piers of Deity and humanity swings, by cables of eternal steel, the solid roadway of reconciliation. Over this, the "sinner saved by grace" advances in preparation for the open, the rapturous vision of God.

It is true that deep emotion is awakened and self-abasement is felt before the grandeur and immensity of the mountains and the ocean, but we may easily discriminate sharply

the feelings of awe produced by the works of nature, and those felt in the presence of the man filled with God. The former are transitory, the latter permanent. The flash of lightning, the clap of thunder, the tearing whirlwind, and the tidal wave call up the sense of fear. Along with this comes the dread of its desert. The guilty tremble. Without knowing why, the child and the savage fall down in terror, or hide themselves.

Even civilized man confesses that conscience, like a harp, vibrates in sympathy with these glorious or terrible scenes in the world around us. It "makes cowards of us all." We have felt this before Niagara, the stormy ocean, the flowing river, and the setting sun. Yet the emotions thus called up are but temporary, and we are soon hardened and take them as a matter of course. Neither to inspire nor to humble, has nature any permanent salutary influences. The constant preaching of the works of God in Vesuvius, Niagara, Mont Blanc, Fujiyama, the circling ocean, or the ever-resplendent Aurora in arctic skies do not impress the mountaineer, the sailor, the Esquimaux and lead to lofty spiritual culture and communion with God.

But the view of "God manifest in the flesh,"—our flesh, produces in us a sense of sin which is wholesome and permanent. There is here no transient flash or gleam, but a steady light, because there is the ever-living Spirit of God, who, even after we see Christ no more according to the flesh leads into the way of truth. We understand Paul even though we might have known Christ after the flesh, we need know him so no more.

For, our view of the Son of God is as clear to our mind and heart as was the body of Jesus manifest to the senses of his disciples. They knew him better by face and form than can we ; but surely, there are many of Christ's people to-day who know their Saviour as well in spirit, and understand Him as truly as did the average apostle before the resurrec-

tion, although they were with Him daily. This indeed is according to His promise: "The world cannot see me nor know me, but ye see me, for I am in you, and will be with you."

All of us, if we are honest before God will make like confession with the Galilean fisherman, even though speech and emotion be reserved for the silent hour. When we look at the character of Jesus, we find rising in our hearts that godly sorrow which worketh repentance. Involuntarily we turn to ourselves and say "we are not like Him." Only by divine grace do we have a feeling of sympathy with one so near, yet so far above us. The absolute sinlessness of Jesus seems something superhuman, it is godlike; and since the faculty of comparison is innate in us we instantly draw one. We then see such an unlikeness to our own character that unless some new power such as grace be given us, there is either the feeling of repulsion or discouragement. And this is not entirely like the self-taught or crudely instructed pupil who is brought into the presence of a master's triumphs, calling forth at first both envy and despair, but afterward the discovery of limitation in the master. For the character of Jesus is like things vast and sublime which take us out of ourselves, which we can never get enough of, as the ocean and the starry heavens. A lifetime of contemplation does not suffice to fathom it. The more the heavens are swept and searched by the telescope, the more the lenses are increased in size and power, the more stars are found in the deeps of space. So in Christ, his fulness of holiness in mind, in heart, is not yet fully revealed even to him who approaches the most perfectly sanctified Christian character.

And this is so because Jesus is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person. He that hath seen Him hath seen the Father. As the freshly struck coin bears on its impression the exact contents of the die, so Jesus bears in himself the fullness of Godhood. As

Job could not find out the Almighty to perfection, so neither can we fathom the character of Christ. Standing before such brightness, we are conscious of defect. In a dim light our shortcomings are hidden, our dress and countenance of ways and deeds are not prominent, but in the sun-brightness of Jesus, we cry out, "We are sinful." Fears and forebodings arise, yet in Christ, we behold innocence and calm serenity. Satan comes to us, and we know that we have something in common with him, but Jesus says truly "The Prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me."

Yet though the imperfectly sanctified Christian knows he is not fit to be a constant companion of his Saviour, yet he longs to become more worthy by divine grace. His feeling is not like that of the poor critics of human frailty, who say to the invitation to join his people "I am not good enough," meaning thereby that they intend to wait, and deny their Saviour precious service and love, while they are vainly delaying to increase their stock of supposed goodness, meaning too often, also, that they intend to bury even the one talent they have rather than that He, the "austere" Master shall have it. No, the genuine child of grace is humbled, yet attracted, and the clearer are his views, the meeker he becomes. This is the difference between him, and those waiting to be better, so that they will enter the church not as sinners but as worthy, as those who would somehow eliminate the middle term of conversion, and yet be reckoned as sheep and on the right hand.

The believer in Christ's gospel wants to be holy as Christ is holy. The waiting trifler and the calculating impenitent wishes to be good according to his own factitious standard. The Christian while shamed is roused. The spirit of imitation possesses him. He knows he is an unworthy disciple but he knows also he is not an enemy. Though no better than Peter, Jesus will call him "friend."

It has been truly said, that meekness is the most difficult

of all the graces. It must be so, for so few people in this world possess it. It must be so, for meekness was the chief characteristic of Christ. Certainly no man can imitate Christ except by the aid of Divine grace and whoever closely imitates Him becomes visibly like Him.

Yet the right study of the sinlessness of Jesus produces this very ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. All failures become "stepping stones of his dead self,,' and he who seeks his life out of himself in Christ may truly say with Paul, "I live, yet not I, for Christ liveth in me." Penitential lowliness before the cross—that is what you and I need, friends for our happiness and salvation.

The sinlessness of Jesus reappears even in this daily contact with common life. It is only when you live with, do business with, have as neighbor, or are thrown in close association with a person, that you know what he really is. Character is the germ, daily life is the opening of the flower. We cannot always judge what the blossom will be by the seed, we must await its unfolding. We cannot really understand a doctrine, a principle, a force, until it incarnates itself and works out in a man. What is ambition, until we know a Napoleon? Avarice, until we see a miser? What are the Dutch, the English, the French, the American Revolutions to us, before we acquaint ourselves with William the Silent, Cromwell, Robespierre, Washington? The weakness and the strength of a movement are seen in its professors; we demand to measure them by the men and women they produce.

So even when God becomes manifest in the flesh, we judge Him—yes, we poor mortals judge God—by what the Christ is. And what? A perfect and blameless man in low and in high life, "knowing the weakness and the strength of humanity, yet without sin." In him, human nature is glorified by the indwelling Deity.

Concerning those writings that testify of him, none ever

underwent such tests of the fire and crucible, the scalpel and the microscope, probe and calcium light of criticism, as have the gospels, yet their substantial truth remains; and Christ's personality is as clear as the freshly-struck coin from the die. The centuries as they come and go find no sin in him, and the expanding human mind in this age finds the ideal and the daily life of Jesus far, far, in advance of the noblest earthly model. To his words, to that life, nineteen centuries have been able to add nothing. Amid all the advance of human knowledge, its multiplied mechanical powers and uses of nature, we still look to that life for inspiration, and to that cross for salvation. For still is it true what was first written by inspired apostles and read in Corinth, that Christ Jesus is made by faith unto his people, wisdom from God, and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption.

The Ideal Side of Life.

"*Forasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham.*"—LUKE XIX : 10.

There are always new worlds to discover. New lands yet untrodden by the explorer, new stars that have not yet swum into the astronomer's ken, new wonders in the dust beneath us, as yet unseen, new thoughts in the mind's illimitable firmament not yet written, await the future. God has not permitted the human eye to see all his wonders, nor allowed the mind of his creatures to compass his doings in heaven and earth. He will give power of sight, and gift of insight to us, if we will reverently seek for them ; and to those who come after us, even more. The prophets have not all spoken, the seers are not all bereft of vision, and there are still those who sit as children, with their ear at the universe-shell, to hear the murmurings of Deity.

God's true messengers, the poets, the prophets, the seers, the discoverers, are our emancipators. They unshackle our minds from the fetters of prejudice, cleanse and brighten our souls from the rust of routine and worldliness. When thought grows mouldy, age and habit stiffen, and the environment of our narrow life films and scales our vision so that we fail to see, then God sends us one with fresh thoughts to open our eyes and make us see.

He reveals to us the ideal side of life, which is the real side ; while that, which the trader in the shop, and the trickster in politics, and the bigot in the church would call the practical side of life, is only the sham, the low-water tide-mark of expediency, the measure of narrow minds and flattened eye-balls. Let us thank God for the men of crystal lives whose eyes within and without show us the ideal side of life, reveal to us new things in the old, and bring near to us fresh realms of truth scarce dreamed of before.

Let us be grateful to Our Father for the seers and teachers of our own time as well for the Hebrew prophets; for Longfellow who gilded common life—who upon the floor of every day's home duties, as in the dust of a mint, found new gold which he stamped into coinage of poetry that passes current in all memories; for Emerson who, in the quiet Concord village, held communion with all ages, and left for us thoughts on all themes full of beauty, mystery, and inspiration.

Let us thank Him for Darwin and Agassiz, who showed us, as never men did before, God, the Almighty Father, as an artist, revealing in every bone and muscle and nerve an eternal thought; unveiling for us, even in the common earth-worm, a wondrous servant of the Creator, ever busy in adorning the earth for the service of man.

Well has it been said that the poet is the least of all liars, which is also to say that he reveals most of truth. They of all men are least weighted down, and their vision least colored by the transient and the passionate in what is local, in gossip, in politics, and in sectarian bigotry.

Let us lift up ourselves with the poets and prophets of all ages, above the domain of the present, the local, the temporary. Let us also with the seers from Abraham to Emerson, from Solomon to Darwin, behold with love and patient seeking, the things unseen and eternal.

Let us too like Jesus, the greatest of the seers and prophets, be more ready to look for the better, the divine side of things, than for that which prejudice and narrowness see and only can see.

Even the grub is not always a worm. Look on it only from one view, and it is a ravenous pulpy mass of hideousness, all the more horrible because it is alive; but let the eye of faith and knowledge look on it, and behold a winged butterfly clothed in the rainbow. Look at the wayside? A weed, do you see there? Nay rather, "a plant whose

virtues have not yet been discovered." The Almighty's fingers have beautified it, and some day, fashion may pluck the now despised bloom for the garnishing of her girdle or her bosom, or science may distil from root or leaf a precious balm for healing. Even "the dust we tread on was once alive."

Beneath our feet is the material of sapphires, rubies, and diamonds. In our marble mantles, may be whole cemeteries of ocean life. Even our door-steps or window sills may be slabs from some Pompeii unknown to history. Above and beneath and around us are forms of beauty and mystery, marks and tokens of divinity, and we err if we are blind to behold. God hath made all things beautiful in His time yet we do not see it.

Our Master Jesus has already set us an example, and taught us to live for the things which are above our place and time and sect. He made common things noble. The lily, and the sparrow, and the raven, and the sheep, have new faces and meaning since Christ came, because he raised them above the commonplace. He crowned the humble and lifted up the lowly. He saw below the outward surface.

He knew what was in man ; knew his nobler side as well as the baser. He looked upon the pearl where men saw only the common mussel shell, the iridian nacre within, when others saw but the outward unsightly slime. To the disciples, the children were only troublesome ; to Jesus, they were heirs of heaven, and types of noblest life below. The lookers on grumbled at apparent extravagance of ointment, where Jesus greeted a friend anointing another for the burial. In an importunate woman, rigid disciples frowned on a heathen, where the Saviour welcomed a daughter of Israel.

It was this entire and perfect sympathy of Jesus that enabled him always to find the best side of a man, so as not to be misled by outward seeming. He was able to see the soul of goodness in the body of evil. Some of those poor

people were lepers, demoniacs, public women and men utterly beyond society. They were like coins once bright and clean with God's mint mark upon them ; but the long attrition, of sin and hard usage, and the raspings of spiritual pride and prejudice had worn away every semblance of the divine image and superscription.

Now if we heat red hot a worn out piece of money the original legend and emblems glow before us, so that we can read and recognize. The lines of the die struck into the inmost fibres of the metal, making the essential difference between bullion and coin, are revealed. So, the presence of Jesus was like a purifying fire that brought back on defaced humanity the image of God long lost. His very looks shed peace upon fevered and restless hearts. They who had forgotten that ever there was anything good in themselves, found the pulses of new life stir, and a new-born yearning in their hearts to be like the blessed one, who spake as never man spake.

Our text tells us how he dealt with Zaccheus. If there was one class of men against whom Jewish hatred was concentrated and fanatical, it was against the publicans. No matter what his private character was, a publican who collected taxes for the Roman government must be vile. That was the average creed. The average Pharisee could not believe that a tax-gatherer had any character. Often, there was only too good ground in these hirelings for popular detestation. On the other hand, the Pharisees and people of their way of thinking were only too glad to have such convenient scapegoats, upon whom to vent their maledictions. All resemblance to Abraham was utterly lost and denied to these objects of hatred, whom bigotry made its chief target.

Zaccheus received even more of his share of abuse, because he was chief of the local collectors and practiced his labors so near to the holy city. His enemies probably never stopped to ask whether he ever gave to the poor, or whether

he ever wronged any one or not. They assumed that he was a sharper, and that his wealth was a proof of his extortions.

Our Lord, however, never borrowed another man's prejudices, but looked and judged for himself. He saw that many of the Pharisees were like clocks in a jeweler's store, all wound up tight to run, to go round the dial of their arranged ideas and strike all at one time. Such men had no growth in them. They were righteous in their own eyes, and despised others. He came to call sinners to repentance. Whatever else a publican might be, he was not a dead fossil, but a living soul.

So, then, one of the first things Jesus did was to call one of these publicans, Matthew, to be his disciple. Among his most interested listeners were publicans; for, somehow, they noticed that this new teacher saw their better side, and as they listened, their nobler nature stirred to life under his tones and glance.

Such a man Zaccheus wanted to have a good look at; yet Zaccheus was like some of us who want to see Jesus, but find impediments in our way. These hindrances are very various. One may almost be tempted to laugh at another's difficulties; yet to us, each of our special hindrances seems real. Your stumbling-block may be real to you, though to me it seems imaginary. My obstacle you may not understand. Zaccheus was short of stature, his figure was against his success, as we would say. No such obstacle need trouble us now. As gunpowder in war, so sin in our lives and grace to our souls—make all equal. Then there was a crowd about the Saviour, as he passed through Jericho, and Zaccheus could not come near.

Alas, that there is no such obstacle prevalent here! Would God that there were crowds of children, fathers, mothers, men, women, flocking to the Master! So far from that, we see only here and there one even thinking of Jesus and resolved to find Him. Too many stand afar off; too many

are cold and uninterested, or stolidly indifferent; some too busy with farm and merchandise to look; and others put themselves at a mighty distance off, peering with telescope of criticism and unbelief, examining and doubting and uncertain even while they peer; when, if they would only come near and learn to walk with Jesus in sweet experience, they would find peace and joy in believing.

But Zaccheus was too much in earnest to let difficulties overcome him; rather he sought to overcome them, and he triumphed. In religion as in getting on in the world, never wait till something turns up. Rather turn it up. Sink the plow beam deep, open the furrows, plant the seed. You may have this or that hindrance—your own pride, your own stolid heart, your fear that you cannot live up to your confession, infirmities of temper, uncongenial surroundings at home or at daily employment, the stumbling block of inconsistent Christians. All these are real difficulties if you are only half in earnest, but purely imaginary if you are heartily sorry for sin, and alarmed for your soul's salvation; for, you can by God's grace surmount them. In making one thoroughly real attempt to triumph over hindrances and meet Jesus, you will find him coming straight to you to hail and welcome.

Your way may not be Zaccheus's way, and his not ours, yet he took the best method he knew. Running ahead he climbed the wayside tree, and there not merely caught a curious glimpse of the strange teacher, but unexpectedly met his Saviour.

Like all of us, Zaccheus climbed up to see his Saviour well, but came down to receive him aright. Too many people not yet in the church are on stilts. They think they must be high enough and good enough, before they become members of his church; but Jesus knows that we must humble ourselves as penitent sinners before the pardon comes, and

then Jesus enters with us. Christ came to call not the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

So grace meets us, Jesus pauses under the tree and sees not a heathen, a publican, a low-lived man of sin, but one seeking him, a penitent soul. Into his house he would enter to dwell as guest. Jesus saw the ideal, the real, the nobler, and truest side of this execrated man. The contempt and hatred of the crowd of the exclusive Pharisees had for years driven the baser elements of his nature into defiance, fanned the flame which, as upon clay in the fire, hardened what else were plastic into stone.

But from Jesus, one breath of charity, one glance of considerate tenderness called out all that was noble in his being.

As one strain of the mountain horn comes back from the distant clefts among the peaks with multiplied sweetness, mystery, and beauty, so on the far off heights of the publican's soul, in spaces unknown to the world's eye, lingered the music of a new life. Before, Zaccheus stood among his countrymen, as the typical Jew has long stood in Christendom, outcast, accursed, forsaken.

Now he stands before us, as we hope ere long the Israelite will stand, with his eye-scales fallen, the veil lifted ; and, to the gracious invitation of his Messiah and ours, uttering words that at once attest penitence and seal forgiveness. Zaccheus promptly makes the pledge that proves his sincerity and conversion, and shows that the grace of our Lord is not in vain. The fountains of the great deep in this man's heart, so long crusted over by the contempt of his fellows, were broken up, and a new ark of heavenly hope floated on the waters.

One touch of divine mercy had opened unknown possibilities of penitence, which bigotry would have kept closed forever. Instead of society's icy and respectable ban against publican and sinner, it was the Saviour's welcome—"Son of Abraham." In place of the priestly "stand aside, come

not near," it was, "he also is among the posterity of the Friend of God."

Zaccheus was not yet ripe for heaven, not yet perfected in saintship; not yet was evil overcome, but insofar as eagerness for salvation, penitence for sin, determination to do the right, justice to the wronged, and help to the needy, manifested themselves in this publican, then insofar, "*forasmuch as*, he also is a Son of Abraham."

By that one word "forasmuch," the Saviour, who will be our judge also, measures and weighs your religion and mine. Ye who in the church pride yourself on your confession and standing, yet narrow your soul and cramp your life by unchristlike behavior, and you who pride yourselves on your morality and good citizenship, by that same word which proved Zaccheus a true penitent, you may be found wanting. *Forasmuch* as ye repent and believe, *forasmuch* as ye sincerely renounce sin and the fruits of sin, *forasmuch* as ye earnestly seek Christ, *forasmuch* as ye continue in holy life and good works and conscience, ye shall have the Saviour's blessing here, and his welcome hereafter.

Does not this sweet Bible story teach encouragement to all who are seeking the Saviour? Christ sees you not as your enemies, your detractors, your severely judging friends, not even as your own condemning conscience sees you, but rather your better self, your sorrow for sin. No pang of regret for wasted life, no tear trembling on the eyelid, or felt in the heart, though face show it not, but He sees.

"The bruised reed will he not break and the smoking flax will he not quench, until he shall bring forth judgment unto victory."

The Plough and the Backward Look.

"No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God."—LUKE IX :62.

Of the three oldest implements of human industry, the plough, the sword, and the pen, the most useful and the most ancient is the plough. To the unobservant eye, this is a very simple tool. In reality, the plough is a combination-machine of great power and delicacy. A vast amount of human thought through many ages has been put to its making and consummation.

The original home of the plough is Egypt, the first land fully tamed by man, and made ready for agricultural uses. It was the rude machine of the Egyptians, which was really more of a hoe than a plough, according to our ideas. It was developed by the practical Romans, who added improvements unknown to the Semitic nations. Little progress was made, however, during the middle ages. It was the Dutch who invented the modern plough, by adding the mould board and better coulters. Imported in England these features were still further developed. Now, the English-speaking nations lead the world in the excellence of this earth-subduer. In no country on earth, above England and the United States, are made ploughs so light, strong, and effective. The furrow-makers turned out of American factories are wonders of beauty, grace, lightness, and power. Thousands of models of this wonderful machine are in the Patent Office in Washington. The plough to-day, in its complete evolution, is an encyclopaedia of ideas, the resultant of man's applied thought during forty centuries.

More than any other one tool or invention, the plough has changed the face of the earth, and has made cities and high civilization possible. Nomads, fishers, and hunters may

enjoy certain comforts and reach a particular grade of civilization, but the highest progress rests ultimately on the plow. It is the basis of trade, commerce, and material civilization. The plough deserves an epic poem in its honor.

In our country we have seen what the world never beheld before,—a people who themselves had come from the seats of advanced human development, after a century of life along the ocean or tide-water on comparatively poor soil, leave the sea-coast and hew or win their way through the forests, and then suddenly come into the bottom lands of the Great West. No longer casting seed upon glacial debris, on stony land, gravel or clay, and wringing their subsistence from between stones and boulders, they behold vast areas of alluvial, stoneless soil, prairie land of virgin freshness, which they have only to tickle with the plough to make it laugh in grain. To the surprise of the world, billions of wealth in the form of golden wheat, corn, barley are emptied at the feet of the nations. The successive epochs of American history may be symbolized in the rifle, the axe, and the plough.

How pleasant are the classic associations of this implement, and with how many of the noble scenes in mankind's progress, is it linked! We read of Ulysses in feigned insanity making furrows in the sea-shore. Cincinnatus is found at the plow and returns to it. With our own Putnam, the call of duty comes as it came to Elisha, while scoring the earth, and in both cases the plough is left in the furrow. One of the sweetest poems in the English language is suggested by the plowman-poet Burns who turns over the mountain daisy, as well as the nest of the field-mouse. Under the myth of Jason and the Argonauts, with the fire-breathing and brazen-footed monsters, soil of adamant, and sowing of dragon's teeth, we read the story of primitive agriculture. A wild country is laboriously subdued, dangers

are faced and overcome and after long perseverance, the golden fleece of harvests covers the land.

When we read the Bible pictures of plows and plowmen, we are not to think of the polished steel beauties, with flange, wheel, graceful beam, and handles of our day. We must imagine, on the contrary, clumsy hulks of wood pointed only with iron, or set with a rude coulter. No wonder that Elisha had to employ twelve yoke of oxen to draw the needlessly heavy thing! The bright steel mould-board of our day lessens vastly the work of the draught animal. If you wonder how a sword could be beaten into a ploughshare, or vice versa, as both Isaiah, Micah, and Joel prophesy, remember that the word is properly coulter or cutter, that is, the cutting iron set in the beam and that runs down in front of the share or point and divides the sod. The prophecy was that coulters should be beaten into cutlasses. This was the instrument which the Philistines forced the Israelite farmer to get sharpened on Philistine grindstones, or, if done at home, it must be done with file only. No Hebrew blacksmiths were allowed, lest they should, as they could have done easlly, beat the long coulters or cutting plow-irons into swords. Many are the interesting allusions in the Old Testament to this classic instrument.

It is time now to turn to the Master's illustration. We remember that he tells us to take his yoke upon us, and He bade Saul not to kick against the goads which the plowman always had ready for stubborn oxen. Now, in our text, he rises to a bolder metaphor, when he implicitly bids us to grasp the plow, sink it beam deep, and make a straight furrow by never looking back.

Yes, here is the world we dwell in. It is not like an old field in fertile New Jersey, but rather like a piece of matted prairie soil or stump dotted clearing to be freshly broken. Here is our human nature, all full of the roots of hard habits and overgrown with sin and selfishness. Deeper

down, the hidden heart holds the sour humus of inherited tendencies and prejudices. We must break the ground before harvest is reaped. Christ's gospel is the plow to open us up to the sunshine of divine love.

In husbandry the polished iron share loosens the hard earth, destroys, and buries the weeds, throws the sub-soil out into the light, air, and sun, neutralizes the sourness, and gives the farmer's friends, the birds, opportunity to thin out the vermin and insect pests. In the soul-culture as in the best farming, we want the share kept well down, the furrow made straight, the slices of sod laid neatly one on another, and the stones overturned without our getting overturned ourselves.

A plough will play you curious and very humbling tricks unless your eye is alert, your head on the business in hand, and your muscle trained. If this is true when holding a bright steel Wiard or Ames, with a flange to keep the share and mould-board well in place, how much more vivid becomes the Saviour's metaphor, when the plough is a clumsy Syrian log only pointed with iron and easily overturned.

Did you ever try your hand at plowing? Did any one call to you, when you were right in the midst of a critical moment, when roots and stones were extra-numerous, and the horses were feeling their oats and desirous of going ahead, even to the farther fence? What if the wind blows off your straw hat, and a mosquito or black-fly settles on your neck to taste you? Take off your hand to slap the fly, and over goes the plow! What if you happen to disturb a hornet's nest, the yellow-jackets fly like lighting at you? Conflict of duties, do you say? Shall you stop to whack the mosquito or drive off the hornets, when the horses perhaps are more anxious to go on than you are to stop?

Or, for a crow cawing, or for the view of a pretty bird in the furrow, or, worse than all, for alluring companions calling you away, will you look back? Or, with muscles

weary, and task hard on a sultry day and shady trees inviting, will you turn your head behind or make the crooked furrows of the unskilful or lazy?

There are not a few crises in life that remind us of that in which the plowman who in fear or laziness or half-hearted service looks back when he ought only to look forward. If a man at the well mouth or top of the mine-shaft, with buckets loaded with human freight—miners, excursionists, laborers—be turning the windlass and have his hat blown off, shall he give heed to his property and destroy life, or attend only to duty and secure life? Shall Ulysses listen to the Syrens and be absorbed in music, or shall he plug his sailors' ears with wax, and tie himself to the mast, thus resisting temptation?

Every one of us who is led into positions of danger, or trial, or responsibility, must consider first the question of the hornet's sting or the syren's call, or accident, or danger, before he put hand to the pilot's wheel, the windlass of the mine-shaft, or the gospel plough.

The meanest coward on earth is the man who shirks responsibility, which he ought to take, or flees the duty he should fulfill. God and man alike brand all such, whether male or female, especially the moral cowards. "Stand to your guns," sang out Farragut to his sailors as the Hartford faced the withering fire of the Mississippi river forts, "there's a hotter fire for all who run from duty." True, but the Bible speaks just as clearly when it says that "for the fearful and unbelieving and abominable . . . their part shall be in the lake that burneth." Cowardly Peter who denies his Lord must do mighty penance before Jesus receives him again to love and honor.

To all of us who are shrinking from what we know we ought to do—from plowing up, uprooting, and overturning some bosom sin, Jesus bids us put our hand to the plow, and

not look back. Never mind the call of some boon companion. Do not heed the smart of self-denial,or the bark of some cur—such as the misunderstanding of your motives. Be deaf to sneers and jibe. Turn down, plough under the weeds of ease and pleasure. If your back is morally weak, pray for strength, and ask that your hands be made strong by divine grace. Take hold now and look to Jesus, the author and finisher. He, our exemplar and inspirer, is both the beginner and the completer of saving faith. Fix your eye on him, and straight will be your furrow.

ITHACA.

Into the Lake Region of New York.

The seven years from 1886 to 1893 wrought a social revolution in the "South End" of Boston. The population increased mightily, but it was the increase wrought by the transformation of homes into boarding houses. One-half of the people who rented pews and supported churches left the South End for the Back Bay, Brookline, Dorchester, Newton, and the suburbs. The electric trolley car was a tremendous re-distributor of population. The suburban churches flourished, the down-town congregations languished. One-half of the families in Shawmut Church had, at the end of seven years, moved from two to ten miles away from the church edifice.

"New measures require new men." A reconstruction in finance and methods must take place. Whole colonies of Shawmut people had settled in Brookline and groups of them in churches in other places. With many others in the congregation I believed in reinforcing and maintaining our Shawmut Chapel on Harrison Avenue, in selling Shawmut Church property and in colonizing and rebuilding in Brookline, where Leyden Church is now. In the party or company in favor of sale and migration, was the late Charles Carleton Coffin, a deacon and State Senator, who prepared the articles of legislation for the sale of the old property.

On the other hand, some brethren wished to remain in the old place and "hold the fort," and they by their earnestness carried the day, as they deserved to do. Grandly generous in money, time, talents, and consecration, Frank Wood, Doctor F. E. Bundy, Messrs. Babcock, Norton, Chapin, Warren, and many others with the noble women of Shawmut have kept on. The church was incorporated in 1897.

As for the old Shawmut people's generous treatment of their pastor, what could they do more? Besides constant and sympathetic cooperation, they lavished gifts of books, pictures, household equipment and furniture, a gold watch, and money in sums amounting in all to about $4,000, besides social attentions numberless. They sent him (with his wife) to Europe as delegate to the International Council in London, 1891. In 1892, he spent the summer preaching in London churches.

Turning away from flattering invitations to remain in England, I came back to Boston, and gave notice of resignation at the end of the year. In January I began preaching in Pittsfield, Buffalo, Chicago, Providence, etc., enjoying, among other rich experiences, the opening at Chicago of the World's Columbian Exposition, seeing the representatives of many nations, gathered together on the platform as President Cleveland touched the electric button for the machinery to hum. Of all others, the Koreans present whom I met awakened my deepest emotions. Since 1871, when an exile in Fukui, I had prayed for the opening of the Hermit Nation to the Gospel.

In Boston, I belonged to the Congregational, Monday, Ministers' and Winthrop Clubs and was often a guest at the Round Table, all meeting monthly, but the Pentagons afforded me a weekly feast for body and mind. We met then and thus, so as to be fresh for Sunday service. Thomas, Calkins, Wright, Duryea, McKenzie, Twombly, with occasionally Gunsaulus, Herrick, Dunning, Professor Drummond, Thayer of Paris, Van Dyke of Princeton, or an Andover professor or some other visiting guest, were the elect souls. At one of these Saturday gatherings, Dr. McKenzie of Cambridge told me that the pulpit of the Congregational church in Ithaca was soon to be vacant, that Professor W. T. Hewett of Cornell University had been, while at Harvard, inquiring for a pastor, and that he, McKenzie, had men-

tioned my name. Shortly after this I was invited to stop in Ithaca on my way to Chicago. I did so, meeting Messrs. H. B. Lord, Wm. A. Church, and Henry St. John.

My first sight of Ithaca had been during the cold winter of 1874–'75 when Cayuga Lake was frozen over. I had lectured on Japan at Wells College, (Rev. Thomas Strong, President) and on my way back to New York, by the L. V. R. R., from the station in Ithaca saw the buildings on the height of the campus.

I came from Chicago to Ithaca, May 5, the guest of Mr. Henry B. Lord, where on Saturday evening, May 6, I met a number of the people of the Congregational Church, and preached in the edifice May 7. While in Buffalo, May 23d, I received a telegram which read, "Congregational Church at Ithaca offers you a unanimous call to its pastorate." It was signed by Professor C. A. Collin. The written document soon followed signed by Mr. Northup, Clerk of the Consistory. After conference with my "help meet" in the Boston home, I telegraphed my acceptance of the call June 7, and followed the telegram by a letter to the church.

At 10 A. M. on Friday, June 30, kindly met at the E. C. & N. R. R. station by Professor Morris, Mr. H. B. Lord, Mr. Henry J. Grant, and Mr. Wm. A. Church, I arrived with my family in Ithaca. For nine years the pastor's home was at 216 South Geneva Street.

Amid the splendors of nature, sky and earth, lake and hills, glen and waterfall, my soul was richly fed. "Day unto day uttereth speech, night unto night addeth knowledge." Nature has never seemed more satisfying than in this lovely region of the lakes. In presence of these grandeurs of God, much of the round of life in a great city, seems to the earnest student, positively frivolous. Preaching to the young men of Cornell University was an inspiration. The ten years of work as a pastor were not unbroken by sorrows, but they were rich in friendship and are now radiant with sunny memories.

The Symbolism of Church Architecture.[1]

"By faith Abraham . . . . . dwelling in tents . . . . . looked for the city which hath the foundation, whose builder and maker is God."—HEBREWS, XI:8-10.

There is a difference between mere building and architecture. The purpose of the former is shelter and habitation only. The idea of the latter is the expression of thought and taste, as well as of defense against the elements. A habitation is only a larger suit of clothing for individuals in a group, but architecture bears witness to the truth that man has hopes and fears, desires and expectations. The tent, hut, or house may require only the laborer, or the common workman to erect it. The architect calls in all artificers to assist him. He writes history in stone. As a man of thought, he puts into his structure the traditions, the aspirations, the faith of a family, a nation, a race. Architecture is the human soul in material expression.

Grandly and beautifully, with dramatic contrast and exquisite harmonies of language, the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews sets forth this clear distinction, this striking difference. He pictures in the early and shadowy story of Israel the itinerating progenitors, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who, though dwelling in the land of promise, had only tents for their habitations. Without architecture they lived in faith and hope of the far distant future, when their descendants should dwell in cities with foundations. Instead of the wind-driven sands of the desert or the pastures of the grassy wilderness of the fathers, the children should inhabit cities. Anon, by the eye of faith in the divine promise, these

[1] Preached in the First Congregational Church of Christ in Ithaca on Sunday morning, September, 20, 1903.

ancient men of the moving nations have peered into Israel's later history, when temples and palaces, made glorious through the craft and skill of artist and designer, should express in contour and decoration the memory and the hope of the race.

Supposing such visions were theirs, yet they looked still farther. Even the permanent battlements, the rock foundations and stately superstructures to arise in later days, were but emblems of the fairer city of God, reared by no earthly architect and to endure for aye. The Jerusalem of David, of the second temple, of Herod, were one after another to disappear into dust and oblivion; but in contrast with each creation of man-moving tent in the wilderness, stately tabernacle, Solomon's temple, or the later holy edifices of Jerusalem—all to pass away "like the baseless fabric of a vision," holy city, the "New Jerusalem coming down from God, out of Heaven, prepared as a bride prepared for her husband" is for eternity, for its builder and maker, architect and artificer is God.

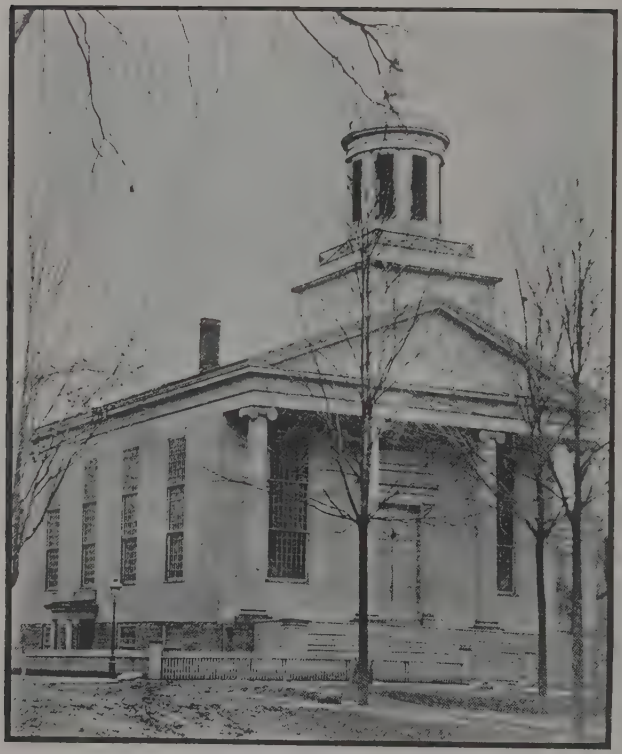
So in Hebrew speaks the man of faith and inspiration who interprets Israel's history. He shows how different is the expectation of the literal fulfillment of the promise from the hopes and prospects built upon the character of that promise —the one being mere belief, the other vitalizing faith. These two states of mind are as different and as distant one from the other, as are the architect who thinks out the plan, from the workman who cuts the block; yes, as different from the Bedouin who to-day pitches his desert tent, from the Architect and Master Builder of the eternal city. When you and I say we "believe," that is, give mere intellectual assent, we are still of the common horde and clay. When our opinions become convictions and effect character, when we have faith, then we are men in transformation. The image of God is being developed with us.

The architecture of a race is its history. The savage and

the barbarian have only habitations. For a people to rise into special architecture is to gain a distinctive civilization. What are the Pyramids, the Parthenon, St. Peter's, Notre Dame, the Capital by the Potomac, but history written in stone, the deposit of ideas, of memory and hope? Israel in the desert had only the tent for a dwelling, and the tabernacle for the holy place. The city of Jerusalem with Jehovah's temple in it was the index of a united nation.

The Grecian Parthenon, embodying the idea of beauty, is a crystal of the Greek mind. The Pantheon reflects Roman genius and needs. The basilica represents what the first Christians, enjoying the free air of toleration, wanted. The mediæval cathedral, the gift to history of the northern nations, when they became part of united Christendom, is the embodiment of awe and faith. The Protestant meeting house of our fathers, in its austere simplicity, tells the story of reaction and embodies the Puritan idea. The comfortable church edifice of the nineteenth century is eloquent of broader views, of larger inheritances, of happier environment, and of a sense of safety in what has been won. May we not with justice believe that, both in civic and sacred architecture, America is yet to see triumphs, equalling what the old world of many civilizations has thus far bodied forth?

Reading our own church history in the light of the text, and of the thoughts we have uttered, we find a reason for the contrast between the first and the second edifices reared by this congregation. In 1830, when less than two score people in Ithaca united together to form part of the Protestant Reformed Dutch in America, they desired shelter and habitation, rather than architecture, and they wished it speedily. Almost in the very hour they organized a church, they called for an edifice and began building. Mr. Ira Tillotson was the energetic architect and contractor. In twenty-six days from their first covenanting as church members, their Consistory met within the new wooden walls. Before



REFORMED CHURCH EDIFICE IN ITHACA.

the flowers of May had withered, the congregation worshipped in their new church home. Here, then, were shelter, habitation, and bare utility, rather than architecture. Nevertheless the building was commodious, well lighted, and pleasant. For over forty years it served its purpose well. "An humble imitation of the Parthenon," it had four tall, white Ionic columns, with a massive pediment and also cupola, fronting on Seneca street. Its great flight of eleven steps reached nearly the whole length of the building, which was entered from two doors. The pulpit was at the north end. The Sunday School and social rooms were in the basement, and the organ in the gallery over the vestibule.

When Dr. Charles Mellen Tyler, after preaching and serving as pastor during eight years, intimated that while he did not need a new edifice, his people and their posterity did, he struck a chord that was all ready to vibrate. Saying further that he might not remain longer with them, unless a new house of worship should be built, the music began. Very soon after this a notice was sent to the pulpit calling for a meeting of the congregation. Among the enthusiastic women, who agitated for a new edifice and were zealous in securing it, was Mrs. Isabella Burdick, who is still toiling for Christ's little ones in the Primary Department. Mr. Henry W. Sage, Judge Douglas Boardman, Captain T. D. Wilcox, Leonard Treman and others headed a subscription, some pledging $2,000, others $1,000. In a few weeks, a sum sufficient to justify immediate plans for the erection of a new house of worship was secured and under the energetic direction of Mr. Henry W. St. John, chairman of the building committee, the work began.

The new edifice was not designed to express any ecclesiastical ideas different from those previously held; for in making a change from Reformed Dutch to Congregational, there was a "direct continuity of service and worship," and the ideas to be embodied in the new structure were simply

those of appropriate architecture, as contrasted with mere building. There were in 1871, more wealth, larger numbers, and greater ability, than in 1830, and time and opportunity had come for the expression of feeling. For this good work, the architect, Mr. William H. Miller, whose taste and ability have done so much to adorn our city, was invited to exert his best powers. That he has done so and achieved a notable success, *circumspice!*

Nevertheless, between what one desires to do, and his resources for effecting the same, lies a problem. In the interest of economy brick was decided upon; though for only twelve hundred dollars more stone could have been used. Dr. Tyler had desired to make the tower a campanile, separate from the main structure, but both money and land were lacking. As old inhabitants remembered when the waters of Cayuga Lake came up to the site of the tower, the natural bases were cautiously interrogated and a foundation was laid in cement eleven feet below the surface. The consequence is that we have a graceful tower of Italian suggestiveness, 114 feet high, that has swerved not a hair's breadth from the original perpendicular. The only ground available for the main edifice compelled also the bringing of the outer walls to the utmost limit, and so directly upon the sidewalk. The dimensions of the church edifice, giving an auditorium, pastor's room, Sunday School, committee and primary rooms and kitchen, with organ loft and stairway, are ninety-nine by eighty-two feet.

In designing this house of worship, the idea was, by using the cross form for the church proper, utilizing the same symbol in other places and employing scriptural quotations, to erect a distinctively Christian edifice; and, while making a modern structure, to build into it all that we could that was good, in material and sentiment, that had been part of or connected with the old house of worship. The ground space being limited, in order to get the amount of room re-

quired for religious and social purposes, the gables were hipped back and glass put into the upper part to light the central portions.

The auditorium, as planned by the architect, pastor, and committee, in conference, was to contain (1) a pulpit platform, (2) a central auditorium space, within the four principal columns and under the four main trusses, about thirty-five feet square, and (3) extra spaces on the south alcove, the main portion to the westward, and the side aisles and pews on the north. The pulpit desk is a fac-simile drawn by Dr. Tyler for the South Congregational Church at Natick, Mass., and repeated by him in the Congregational Church edifice in Chicago, wherein he served as pastor.

The fine organ, brought out of the first into the second edifice was built by Westfield, and is a duplicate of the one selected by Dudley Buck and Dr. Tyler for the church in Chicago. In the old church home it occupied a large gallery over the vestibule. In the new it is set over the Sunday School room.

The decoration of the interior walls and the lettering of the Twenty-third Psalm and the Lord's Prayer, which are written in gold on either side the pulpit, was the work of Mr. Clarence H. Baumgrass, then of Syracuse, N. Y., and paid for by two friends. In the wording of this prayer of prayers, as seen on the north side of the pulpit, the decorator followed the Episcopalian standard, rather than that of the authorized version of the New Testament, for he has put upon our walls the words of the Prayer-book, as marked by the word "trespasses" and "trespass" rather than the text of Holy Scripture which has "debts" and "debtors." Otherwise, his work is highly acceptable and he deserves to be remembered. On the south side of the pulpit platform is inscribed the Twenty-third, or Shepherd Psalm.

At the suggestion of the pastor, Dr. Charles Mellen Tyler, whose excellent taste and aesthetic judgment have been so

valuable throughout, the four-branched chandelier over the pulpit was set with crystal. The addition of white candle-forms for the gas jets has greatly added to the beauty and appropriateness of the evening auditorium.

The orient end of the church has a beauty and richness of effect which are greatly admired. Artists sometimes come to transfer its artistic features and its harmonies of color to their canvasses.

In the artistic treatment of the ceiling above the platform, we have the representation of the flaming sun, with the letters I.H.S. (Jesus Hominum Salvator) suggesting the veiling of Deity in the human flesh of Jesus and the outraying of the Divine glory in his life. The artist's craft reminds us of the firmament with its stars and planets, while immediately under the ceiling, on a baldric of red adorned with olive leaves are the words of the seraphim's song:

"Let the whole earth be filled with His Glory."

Above the wainscot five or six feet high, which runs along the walls of the edifice, the decoration at the eastern and western ends is in olive green with scrolls of gilt. It is to be hoped that some day this lower wainscoting around the pulpit platform, now of painted wood, will be replaced by polished marble. That, at least, is the architect's suggestion.

The triplet orient window is the gift by Mrs. Wilcox, to the glory of God and in memory of her husband Captain Timothy Dwight Wilcox and her three children. The brass plate, set in a framework of elegant glass tiling, bears an appropriate inscription. The centre window has for its main design a cross planted on a solid base, yet surrounded with hosts of wings as if in a sky populous with angels, while above it is the face of a cherub. On the south wing of this triptych is a winged figure of medieval type holding the six-reed pipes which make the music which wind-

instruments can produce. In the north wing is an angel with luxuriant hair and flowing garb ready to make the strings give forth melody.

In its proportions, coloring, and design, this window is a triumph of chaste art. It was designed by Louis H. Tiffany of New York, who took special interest in securing a perfection of which he may well be proud. To show the care taken by the artist, we may mention that the right sleeve of the left hand figure was made after three trials and from a selection from forty different pieces. The jeweled effect, as of gems, and of all the powers of light sheathed in varied color lend an illuminated commentary to the text chosen for the inscription, "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in the day when I come to make up my jewels."

It was at first intended that this window should be lighted up at night, and one going to the back part of the edifice, and looking up at the wall will see that gas pipes and jets, with an apparently sufficient space, sheltered by a screen of ground glass, were at considerable expense duly provided. The heat however was too great, and the ground glass cracked. Fear for the safety of the art work compelled an abandonment of the project of giving nocturnal as well as daylight illumination.

The pulpit desk is that so long in use in the old church. It has carved on its front the monogram I.H.S. The Bible now in service bears the following legend in gold, recalling to our memories a saintly soul and a venerable figure.

IN MEMORIAM
PLINY HALL
Presented by his Daughters,
EASTER,
April 15, 1900.
In memoria aeterna
erit justus.

The book of praise, which we have made use of since the

year 1893, is "Hymns of the Faith" compiled by the Andover professors, which replaced Dr. Hatfield's "Hymns of the Church" used for a score of years and itself displacing "Psalms and Hymns of the Reformed Dutch Church." Our present hymn book is far from outsung and is rich in fine music, not yet too familiar, as well as in old favorites.

In every church of Reformed Christianity, beside the pulpit, the table and the font for the communion and baptism should have a prominent place. On the stone baptismal font presented, when the church was new, by Mrs. Leonard Treman, are seen in raised letters, "One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism" each pair of words being punctuated by the conventional shamrock or trefoil, the emblem of the Trinity, with the monogram I.H.S. on the east side, clasping the sentence.

The white-marble-topped communion table in the old church, and in use until 1895, has been replaced by one of mahogany and variegated marble, which bears in raised letters on the front "Do this in remembrance of Me." It was presented to the church in memory of the late Dr. E. J. Morgan, for many years a worshipper in this and the older edifice. It was presented by his wife and children, and was designed by Mr. S. E. Hilger, formerly of this congregation. The engraved silver plate on the side reads as follows:

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY
His last Communion, June 3, 1894.
EDWARD J. MORGAN, SR., M.D.
My Strength is made Perfect in Weakness.

The communion set, of two large flagons and six silver cups, has been used by both churches, the number of cups being increased to eight by another pair, the gift of Prof. John Morris, long a deacon and the efficient clerk of this church; but in the spring of 1903, the individual glass cups, approved of unofficially by the great majority of the congregation, were adopted. By the untiring energy of the Presi-

dent of the Woman's Union, Mrs. Robert L. Post, the equipment was secured, and on the first Sunday in June of this year their first use was enjoyed. There are nearly two hundred glass cups, served out when full from mahogany stands, and with racks in the pews, in which to set them after use. Universal satisfaction seems to have attended this innovation. The fair white linen for the table is the gift of Mrs. Henry M. Johnson.

In the pastor's room, there has been gathered within the past decade a collection of portraits of all the Domines of the Reformed Church, and the two predecessors of the present pastor in the congregational ministry,—a line that has served the one congregation, in two churches, since the beginning of 1830. These names are also incised on the marble mural tablet. To the set of portraits should be added one of Simeon DeWitt, and also, in one frame, photographs of all the church officers since 1830. Who will take the time and trouble to make such a collection? A fire-proof safe has also been secured, the gift of Mr. F. DeWitt Sincebaugh, for the preservation of the church records.

On the south side of the church, between the doorway and short hallway leading to the pastor's room and the eastern dividing wall of the vestibule, is a space occupied by sixteen eligible pews, eight on each side of the little central aisle that divides them. These are always sure to be rented and occupied, being favorable for both seeing and hearing. While building the church, many feared lest there would not be enough apertures for sunlight in the south walls. Experience however has shown that curtains are necessary. There are seven upper arched windows in a row, reminding one of a clerestory, while below are three round apertures and one opening from the vestibule, which give ample light. It is to be hoped that some day these will all be of stained glass.

Continuing along the south side of the edifice, the aisle, three and a half feet wide widens into twice its width as we

approach the main door. Three square columns of wood, corresponding to three on the opposite or northern side of the edifice, support the roof, the first being one of four which sustain the trusses of the square central auditorium. Some would rather have had these columns of iron. The four trusses were, while in the process of building, held together by iron rods, which were removed after the masonry and timber of the building had set, the iron eyes being still visible.

Opening from the vestibule and main entrance, is a semi-circular window, this was formerly of ordinary colored glass, but since 1900 the latter has been replaced by a tasteful emblem of stained glass designed and set by Walter Janes & Co. of New York. It was presented by the Kings Daughters in memory of noble women who labored here in His Name. Its symbolism is rich and suggestive of the aim and work of this sisterhood of diligent Christian women. Out of the clouds of heaven, hands in the attitude of bestowal hold a crown. In a wreathed circle is the Maltese silver cross on a purple background, and on either side of this are the cross and sphere emblematic of the ultimate conquest of this world by Him who suffered on Calvary. Below it is a tasteful inscription of polished letters on hammered dark red marble, at the base of which is a shelf of the same material, eight inches wide and seven feet long, on which to place memorial flowers. The inscription reads:

IN HIS NAME
PRESENTED BY THE MINISTERING CIRCLE
OF KINGS DAUGHTERS;
ORGANIZED APRIL 10, 1892.
"Their works follow with them."

The next feature on the south wall, that attracts our attention, is a tablet of polished Wisconsin marble of ample dimensions, six by five feet. This was erected by the people of the congregation to show their unity of life and purpose, whether under the Dutch Reformed or Congregational name. The inscription reads as follows:

TO THE GLORY OF ALMIGHTY GOD

AND IN MEMORY OF ALL WHO IN THIS
CAYUGA LAKE VALLEY HAVE CO-WORKED WITH HIM:
THE INDIANS OF THE IROQUOIS CONFEDERACY,[1]
THE FIRST UNKNOWN WHITE EXPLORERS,
THE FRENCH JESUIT MISSIONARIES, 1656–1684,
THE CONTINENTALS IN SULLIVAN'S EXPEDITION, 1779,
THE ENVOYS, TRAVELERS AND MEN OF SCIENCE,
THE FIRST SETTLERS OF THIS PLACE, 1789,

✻ 1756 SIMEON DE WITT 1834 †

FOUNDER OF THE CITY OF ITHACA
WHO GAVE THE GROUND ON WHICH THIS EDIFICE STANDS,
THE PASTORS, OFFICERS AND MEMBERS
OF THE REFORMED PROTESTANT DUTCH CHURCH,
ORGANIZED APRIL 2ND, 1830,

REV. ALEXANDER M. MANN, 1830–1837
REV. JOHN C. F. HOES, 1837–1845
REV. JAMES VERNOR HENRY, 1846–1850
REV. C. H. BULKLEY, 1851–1853
REV. JOACHIM ELMENDORF, 1853–1855
REV. JOHN W. SCHENCK, 1855–1862
REV. FRANCIS N. ZABRISKIE, 1863–1866
REV. THOMAS STRONG, 1866–1871;

IN DIRECT CONTINUITY OF WORSHIP AND SERVICE,
THE PEOPLE OF THIS FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
OF CHRIST OF ITHACA, N. Y., ORGANIZED 1872,
REV. CHARLES MELLEN TYLER, D. D.,
FIRST PASTOR, 1872–1891, ERECT THIS MEMORIAL.

REV. WILLIAM F. BLACKMAN, PH. D., 1891–1893.

[1] It has been the happy experience of the writer of this inscription in his three pastorates to labor in Christ's name, on land hallowed and poetic because of the habitations thereon of the Indians, who, in proportion to their light and knowledge, served God as faithfully as does the white man. Schenectady, Shawmut, Cayuga, all tell of the vanished who had hopes, fears, aspirations. In my Boston congregation one of my most inspiring auditors and fellow-workers was a full-blooded Sioux Indian, Dr. Charles N. Eastman, author of "An Indian Boyhood."

The choice of the stones and the setting up of both pieces of marble work were by Mr. John B. Storms. The chisel work of the historical tablet was done by Mr. Daniel Bond Atwell. The re-decoration in green and gold of the walls of both the southern and western half of the church was partly at the expense of the Ministering Circle and partly by the giver of the Leonard Treman window, Mrs. Bush of Buffalo.

In the present edifice we have preserved from its predecessor the pulpit desk, the three large chairs on the platform and four small ones in the minister's room, the white marble-topped communion table now in the Primary Room, while the whole facing of the organ loft is nothing more than the carved and arched gallery front from the old edifice. In the kitchen, the old pew doors, which so often opened and shut under "the touch of a vanished hand," may still be seen, for they have been well utilized in the covered cupboards.

In the attractive and well-lighted vestibule, reminding one, in summer, when the vines are in luxuriant greenness, of a conservatory, we find on the curved line, at the southwest, a row of six neat windows. Outside of the main entrance door is a vestibule about ten feet square with stone floor, arched brick work of black and red, and ceiling of wood. On the white marble band one reads, in letters of red, the words of our divine Master: "He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." The ivy creeping in from the sunlight every year brightens the place with fresh festoons of greenery. The gate of ornamental iron, closing the entrance of trespassers from the street, has been hung during the last decade. Nevertheless the stone facings above the entrance have been left rough and unfinished, and need the decoration which the chisel can get to shape them into forms of beauty. Who will furnish the means for this as a gift of love to the church?

The four-square brick tower, our campanile, besides having a flying buttress on the eastern side, and a Jerusalem

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH EDIFICE IN ITHACA.

cross wrought in black-faced brick on each of its four sides, has a window at each point of the compass and is sufficiently lighted. Its bell deck is a hundred feet in air. To reach the sexton's loft above, is a ladder-way leading to the first floor where the rope is at hand. The belfry is open on four sides to the winds of heaven, and above is the four-sided slanting peak with slate roof, the tip of which is one hundred and fourteen feet from the ground, and is surmounted by ornamental iron work in the form of a cross. The head and each arm of this central emblem ends also in a cross, the tips being gilded. At the center of all is a circle with rays, and in the circle the letters I.H S. Thus, most significantly as well as artistically crowning the whole structure, flashing the rays of sunrise and sunset, like God's mercy and truth, new every morning, fresh every evening, is set the symbol of sacrifice and of service.

This monogram, I.H.S. thrice repeated in our architecture and one of the most familiar emblems of the Trinity and the incarnation is from the original Greek word I-X-T-H-U-S, meaning a fish; which, referring back to the fishermen apostles contains the five initials; of the phrase and title "Jesus Christ, (of) God, (the) Son, Saviour," which the Latins read, "Jesus Hominum Salvator," or "Jesus, Saviour of men."

Descending *excelsis* to the solid earth, we note the neat curbing, set when the street was paved with brick in 1895, and the plots of grass between flagging and curve. On the corner stands a blind lamppost, proof of swiftly changing fashion, once valuable and useful in its day by giving light with gas, but instantly obsolete when the electric current carried illumination by solid wires instead of hollow pipes. Recently re-painted an olive green, it bears at the top an iron sign with raised metal letters in white, which read "Congregational Church." This is the gift of Mrs. John B. Lang, in memory of her sister, Miss Abbie B. Curran,

one of our membership. The notice-board of gold and black, affixed to the wall, advertising the hours of service, the name of church and pastor, and a welcome to all, is the gift of Mrs. Harry Wade Hicks, now assistant secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

The walls of brick are covered for the most part with ivy, which in May bourgeons into tender green and weaves in summer a rich mantle of larger leaves, which in autumn as soon as touched by the fingers of frost, blush red before falling to the ground, to leave only stock and tendrils bare in winter. This growth makes a home for the sparrows that haunt our modern house of worship, as they did the ancient temple in Jerusalem. Seen from within, in the arched and rounded window lights, the ivy festoons make a pretty effect in sunshine or shade.

Cut in enduring stone in crimson letters on a band of white marble and built into the very edifice itself, are those words that shall never pass away, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you . . . and ye shall find rest for your souls," and "I am the Way, the Truth and the Light. No man cometh unto the father but by me." This verily bespeaks the faith of the people, for ours is the First Congregational Church of Christ in Ithaca, and the triune God, worshipped through the divine son, Jesus, is the centre of our faith.

The pastor's room is at the southeast corner, with its two windows facing east and one facing south. It is to be noted that the outside stone work on this southeast corner has never yet been, as was intended, chiseled into decorative floral form. Who will provide the means for this?

Continuing our course northward we note the second large entrance, into the vestibule which faces the west on Geneva street. It has a two-leaved doorway six feet wide and opening into the Sunday school. A little window gives light to the open space and also to the stairway leading to the choir loft.

For the lighting of the church by day we have, at the end of each aisle, a large window, and two lines of seven arched upper windows on the south and west. These with two round apertures from the west and three from the south, furnish the needed light. At each of the four points of the compass in the gable ends near the roof the light streams through triangular windows, in the center of which the yellow panes form a cross. They serve also for what is next best, after good light, a supply of good air. On the south, these ceiling windows are of ground glass to temper the glare of sunshine. On such occasions as Good Friday, when day services are held in the auditorium near the sunset hour, the edifice is flooded with mellow sunshine, but on "the cloudy and dark day," our edifice is none too cheerful, and we require artificial illumination. Happily the arrangement of four tiers of jets and globes and twelve clusters of jets, with two chandeliers, make the auditorium very attractive at evening service.

It is in the western wall that the memorials of the past are most noticeable, namely in the Quigg and Treman stained glass windows and in the mosaic and bronze tablet to Judge and Mrs. Lyon. At these let us glance.

The recently added Quigg window, nearest the main entrance, is not only a thing of beauty, but is an illuminated commentary on the parable of the Talents. Seated on the august chair of authority, the lord of the estate, a venerable and dignified figure is commending those who have used aright his substance committed to their care, they having fully lived up to their high responsibilities. The brilliant tints of red and purple, the peculiar golden browns reminding one of Rembrandt, the rich accessories of drapery, lamp and curtains, the sandalled feet and eager and earnest attitude of those about to be rewarded, the majestic figure of the venerable Master, and the awful shadow of disappointment in the background, impress powerfully the student of

Scripture and the man of aesthetic sensibilities. Art is here the sheath of light and truth.

In the usual treatment of this noble parable of the talents, both homilist and artist are too often tempted to lay stress upon the idea of censure and punishment. They make the one-talent man, who misused his opportunities and failed to make good use of the wealth confided to him by his Master, the central figure and point of emphasis. Surely this is not what Jesus intended, for are not most of us only one-talent men? Rather should we put stress upon the rich rewards and the high commendation by the Master of those who made right use of their abilities and opportunities, without regard to many or few. Therefore in the foreground, rightly I think, we have the alert figures of those who gladly report what has been done and await further orders from their master. The main stress is on the idea of wishing to do more. Happily in the handling of his theme, the artist has represented in the face of the forward figure, so alert, vigorous, and ready for fresh ventures, the intense energies of the typical twentieth century man, while in the more subdued features of the next in line, who holds the casket, is stamped "experience that worketh hope," as of the nineteenth century past. Far in the rear, with his back to us, clenching his hands in woe, sullen and mourning is seen the fault finder, grumbler, and waster of opportunity, who blames his Lord for a failure that is wholly his own.

This memorial window is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Newton of Denver, Colorado, the former being the state Treasurer of our Centennial State and a merchant doing business at Pueblo, a graduate of Cornell University. Mrs. Newton is the daughter of the late James Quigg, so long and favorably known among us. The window is given to the church as a memorial to the men and women of the Quigg family, who were pioneer settlers on the site of this city. Coming from New Hampshire to the site of Ithaca in

1804, David Quigg, in the as yet unnamed village then consisting of log huts, began on Linn street the first store, opening a trade with both Indians and whites. Retiring in 1847, David Quigg, after a life time spent in trade, died in December, 1862. His two sons, John W. and James continued the business on State Street. Surviving among us to-day, beautiful and attractive in her old age, within two years of nine decades, is Miss Emeline Quigg, the oldest member of our church, whose memory runs easily back to the erection of the first edifice. It is appropriate that to these men, noted for their integrity in business, and for the women their "help meet for" them, and at the end of the aisle in the church where they worshipped, should be reared this memorial which has for its subject, in illustration, the commendation by our Master of trade as an honorable calling. The artists of this excellent work are Walter Janes & Co.,—the sister, Mrs. White, drawing the cartoon and placing the colors, and the brother selecting and setting the glass work. Their united efforts have secured a superb artistic success, which, let us hope and pray, may be for the inspiration of those who enter and depart from this house of worship.

Another memorial of those who have been with us in the past is seen in the beautiful window at the west end of the middle aisle. It is "In memory of Leonard Treman and Almira Treman by their daughter." The former was for many years the faithful treasurer of this church and had charge of the subscriptions and the general oversight of the erection of the new building. Leonard Treman was one of the three brothers in that generation of an honorable family whose names and history are an ornament to the county and city. His consort, Mrs. Almira Treman, is pleasantly remembered by many of us, and the Bible in parallel versions used in the Consistory Room, at our social meetings for prayer, as well as the font is her gift.

This noble work of art in opaline glass is from Tiffany & Co., of New York. It represents, in a framework of Byzantine suggestion with rich jewelled effect, the figure of the Christ, according to the traditional treatment by artists of the Eastern church, in ecclesiastical garments. His hands are extended in blessing, the thumb and first two fingers being set forth to represent the Trinity. Around the head, hooded in white, is the nimbus with three illuminated bands symbolizing the Holy Trinity. He wears the alb or long white garment, toward the hem of which, at the end of the stole, is seen the figure representative of Jesus. He is standing by the Lake of Galilee when the morn is breaking and the sky is suffused with colors of the dayspring and the birds are rising to matin song and daily duties. Jesus is calling to his disciples and is ready to bless them.

There are two arched recesses in the western wall. In the first or southern one is a tablet in bronze and mosaic work in memory of the late Judge Marcus Lyon, for so many years a worshipper in this church, and to his wife Susan Schuyler,—the latter a name which calls up not only historic images of a great family but also of the honored elder—George W. Schuyler. If any one deserves a tablet, or window, surely this historian of "Colonial New York" should have one.

It is the glory of our common Christianity that the legal questions arising from the change of church names and affiliations, as well as of the transfer of the property of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Ithaca to the First Congregational Church of Christ in Ithaca, were carried on in a friendly spirit that left little bitterness behind. After the trial, Judge Foote of Geneva, and Rev. Dr. Ormiston thanked the pastor Dr. Tyler, on the impartial manner in which he had conducted himself. With such legal ability as Marcus Lyon on the one hand and Samuel Halliday on

the other, the interests of both sides were fully protected. The details of this friendly litigation are recorded in print in the famous "Ithaca Church case." After argument in the local courts, it went to a final adjudication to the highest tribunal of the state, the Court of Appeals, the case being decided in favor of the present society. Judge Lyon's name deserves to stand in honor upon these walls.

In our country, where happily church and state, though not religion and public life, are separated, the judicial decision turned not upon the right of a church society to change its name, form of belief or government, nor upon any question of ecclesiastical doctrine or order, but solely upon the question of the land title,—namely whether Simeon DeWitt gave the parcel of ground to the Reformed Dutch Church, as such, or, to any Christian society that would receive and utilize the gift. It was shown that the original purpose of the donor was to further the general cause of religion, by a gift of land without specification of name. It is not upon the original plot of ground given by DeWitt, which was sold by the people of the new Reformed Dutch church to purchase this lot at the corner of Seneca and Geneva streets, but further to the eastward. Our predecessors of 1830 did not foresee that in Ithaca the course of empire was not westward to take its way, but rather to the Orient. They could not predict the coming of the great University which was to pull the whole city of Ithaca, eastward and up the hill.

Entering the committee room on the northwest, we find also the Sunday School library which has not yet encountered its Carnegie, even on a small scale, or indeed any generous benefactor. Our library is sadly in need of replenishing. An endowment of money for supplying from time to time the needs of this useful adjunct of Sunday School service would be welcome and offers an opportunity to the generous.

In the Consistory Room, where the Sunday School services and other meetings, social and devotional, are held, we are happy to say that the cheerfulness has been much added to by new carpets on the floor and by chairs instead of the old settees. These have been furnished by the ladies of the church, the young ladies Serving Circle being especially active in the enterprise. A new desk and piano have been provided by general subscription. We should not fail to mention the new set of maps of Bible lands, secured through the energy of our superintendent, Mrs. Bates. The pictures on the wall, are the gifts of our friends, Professor Roberts, Mr. Titus, William Nelson Noble, Esq., and others. Perhaps some day the three windows will in stained glass tell Bible stories and teach images of beauty. In the third, or Primary Department Room, the old narrow windows on the north, so niggard of light, have been replaced by a large window over eight feet wide and reaching to the ceiling, which adds greatly to the comfort of work or gathering in the daytime. In the kitchen with its three windows, and the old pew doors on the cupboards, a gas range and hot water boiler, with improved plumbing and more generous equipment in the form of dishes, are gifts made during the last decade. In this room also are found the water motor for the organ and the switch board of the electric wires, which since 1897, have enabled us to flood the edifice at night with illuminating power that does not increase the heat or vitiate the air.

The new edifice cost about $33,000 and the closing year of 1903 will see it free of debt.

Finally, let us never forget the difference between symbol and reality, looking not at the things which are seen and temporary but at the things unseen and eternal. With the symbol we see as in an enigma darkly, but then face to face.

The Raven.

"*Consider the Ravens.*"—LUKE XII : 24.

There are some who might wonder that the Saviour of men should bid his disciples consider an objectionable bird like the raven. In every land this "grim, ungainly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore" is feared and disliked, and curiously enough its name is nearly the same in most languages. Its malignant expression, color of plumage, marrow-curdling croak, fetid odor and solitary habits do, indeed, cause mankind to study and watch it with superstitious attention; but it is surely not with superstitious eye that our Master bids us consider it. For, above all things, Jesus commands us to keep our minds from superstition. He says mark it closely, look down underneath appearances. Think of this lonely solitary bird and see how God provides for it. Its life in freedom from care, in restless unsettled ways of life is the very reverse of that toilsome anxiety so often seen even among rich and aspiring men.

In Norse mythology—the religion of our ancestors before the dawn of Christianity, Woden, whose name we keep in Wednesday, was king of all the gods, the supreme one in the heaven called Walhalla; and the raven was sacred to him, and his popular name was Rafnagud, or the raven god, because of his omniscience and because the ravens were his messengers.

The region whence the fathers of New England came, was once settled by the worshippers of Woden, who in the imperishable names left as landmarks in England, and, indeed, all over northern Europe, show also the watermarks of their faith. Scrooby, as its form shows, was founded by the Danes, while next to it is Ranskil or Raven Skelf; that is, the knoll of the ravens.

In Norse mythology the verses of the sagas, the story of the runes and the pictures of the primeval artists, alike tell of the two ravens perched on the shoulders of Woden. Their names are Munin and Hugin—perception and reflection, or observation and memory. Every day these messengers fly out into all the universe, searching heaven and earth. Then they bring back tidings to their master, and whisper them in his ear ; and so the King of gods knows all things, because on one side perches the restless raven of perception, and on the other broods the bird of memory. In a word, here is even more clearly embodied in poetic form the Semitic and Aryan myths, especially the Hebrew and Greek, which credit the raven with superhuman mind and memory.

Can this illustration teach truth or enforce Christian theology? Can the Pagan mythology of our ancestors set a reflector back of the burning lamp of the Saviour's message? May we not obey the commands of Christ by considering the raven in human as in natural history, and in the expanse of literature as in the blue of the sky? Let us see.

Edgar Allen Poe, born in Boston, Mass., February 9, 1809, was perhaps the most original and brilliant of our American poets. He was still a young man, even in the last year of his life. He was gifted in intellect, and was a leader in athletic sports. In him, Southern fire and Northern culture were mingled. In some respects he was a typical young American. He wrote a poem called "The Raven." We are all familiar with it as a product of transcendent genius and consummate art. What is the meaning of that poem? For, it has a meaning. Let us look. It is something more than a fantastic mosaic, a creation of jingling rhyme, more than a vagary of diseased imagination, and beyond all dreams of delirium. It is a creation of loftiest genius.

Poe was thirty-six years old when, in his little cottage at

Fordham, near New York, he wrought out, perhaps, most of this weird poem. His life had been one of sin, of reckless dissipation, of gambling and debt, of waywardness, drunkenness and ingratitude. We do not brand him as a sinner above all who dwelt in the great city. Gladly would we cast the veil of charity over that dark and disastrous career, but a very long mantle of charity is needed to cover the moral blackness of that life. Though we pity, and for the sake of his genius would gladly forget the foulness, yet the simple facts require the statement that the life of Edgar Allan Poe was one of shipwreck and moral waste, though we do not believe of exaggerated moral depravity. Of him it was said in explanation :

"The critical instinct, coupled with an impulsive temperament, high ideals of perfect performance and a powerful pen, is a fatal gift to any man. The path of such a one will be strewn with the tombs of friendships which he has stabbed, many and many a time unconsciously ; his life will be haunted with vain regrets for words gone past recall, carrying consequences he did not reckon upon, hurting those he loved, missing those he aimed at. His way leads steadily through bitter animosities, bitterer remorse, and bitterest of all, isolation from his fellows, who shall clothe him with a character foreign, antagonistic and repulsive to his better nature. If he be not possessed of an o'ermastering will, a thick skin and a healthy, cheerful temper, it leads to morbidness, gloom and despair. . . . . So with this nature, and his devastating pen in hand he traced (that) descent into the living tomb."

I fancy that Poe tried to typify his own unhappy career in that poem in which he "wedded despair to harmony." The Raven settled on the bust of Pallas, goddess of Wisdom, even as that critical impulse had settled on his genius. His soul was never lifted from that shadow. He was himself of that fell work "the unhappy master."

Without entering into the controversy between his defenders and his critics, we may safely say that his life was such on which even his own memory loved not to dwell. Many of his wildest excesses were but attempts to escape from torturing memories. Let us consider the raven in that poem in which Poe has wedded harmony to despair. He tried to fly from the raven of memory, but it pursued him to the wintry end.

It is upon a midnight dreary. The student is physically weak and weary, yet led to ponder, nearly napping, over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore. The ghostly light of the dying embers flickers weirdly on the floor. Confronted by poverty as by an armed man, brooding over his troubles he tried to forget them in his books. We do not know what these volumes were, but from Poe's many allusions to Norse words, ideas and phrases, we conjecture that the poet's reference is to the mythological lore of our pagan forefathers, the Norse legends of Odin who sits with the raven of memory on his shoulder, whispering in his ears all the past. One of his hearers to whom Poe read the finished poem states that there was in the room a bust of Pallas just above the chamber door. The weary reader is musing upon this strange idea of memory in the form of a raven when he falls into a waking vision of creative genius, which becomes the fabric of this master poem. He imagines he hears a tapping on the chamber door. Filled with nervous terror, he hesitates to unlatch it, but at last, by an effort of will he flings the door wide open, and—finds nothing. He peers into the yawning darkness. He sees naught but the black and bleak December night and hears only the moaning storm. He stands, doubting, dreaming, in the darkness, until he hears the whispered word "Lenore." This "Lenore" whose name occurs so often in his poems, is that ideal woman of his fancy who never lived on earth—the "rare and radiant maiden" of his dreams—beautiful only

with a sensuous ravishing beauty in form and color and expression to the eye, but "like Undine" without a soul. So may some think, though to others this "lost Lenore" is the transfiguration of his wasted life, his ideal unfulfilled, the good lost never to come back. The name startles him. Intent on finding the whisperer, he opens the window lattice, when there steps in a raven, which, with many a flirt and flutter enters, and without further ceremony perches upon a bust of Pallas, just above his chamber door.

What is the meaning of this strange poetic creation of Poe? Is it not this?

The black raven of memory had flown in from the dark night of Poe's wasted life, and was perching, like the raven of the Norsemen on their god, yet not now on Woden, but on the god which Poe worshipped, Pallas Minerva,—the god of literary art, of taste, of knowledge; for Poe's religion was beauty but not goodness. The marble bust remained speechless, while the bird spoke. Wisdom had almost ceased to warn, but memory, ghastly, grim, gaunt and ominous, now incarnate as a raven, uttered her voice, mocking the voice of Lenore, and its burden was the dirge of hope—"Nevermore:"

> "But the raven sitting lonely
> On that placid bust, spoke only
> That one word, as if his soul in
> That one word he did outpour.
> Nothing further then he uttered,
> Not a feather then he fluttered—
> Till I scarcely more than muttered,
> Other friends have flown before—
> On the morrow, he will leave me,
> As my hopes have flown before,
> Then the bird said 'Nevermore.'"

Never again the lost opportunities of youth. Nevermore the bright, pure life of childhood and boyhood. Nevermore hope, pardon, peace. Out of the night's Plutonian shore, only the Ravens were henceforth to fly, croaking "Nevermore."

Over all the deluge of sin, feasting on the floating carcasses of drowned hopes, that restless raven was to fly to and fro on the flood, but no white dove of peace was to bring back the olive leaf, nor the rainbow arch gild with its peace-token a rain-swept but now purified landscape of life. Only the past with its raven, but not the future with its dove.

This is the reading between the poem's lines. That lover of soot and carrion and contagion was never to leave him. The poet wheels his cushioned seat in front of "the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned" into his bosom's core. He began to link fancy unto fancy. Not all is lost yet, the future may be safe.

And while thus brooding, as if to strengthen him in right resolves, Hope that springs eternal in the human breast now rises to open the gates of repentance. The angels of grace, of mercy, of love, troop into the room. They plead with the wayward man to change his life, to leave his cups, his sin, and to have a new mind. Hear him tell the story :

> "Then methought the air grew denser—
> Perfumed from an unseen censer,
> Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls
> Tinkled on the tufted floor."

Strengthened for the moment by those good presences sent from Heaven to inspire him with new impulses to right, he now tries to drive away the bitter black memory, to exorcise the demon from his presence. He says to himself rather than—not to the raven—

> "Wretch ! thy God had lent thee—
> By these angels He hath sent thee
> Respite—respite and nepenthe
> From thy memories of Lenore !
> Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe,
> And forget this lost Lenore,"
> Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

No, even though repentance come, memory will not be quiet. No Egyptian drug of Nepenthe, to which the devotee

makes himself a slave, no fiery draught in the drunkard's bowl will keep down the black shadow of memory, or drive it back to the night-shore of oblivion. Still on the mind it broods, over all art its fateful presence dwells, as it utters "Nevermore."

The poet is now in a frantic agony of soul. He beseeches this inexorable incarnation that denies nepenthe, to send ease and healing :

> "Prophet, said I, thing of evil !
> Prophet still if bird or devil !
> Whether tempest-sent, or whether tempest
> tossed thee here ashore,
> Desolate yet all undaunted,
> On this desert land enchanted,—
> On this Home by Horror haunted—
> Tell me truly I implore
> Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—
> Tell me, tell me, I implore !"
> Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Memory alone to the unrepentant soul has neither nepenthe nor balm, but only an eye that burns, a beak that eats into the bosom's core, and a croak of hopeless despair. It cannot promise for the future, invoke it as we will, adjure it as we may; call it "prophet of evil," name it "bird" or "devil," our maledictions avail not. Implore it by our inquest of beseeching looks, by our flowing tears

> "By that Heaven that bends above us,
> By that God we both adore,"

to tell us if there be hope in the future, hope that the guilty and sin-stained soul shall meet its rare and radiant ideal, and a wasted life be redeemed, and bloom again as a dewy rose; but memory utters only the raven's death-croak of denial—"Nevermore."

When this night-bird's plumes blanch to snow, then will the memory of a sinful life yield hope. Aye, though the

soul is horror-haunted and in lonely bitterness and desolate remorse rebels; though with the energy of despair it tears passion to tatters, its rage is impotent. The raven of memory moves not, it ceases not to whisper in the ear. Vainly the soul in phrenzy of indignation would command the black harbinger to the "Night's Plutonian shore." Vainly the tortured spirit cries out: "Get thee back, leave no black plume as a token, leave my loneliness unbroken."

"Take thy beak from out my heart, and
Take thy form from off my door!"

But, memory will not die, nor the raven fly into oblivion either at our cajoling or our command. The answer is still the same—"Nevermore."

After consummate skill, almost like that of angels dissecting the structure of a soul, with art as with a two-edged scalpel that divides between the mortal and the immortal, the poet concludes this *de profundis* wail of bitter experience, this Cain cry of remorse, this transcendent vision of memory, thus truthfully, in words whose cadence is as the midnight moaning of winds in a graveyard:

"And the Raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas,
Just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon's that is dreaming
And the lamplight o'er him streaming
Throws his shadow on the floor
And my soul from out that shadow
That lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore."

No, never out of that shadow was Poe's soul lifted while on earth, and, whether in eternity, God knoweth. Sin, suffering, waywardness, sorrow marked his mortal career—a life without hope. Genius, intellect, superb and matchless

literary art, availed not to save him from the hereditary taint of infirmity, from the dangers and penalties of a highly sensitive nervous organization—which without the sternest convictions of right and duty is a curse—from boon companions who led him, ah, too swiftly to an untimely grave. Unsurpassable in the music of poetic numbers, a magician of wild and weirdly impressive prose, there broods over much, if not all, of his writings the shadow of the raven, the gaunt outline of misery and hopeless portentous gloom. The Pallas of art and literary wisdom with her pallid chastity, her faultless contour, her ravishing beauty of form is there; but, perched upon her helm, with horrible talons, and sinister eye, and Plutonian hue, and cancerous beak reeking with the foul odors of moral pollution, is the raven. The carrion figure of black sin befouls and curses and haunts what else were chaste and stainless and tranquil-browed. Out of its shadow Poe's soul was never lifted. Its beak was in his heart; its form was on his door. And so this American Prometheus who in the empyrean flight of his daring genius stole the very fire of Heaven, lived chained to the rock of habit with the restless bird of memory gnawing his vitals.

Men, women, ye who are counted the gifted and the successful, this sermon is preached to you. It is for you to make the application "Consider the raven." Consider it in nature and consider it in art, for thus doing we obey the Divine Teacher's command. You and I are sometimes tempted to think that we are not as ordinary mortals, but are above them and more. We think God will not deal with us as with the average. Genius cannot sin without retribution. Consider this. Even the rare and heaven-endowed prodigy of genius cannot defy God and his holy law. Before Heaven, even Goethe and George Eliot, Napoleon, Webster and the Iron Duke, if adulterers; Poe and Shelley and Byron, if drunkards and blasphemers and roués, are to

stand before the same bar with the common ruffian and the obscure villain. No gifts of mind or body will avail to screen the transgressor in that day when the secrets of all hearts are revealed. Nor must we ever forget that this marvellous power of memory dies not with the brain that records our acts and words. Cast a sheet of writing in the fire and even on the filmy ash of it, you can read the letters ere they are swept into the draught. So, memory lives after brain is dust. God requireth that which is past. Unto the man who lived only to gratify his desires on earth, God said with love and with justice, "Son, remember." Life is still before you. By and by, you will have time enough in eternity, perhaps on earth, to review it. Be sure then, as you survey the years gone, the only bitterness will be sin. Memory ought to be God's solace, his messenger sent like a dove to rest on us, with the words uttered from Heaven—"Thou art my son, with thee I am well pleased."

"Memory" says an old song, "is the only friend that grief can call its own."

But memory to be a friend, must be sweet and pure. It must be the dove living with the pure, even in bonds, not the raven even though free, feeding on carrion. The dove and the olive leaf and the rainbow are for the faithful and obedient, and for those who hearkened to God's word, and loved and followed Him. To the disobedient, they who neglect and sneer at, and put out of their minds God's call, only the deluge and the raven; in this life, and in the life to come, the unclean beak in the heart, its gloomy form over the door, and the soul lying in its shadow to be lifted nevermore. Experience of this world works only disappointment, and to waste the life, while spurning God's call to repentance and to consecration brings at the end only remorse; for even when it is too hard to repent, memory lives, and the tooth of remorse still gnaws. It is with the neglect of the call to

repentance as it is with grave crime; and so we read, as Froude writes it:

"Remorse may disturb the slumbers of the man who is dabbling with his first experiences of crime; and so too when the pleasure has been tasted, and there remains to the man naught but to survey the ruin that has been wrought, the furies may take their seat upon the midnight pillow; but, for the most part, the meridian of evil is left unvext, so that he who has chosen an evil course is left free to pursue it to the end."

A final question remains. Poe is the teacher of gloom, and the burden of his master poem is despair. Was then Poe's own hopelessness a finality here and hereafter?

This question for his mortal life has been answered. It admits of no debate to say that during his days on earth, Poe was an inconsolable soul, a lonely pilgrim cheered by no hope, who sank at last under the intolerable burden of despair. Concerning his life in the "desert land" of invincible habit, in the "Home by Horror haunted," the Raven spoke truly. In that Gilead on which the sun shone there was no balm; but, concerning "the distant Aidenn"—Poe's fantastic solecism for life in God—it is not for the Raven, nor even for the tortured spirit to answer.

To souls in prison, for the sinner yearning for holier life, there is a "nevermore," indeed, but of sweeter sound. In his agony of soul, Poe, we cannot but believe, hoped against hope to be joined to his better self. As to life hereafter, only the Father of Mercies can give true answer. Before Him, and to all inquiry by the finite of the infinite, church, priest, prophet, bird or devil must be dumb. None but the Father of Souls can satisfy the penitent's desire, or save or destroy. Well may the vilest of the sons of men, even the hopeless victim chained during life in the flesh to the corpse of despair, gain a courage superhuman, when bird or devil, priest or dogma contradicts Almighty love. How often has

organized authority, or human judgment attempted to ventriloquize for the oracles of eternity, and to seal the doom of the individual soul. Perched upon what man loves, resting as usurper upon what incarnates his aspirations, it mimics the voice of the Christ, and gives answer of doom or weal. To all such, the outraged soul, whether of poet or publican, may well shriek:

> "Be that word our sign of parting,
> . . . . . .
> Leave no black plume here as token
> Of that lie thy soul hath spoken."

Yes, lie it is, for, against the raven croak of despair, against the ban of priest against the promptings of wicked unbelief that there is no hope is the eternal and unchanging word of Him who said: "I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more." And this "nevermore" of Him who knoweth our frame and remembreth that we are dust, is confirmed by the suffering son of man, who, to the fellow-sufferer at his side praying for remembrance, gave answer: "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

Was the prayer of the dying thief any more of faith, of desire, and of sincerity than the final word of Poe, "O God, is there no ransom for the deathless spirit?"

Rossetti tells us that in his early youth he loved and studied Poe, and "The Raven" directly inspired his own lovely creation—"The Blessed Damozel." Against the "stormy impetuousness, wild despair, and a melodramatic ornateness of expression on the one hand," there was set forth, through Rossetti "wish to evolve unlikeness out of likeness," "a heavenly calm, a sadness lit by celestial faith, and a classic simplicity and purity of form and diction." So, as often as one reads in Poe's line that croak of despair which is heard in the seventeen verses of "The Raven," varied only once by his soul's protest in the penultimate

stanza, which rises indeed not into faith, scarcely into hope, does there not come to the mind those lines of Whittier, which blaze like a beacon conquering the night.

> " Every chain that spirits wear
> Crumbles in the breath of prayer ;
> And the penitent's desire,
> Opens every gate of fire.
>
> Still thy love, O Christ arisen,
> Yearns to reach these souls in prison !
> Through all depths of sin and loss
> Drops the plummet of thy cross !
> Never yet abyss was found
> Deeper than that cross could sound.
>
> Deep below as high above,
> Sweeps the circle of God's love."

So then, while conscience is still sensitive, while you are yet living in unrepented sin, while the meridian of evil is left unvext ; be not at ease, rather take graver alarm. The soul like a carrier-dove released in this world would fly to its home in God ! Hinder it not.

Equinoxes in Life.

"Canst thou lead forth the Mazzaroth" [signs of the Zodiac] in their Season?—JOB XXXVIII : 32.

In the heart of the Bible, which is our Heavenly Father's book, we find two dramas, one a drama of the spirit, the other a drama of the affections. In the Song of Songs, we have the dramatic picture, in five acts and fourteen scenes, of a pure woman tempted as women are most tempted, keeping purity and yet reaching peace and victory. In the book of Job we have a drama of the spirit. In a tragedy with prologue, dialogue, and epilogue, we see the temptations which can most try the spirit of a man. The movement culminates in God's vindication of his servant, with whom He walks. Job's captivity is turned and his prosperity reappears.

Upon a single line of this poetical drama, a question of God as he speaks out of the whirlwind to the man of Uz, we meditate this morning. This Sabbath day falls on the autumnal equinox, and at four o'clock this afternoon, the season of autumn, as determined by the clock of the heavens, begins. The great line of the sun's path touching the line of the earth's equator, will make the autumnal equinox. Exactly one-half of the earth will be bathed in sunlight. The exact other half being in darkness. There will be equal day and night all over the world. Rejoicing as a strong man to run a race, even after uncounted centuries of unwearied activity, the sun will speed forward to the winter solstice of December 21st.

The question to Job which the inspired poet puts into the mouth of God, has an especial and felicitous timeliness today. He bids desponding Job look up to the starry heavens whence come the influences which generate rain, frost, snow,

ice. He points him to the clustered stars in the Pleiades, the bands of Orion, the Great Bear and her train, the twelve constellations which we call, after the Greeks who gave us the name, "the signs of the Zodiac," or "living creatures;" but which the Hebrews named the heavenly "houses" or "dwelling-places."

God asks, "Canst thou, lead forth the Zodiac signs, in their seasons?" Canst thou so order the universe that age after age, the sun shall to the eye of man move across the heavens according to his appointed station, and the twelve constellations be ever in their places? In a word, canst thou in order, punctuality, and silence, keep the eternities and infinities, thou who art finite man?"

The suggestions which this rich text bring to us on this day of the autumnal equinox may profit us, (1) as an aid to faith, (2) as a ground of gratitude, and (3) as a question of personal religion.

1. We draw from the text a suggestion for the nourishment of our faith.

We naturally associate the Zodiac signs with astronomy. There is no more exact science than astronomy. By it, men can prophesy events; by it foretell conjunctions, eclipses, appearances of meteors and comets; solve problems of time and space. This science, fairest of the fair, wears the crown of prediction. She leads a mighty army of truth-seekers who battle against falsehood. Like great artillery levelled at the hosts of unsubstantial terrors, dragons that devour the moon and sun, sky-born and incarnated pestilence and famines, which the heathen still see in eclipses and comets, the telescopes have routed the squadrons of darkness and dissipated the nightmares of ages.

By astronomy the sailor navigates every sea, finds his place on the surface of the earth, and comes safely to his desired haven. Because of astronomy and her daughter, the science of navigation, the stores and fruits of many

climes load our tables. With her aid, the nations make clocks and chronology and keep the ordered story of the past. Astronomy makes history possible. What a happy thought it was for geography, when cities, towns, mountains even the surveyor's stakes could be accurately located on the map and on the globe by fixing their latitude and longitude, that is, in making alignment with the stars, and evoking the harmonies of the universe. Endless are the wonders of astronomy. "Exact science," men say; "why cannot we have such certainty also in religion?" A fair question. Let us modestly make answer.

True it is that the data, the foundations of astronomy are exact and true; for they are God's alphabet, which men by ages of study learn to spell out; yet, in practice to be a good astronomer, navigator, almanac-maker, geographer, or weather-prophet, one must act just as he does in religion—"endure as seeing the invisible." He must exercise faith in things unseen. The stars and planets are God's, but astronomy, navigation and geography are man's.

Nothing is more full of imaginary lines, than the faith or the works by which we sail a ship or forecast a celestial phenomenon. Is there any such material entity as parallels of latitude or longitude? Does anything really exist corresponding to our term "an equinoctial line?" No, these are all purely imaginary.

So with weather forecasts, or the so-called equinoctial storms. The oldest inhabitant, to the contrary, notwithstanding, the imaginary act of the sun leaping across the supposed line has, so far as can be discovered, nothing whatever to do with tornadoes, gales, or floods, which people call equinoctial storms.

The meridians of longitude and the parallels of latitude which school children see drawn on the map and globe, are, first in man's faith drawn on his brain. The ignoramus at the steamer's stern, the unwitting sport of the sailor,

watches and peers in vain to see as he passes it, the 180th meridian, or the equator as he crosses it.

All these lines are like the lines of creed and confessions of faith. They are lines of belief only, for the highest science is faith in things unseen, and mysteries to the uninstructed. They cannot be seen, felt, or touched. They are relative, not absolute. They are the invisible result of argument from data, reasoning from facts to faith. They are projected by the human brain, not drawn by the finger of God. They are truth, not fact.

So, also, while Heaven's laws are perfect, men's instruments and observations are imperfect. Correction for error and personal equation must be made. Whoever saw a mathematician's perfect pound, bushel, or inch?

Yet in the faith which science gives, for science like faith is the art of seeing the invisible, men can locate a barn, decide the boundaries of a state, be pathfinder on land, or navigate a ship on the trackless ocean. Looking at the unseen but eternal laws of God, explorer, traveler, investigator, tells his place on the earth, or inventor moves into fresh worlds of knowledge. He stands on Darien peaks to look into virgin oceans. He kindles new beacons on the headlands of the once unknown.

Let blockhead, let skeptic, let doubter, let agnostic, let him, who, unless he knows all, refuses to know anything, halt, doubt, turn back; but Newton, Kepler, Galileo, Henry, will forge ahead into light, unveiling new worlds; Columbus, DaGama, Cook, Bering, Stanley will sail, march, find continents and solve the secrets of earth. So, though we cannot look upon God, though ten thousand questions perplex us, though now we see as in a glass darkly, yet in his Word we find the unchangeable data of truth. Faith projects upon the universe the meridian lines of guidance. Because the everlasting stars of promise still shine, the believer can steer aright his course.

With reverent but bold use of his own God-given powers, let each one lay down a base-line of knowledge, exact, true, and patiently measured. Then without the haste of the bigot or the procrastination of the trifler, work, wait, and watch, until by steady accumulation and patient reckoning, the believer obtains as rich, as abundant, as sure foundation for a reasonable faith as the astronomer. He obtains solid material for the building of a character that survives the wreck of worlds, and becomes part of eternity.

II. The second suggestion of the text furnishes ground of gratitude for the comfort and variety which in this life we enjoy. To our view from this earth, the sun moves through the heavens in a belt of space apparently but 16° wide. The twelve constellations or star-groups along the ecliptic were very anciently given fanciful names, after animals, such as the ram, bull, twins, crab, lion. These we still see pictured in our popular almanacs; their Latin names being Cancer, Capricorn, Leo, Virgo, etc.

The sun was conceived of as a traveller, and these points on his pathway as the dwellings or houses—the Mazzaroth of the text. Before Abraham's time, these signs of the zodiac had been sculptured on the porticoes of Egyptian temples. Then, as now, the starting point of the sun where it left the meeting place of ecliptic and equator, was used as the beginning or basis for reckoning time.

Men soon learned, however, that this point at which the sun stood at the semi-annual time of equal day and night moved forward or westward every year. Thus they learned of the precession of the "equinoxes." The constellation of the ram, which in Abraham's days stood in the first arc of the zone, or in the first 30° of the celestial circle—which science or faith projects on the heavens—now stands in the second place. In 25,868 years, all the zodiac signs will, to man's vision, have changed places; and God will have brought forth the Mazzaroth in their seasons, through a complete cycle. Three milleniums of earth's history!

Will man be living on the earth then? What will be the condition of our globe and of the race then?

Yet not only is there change, movement, progress here, but even the earth itself swings and oscillates on its axis. Like the beam of a pair of scales, the earth's axis vibrates back and forth. What seemed to the ancients the certain coming together of the two planes of equator and ecliptic, is thus prevented. Instead of coalescing, they cross, making the equinoxes and the solstices of June and December. There follows a sweet and welcome alternation of seasons, spring, summer, autumn, winter, or flowers, grain, fruit, and frost.

This tilt in the earth's spinning is not a useless freak of nature. Were there no libration or oscillation of the earth's axis, there would be everlasting tropical weather, with snow and ice unknown. Were the earth's equator and the ecliptic, or line of the Mazzaroth or Zodiac signs, to exactly coincide, without the variation of the angle of crossing, then earth would be bathed in everlasting springtime.

Should we like to have vernal zephyrs always, fair flowers ever, and rough weather absent, with Jack Frost and Boreas in perpetual exile? Which should we choose—variety, change, alternation of working and resting; or changeless verdure and languid ease?

Let fact and feeling speak and testify. I think history and sentiment have both their lessons to teach us here. We know the old hymn, "There is a land of pure delight, where . . . . everlasting spring abides . . . . etc." In connection with these verses, Dr. Watts himself wrote, "A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy." When we are tired of this life and want to die, then let us cease from wearisome variation, and desire the unwithering and unchanging. It is when we "would not live always"—and all such hymns are written under stress of the same kind of emotion, and often the specific one of disappointment—that we look for the changeless.

But, history, the way we are constituted, experience of the past, God's word written on the page and illuminated in the heavens all unite in chorus to declare that in this life, monotony means stagnation and death. Progress in humanity, advance in morals, freedom from the thrall of the animal nature, lie not under the equator, but in the zones, between the arctic circle and the tropics.

Between Cancer and Capricorn, along the belt of perpetual verdure, history has few triumphs and little grandeur; but on the golden path midway between equator and poles, has the story of the great civilizations been told. Here, like jewels on the baldric of humanity, shine the names of Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, Alexandria, and here glitter the beacon-names of Confucius, Buddha, Mahomet, Moses, and of Jesus leading them all.

In this life and on this earth, while there is work to do, life to live, triumphs to win, humanity to help, and God to serve, let us at every equinox give thanks to our Father for sweet variety and sublime alternation of seed time and harvest. Only when ready to die, unable longer to work or advance, let us ask for eternal spring and endless day.

So, welcome stormy wind, if it fulfils our Father's command. Hail to the snow-flake and the ice-crystal, come change and winter, if it be God's ordaining. Yes, and welcome, too, the new light that drives the old into shadow, if it be from Heaven.

III. There are also, lessons suggested by our text which concern our personal religion and the salvation of the soul.

It is true that God brings forth the Zodiac signs in their seasons, but the symbolism of the two equinoxes is ominously different. We are not, on this September day, at the vernal equinox which foreshadows summer's glory. We are not at the first quarter of the young year. We step today upon the threshold of autumn. Three-fourths of the year's life is past. Winter is before us. Soon the knell of

the old year will be told. Many of us are still standing where we stood, many wasted years ago. Are you nearer God? Have you faced the question of eternity? Where will you spend it?

As we think of the great golden chariot of the sun passing one by one the starry spaces in the sapphire sky, let not our imagination only be touched, but the deep springs of action be moved. Life's day to us all is shortening, but if we have "Christ in us the hope of glory," mid-life is welcome, and old age is not as a sun going down.

A Christian dies in the land of the midnight sun, where ever on his horizon is light without darkness. Even after fleshly dissolution, the sun of his hope and joy still "flames in the forehead of the morning sky." Let none be without God and without hope in the world, while the call is still "come!"

We stand to-day on the line-point of the celestial and terrestrial diameters, which make equal day and night over all the world. Sunlight and shadow, life-giving warmth and blackness are equal. So it may be in your moral being, so may you leniently think of yourselves—you who are not humbled in penitence before God. Perhaps your friends excuse you as good fellows, and as was said, by Iago, of Cassius, they may say of you:

> "do but see his vice,
> 'Tis to his virtue, a just equinox,
> The one as long as the other."

So you say, you will balance rightly.

It may be, but even were it so, could man be just with his Maker, could human virtues weigh equally with demerit, were there no overpowering divine judgment against sin, no condemnation already, still remember that the equinox is but a point of time. Not only daily, but hourly, the space between sun-glow and sunset shortens, darkness lengthens. So, even as the great dramatist hints at the "odd moment of

infirmity" in Cassius, whose vice and virtue were equal; so, in your case, sin, ever crouching at your door, may leap upon you to bear you down. The soul with only equal equilibrium of sin and righteousness—as men reckon these—is on the down grade, its momentum is toward eternal loss. Our souls need transforming grace to arrest and turn into the current and movement towards life eternal.

"Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed, to the things that were heard, lest haply we drift away from them."

Love, the Fire of God.

"*Love . . . . . a very flame of Jehovah.*—"SONG OF SONGS," VIII: 6.

"Love," as has been well defined, "is an attachment of the affections to any object, accompanied by an ardent desire to promote its happiness." This object may be accomplished (1) by abstaining from all that could prove injurious to it; (2) by doing all that can promote its welfare, comfort, or interests; and this whether the object is indifferent to these efforts or whether it can and does appreciate them.

In its root, love is something personal, emanating from a personal being, and directed towards another. Thus its moral or immoral character is determined by its being called forth (1) by the real worth of the personality towards which it is directed; or (2) by the physical appearance of the latter; or (3) by the advantages it may offer."

Our text is the very heart and key of the book in which it is founded. It is the leading note in the Song of Songs. Here we have this personal unselfish nature of love painted in glowing colors.

"Place me as a signet-ring upon thine heart," pleads the Shulamite to her lover; for the signet-ring is an emblem of close, inseparable connection, and most faithful preservation. The signets of ancient time, having name and likeness engraved thereon, were worn by a string upon the breast, or bound to the arm or right hand. Above everything else they were the sacred and cherished property of the owner. To be then as one's own private seal, with its impression stamped upon heart and arm, was to be made as one's own, to be part of one's self.

So, also, that which we truly love is deepest in us. What we profess lies on the surface. We say we love this or that

and we may give our money, and make moderate sacrifice in behalf of the object; but what we truly love is deep below in the soul's fibre, woven into us, capable of withstanding fire, or flood, or bribe. When formed within us, and fully grown, it is not to be argued about. It is not subject to reason. It is proof against ridicule. It is deaf to argument or statistics. It is spontaneous, steel-clad against assaults, and persistent. It is the ruling passion strong in the dying hour, and itself death-conquering. It becomes not only part of ourself, but is self, so that the wise and they that know human nature recognize its quality.

Sometimes we call these deep loves—within a certain range, at least—our tastes, and an old proverb of a very practical people, writes their biography and publishes the notification of "Hands Off" in these words:—"De gustibus non est disputandum," (Concerning tastes, there must be no argument.)

For love is not only as strong as death, but it mocks and challenges and dares the conqueror. The constancy of love baffles all attempts to suppress or extirpate it. The poetry of Canticles does not exaggerate when it confers on this human passion the peerage of equality with mankind's destroyer.

Death is strong, all conquering, yields not to prayer, persuasion, or force. Castle gates in vain bar him out. The mailed and armed warrior foolishly would ward him off, nor can physician order him to halt. The fountains of youth or the elixir of life to render the body invulnerable against his shafts are but romancer's fiction and alchemists' dreams. Despite them all, Pallid Death will knock at palace and hut, and restlessly enter, bearing away whom he will.

Yet, true love is as strong as the rider on the pale horse; for love resists all impressions, overcomes all obstacles, conquers destruction, and survives the decay of the body.

Hard, intractable, unyielding as Sheol is love. As Sheol

the underworld, the grave of graves, asks for everything and gets it, insatiably takes, but never gives back, so pure love is both invincible and unyielding. The word here translated jealousy means rather zeal or intensest love and instead of "cruel" we should read "hard," "immovable," "unyielding."

Zealous love intensely excited is not that kind of jealousy which is love in a bad sense, love that has cooled, that died, became a corpse, has suffered decomposition into baser elements and is bitter, malignant, selfish, sensual. No such sense is intended here.

A few years ago a man who murdered a woman because she declined his addresses, suffered the penalty of the law. Careless people and the newspapers said he was driven to the dreadful deed by his love for her. But this is absurd. "Love worketh no evil." Love seeks the good of its object and whenever passion fails to do this it is not love in any degree, or in any respect. It is sensual lust. Love may hold in noblest obedience and form into God-likeness, lower elements, even as the tissues of brain and marrow are but living units of humbler atoms. Life means beauty and highest service, but death means dissolution and decay most foul. So when love suffers a death-change its secondary products may be lust, revenge, hatred.

The murderer who degraded the name of love was actuated only by intense selfishness, by fierce brutal desire for his own enjoyment, without any regard to the feelings or the interest of the unfortunate woman whom he professed to love. Whatever we truly love we cannot bear to have harmed. Be it baby, son, daughter, lover, friend, church, country, things of persons great or small, we seek only their good. From us to them can come no harm. Yes, even when rival, covetous enemy or friend seize what is ours, at Solomon's judgment we shall drop and yield even our child when our quick ear hears its cry of pain. Love thinketh no evil.

The murderer could not have had even a scintillation of that tender, generous, self-sacrificing sentiment, which one who felt it describes as suffering long, thinking no evil, hoping all things, enduring all things. Such passion is truly called love. When cherished, love refines and exalts the possessor.

Such jealousy as the murderer has when he immolates his victim on the Moloch altar of his selfish lust, is as "cruel as the grave;" but the meaning in the scripture is that as common, everyday love, such as is often witnessed, is as strong as death, so pure unselfish burning love is even more, It is in itself, at its own pure shrine hard, unyielding, enduring all shocks, refractory in flame, insoluble in flood, never moved, never degraded into lust or sensual selfishness, but holding to its object with the grip of the grave which never yields its hold.

Real love is burning. Its coals are coals of fire. Its flames consume self. It is a synonym both for fire and for purity, even as the Greek word for "fire" and for "pure" are one and the same; for, fire purifies, and so love cleanses, exalts, refines. The heart in its crucible loses grossness. The man who is truly in love becomes instantly more modest, more pure, more unselfish, and more reverent. Besides the smoking furnace which consumes the sacrifice of self, there goes forward to lead the purified soul the burning lamp of divine guidance.

It is difficult to render the vividness of the Hebrew metaphor "the coals thereof are coals of fire." Literally it is "sparks," "rays," "flames," or "sons of the flame." Outflashings, as of the incandescent iron from the forge, are suggested by the Hebrew word for love. In the poet's view, this love purifies the lover as well as the loved, and thus verifies its divinely invincible power, and its inextinguishable intensity.

Such quality belongs to pure love, because in its highest

manifestation it is not a natural fire. It is not born of flesh and blood. It is a blaze kindled of God. Resplendent as is the flame arising from the heart's altars and so often adorning human life and history, the fountain of its fire is God himself, for love is "a very flame of the Lord."

Love is divine. Our English words of the old version which here describe love as "a most vehement flame" are as far below the white heat of the Hebrew original as a candle is below a star. "Love" says the singer of Canticles, "is a blaze of Jehovah." Men miss the secret of "Solomon's Song" if they read it and find not the name of God therein. That holy name is enshrined in its substance, but only in conjunction with the doctrine of the poem in this one place. Here is the mountain crest to which the whole argument moves, the radiant apex of the doctrinal and moral contents of the entire book. Love is the lightning of Jehovah. What the New Testament states as doctrine, the Old Testament feels in its inmost fibre.

As of old from mountain peak to mountain peak was telegraphed to the Jews of the Dispersion, along the Mediterranean headlands, the news of the moon rising, from Jerusalem to Rome, so here, from the summit of Old Testament poetry to New Testament doctrine, from Canticles to gospel, from sacred poet to inspired apostle is signalled in letters of light—"Love is a blaze of Jehovah," "God is love."

Through the telescope lenses of the Revision, even the English reader may scan the firmament of Revelation and discern the clear shining of this everlasting binary star. Let it swim into our ken, and control our lives.

Nor can much of the elements most hostile to it extinguish this heaven-kindled flame. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. That which is deepest in ourselves will survive both the sprinklings of opposing circumstances and the washings of the torrent which sweep away all surface obstacles. "Nec flatu, nec fluctu." As

water is born out of fire, so also fire as well as water is the symbol of the divine passion. Love, like the fire in Elijah's trench, will but lick up the impotent moisture of opposition.

Fire is single, regal, imperious, will not mix with other elements, nor receive into itself a foreign body. It is either itself extinguished, or it consumes all; but it will have no substitute. Therefore, if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.

Money will not excite real love, nor produce it artificially where it does not exist. To such propositions, true love renders only contempt, and the bribe is despised. Untemptible, uncoercible, love holds her own against flood, fire, or stuff. Whatever men or women may say, or whatever worldly ambition or mercenary fashion may dictate, love looks to the person and not to the pelf.

Thus have we attempted to develop the thought of the text, that true love between man and woman, between the human soul and its ideal, is a mysterious divine creation. It is a power superior to death, which can neither be quenched nor extinguished by any calamity or hostile force. It cannot, simply by will power, be produced in one's self, or kindled in others. There is a divine necessity in it—a God-enkindled flame that seizes irresistibly upon man like death.

Nevertheless, with this divine necessity, there is also human freedom, for the deepest love of a man in his truest self. Not what he professes, but what in reality he loves most is his ego, his personality. Would you know the real heart of a man? Ask what he loves best. One's character is determined by his loves. As with nations and civilizations, so is it with individuals. Each soul's idol is but the embodiment of his truest self. What are the gods of the heathen? Only their embodied exaggerated selves. We worship what is our best selfhood. Whether we apply this

principle to man or to Deity, we say that his love is the measure of his nature. What he loves, he is.

Let us make but three illustrations and applications of our text. Apply this truth to (1) God; to (2) the soul that loves God; and to (3) the man without love to his Maker.

First then the question "what is God," is answered when we know what God loves. All our theology centers here. It is not cruelty, injustice, oppression, uncleanness, folly or disorder, sin, or iniquity that God enjoys, but compassion, tenderness, justice, truth, purity, beauty, and every sweet and gracious virtue.

Above and supremely beyond his creation, God loves his human creatures. His deepest soul yearns for their happiness. He wants them to be like him. God pities, compassionates, labors for the good of his creatures. God loves boundlessly, infinitely, God is love. We know his charaeter because we know that he loves, and what he loves. He is the author of every glow of affection in His creatures. He implants the instinct in the worm and the bird and the beast. The purer flame he kindles in man. He teaches him by providence and revelation to love like himself, purely, unselfishly. He would save man from evil by the moving of his own nature, by the sacrifice of himself, by his Son well-beloved and thus He gives proof and token of his desire to save.

Stronger than death, victorious over the grave is God's love for His church, which He is gathering to himself from among all mankind, lifting her up step by step to the luminous elevation of His own holiness and truth. He has indulgence for her weaknesses, pardons her relapses into sin, shields and protects her, until at last he shall have brought her to the resplendent consummation of eternal salvation.

God's true character, and His real selfhood is opened to

us in that we see that he is love. In us, love is kindled from without, from God, but in Deity the fire is his own nature. Unprompted, unexcited, spontaneous, absolute, free,—God is love.

Apply now this truth to the children of God. What matters what a man professes, if the inward self agree not with word of lip? We are what we love. Do we love truth, purity, sincerity, honesty, holiness, devotion, charity, help to our fellows and communion with our Father, then are we the sons of God, begotten of God, and the spark of Jehovah is within us. Do we aspire each day to leave behind our old dead selves of folly, failure, meanness, earthiness, and long to have God dwelling in us, his Spirit purifying our actions, motives, and words, making us free, glad, joyous in His service? Then are we his children indeed. But, do we want to love crookedness, meanness, selfishness, dishonesty, trivial excuses for neglect of duty? Do we think to buy off our conscience with a subscription, or in any way to get the credit and good fame of a Christian without cross or sacrifice? Then, whatever we be in man's eyes, we are hypocrites, Judases, lepers, in God's sight. Instead of the sparks of Jehovah electrifying our pulses to beat for Christ, the bale-fires of Satan are leading us to the judgment of Hell.

It is not the slave's cringing obedience, nor the empty shell of outward conformity, but the freedom of love, and the pearl of devotion that God desires. No fasting, prayers, substitute, no commutation of any sort can be found in God's service for love. If a man would offer all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned. Aye, for those who in their hearts reproach God as a hard and austere Master, there remaineth naught but shame and everlasting contempt. God will not forgive those who continually slander him. Nor should we take offense easily against Christ or His church. Rather let us have within

us that which the floods cannot drown, nor the waters quench.

This principle is all-embracing, and none can escape it. How many of us say in our lives, "I will not give to God the token He requires, ally myself with the church, nor number myself with his people, but I will give my respect to religion, maintain a moral walk, and part with my substance for the church." In this way they would commute with their Maker, and give collateral on their own valuation to purchase a substitute for the love which God requires. In other words, they would offer some outward thing but not self.

What trifling; what pollution! offering of strange fire on God's altar. How men grow gray in such ingratitude! Will God be deceived by this counterfeiting? Can a man say he loves or even obeys God, when he holds back his soul, his inner self? Does he not lie unto God? The fate of all deceivers of Deity, Cain, Achan, Saul, Judas, Annanias, we know. Let us be sure that in making inventory with the All-seeing, in reckoning up our assets with Jehovah, His eye will pierce our mental reservations, expose all our plausibilities. "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy mind and thy soul and thy strength." Without our heart, all our substance will be contemned. Were we to give all our substance to feed the poor, and have not love we are nothing.

If we make love to God the principle of our daily action, then this divine fire will consume all dross, and buoy up the soul toward its parent source. Then the future world may take care of itself. To our prayer sent up to God, "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm," will come daily consciousness of the answer, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

Youth and Old Age.

ECCLESIASTES XII.

A charming and genial American writer, the late James T. Fields, in his old age and during his last sickness, wrote a chapter of reminiscences entitled "Then," in which he thus speaks of the halcyon days of youth.

"Then, the world was a holiday planet, and things were precisely what they seem, notwithstanding the words of the poet. Then, the whole year was May, albeit the seasons did change occasionally. Then, the skies were brighter, the thunder louder, the lightning vivider, the snow whiter, the skating smoother, the waves higher, and the banks sounder than they represent themselves today. Then, as a human race, people were specially well-favored. Then, we got more for our money than we do at this era of the solar system. Then, it was a boon to be alive, and we thoroughly appreciated the privilege. Then, the summer mornings were full of singing birds always waiting outside our windows to help us begin the day with happiness. Then, flowers were born as if to accompany the birds in their benevolent mission. Then, all our dreams were pleasant imaginings, Arabian Night's Entertainments, frolic visions of untroubled joys. Then, June was the longest and loveliest month in the calendar. Then, we were never depressed by bad weather. Then, headache had no lodgement nearer than our neighbor's brain. Then, personal rheumatism was unknown to us. Then, insomnia had not been invented, and we were not obliged to draw upon the apothecary for vials of sleep. Then, we could walk twenty miles a day without fatigue, *Then, we were young.*"

All this does indeed set forth the charms of youth as con-

trasted with the infirmities of advanced life. With many, old age is that period in which there is little pleasure in the years that come. The infirmities of the body or mind make life a burden to carry, instead of a flood to float us.

The picture of the drawing nigh of evil days, as given in Ecclesiastes is not one of a hale and serene old age, nor is it that of a devout Christian. It is rather the description of a sensualist, or selfish, aimless man, who has wasted life, abused the bodily powers, or allowed his ill tempers and fretful moods to corrode and destroy the possibility of happiness. The once young man, who walked after the sight of his eyes and the ways of his heart has now come to senility. He who took pains to forget his Creator in the days of his youth has spent his capacities for joy.

True religion in youth will not keep off old age, but it will sweeten it when it comes ; it will make it cheerful and tolerable. Instead of a morbid and sour spirit, there will be peace and resignation. In place of fault finding, snapping and groaning, the graces of character will multiply. Holy living makes grand and lovely and brave old heroes and heroines. Their presence in life is inspiring and their memories after death blossom and smell sweet.

The imagery of this twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes is that of a house, or rather a lordly mansion, in which are rich treasures. There are singers and music, fountains and lamps. Strong men to defend, and sentinels on the towers to watch and keepers of the riches within are here. Let us look at these in detail, as we read the pictured story of the old age that comes after a youth in which God has been forgotten.

First, the years come like unwelcome visitors. The master within does not enjoy seeing them, for he has no pleasure in their stay. The days are too many and are unenjoyed. Instead of long, bright, happy golden mornings, with pulse high-beating and happiness abounding, the sunny hours are

few and the cloudy ones many and bitter. The nights are uncertain in their gift of sleep.

Instead of the shining joys of youth, symbolized by the sun and the morning light and the moon and stars, there are gloom and darkness. Misfortune and punishment await senility because of violations of nature's laws. In youth, troubles were soon forgotten, they were like clouds that went away ; but in godless old age, they even come tomorrow and again. Yes, "the clouds return again after the rain," and life is one long drizzly day. There is no heaven of gold but only a sky of lead. One long winter rules instead of summer's quickly passing thunderstorm.

Yet the troubles are not only outside. The human body is often compared to a house. The metaphor is here extended in detail. "The keepers of the house shall tremble."

These defenders are the two arms, which with the hands preserve and protect the body. Though like the pickets of an army outside of it, they are yet part of it. In old age, these alert keepers became palsied, and tremulous.

The legs in youth are as marble columns, as strong men who rejoice in their strength. Then, we are proud to walk our many miles, but when age creeps on the legs lose their muscular power and become feeble, until at last, with rheumatics and paralysis, the strong men "bow themselves."

Higher up, in the internal arrangements of our physical house, the grinders cease because they are few. The teeth, which all their life have been as a busy mill, never taking rest or holiday, but three times a day or oftener, furnishing their grist for the wants of the body, begin to slacken in activity. They drop out, like cogs from a wheel. Because they are few, they cease their function. In second childhood, the once hearty eater goes back to the soft and liquid nourishment of first babyhood.

Then also, "those that look out of the windows shall be

darkened." The teeth are like slaves, they are our grinders; but the eyes are our sentinels, posted on the highest part on the towers of the house. Looking out of the windows of the soul, through the netted veil, or grating of the eye-lashes, they keep watch. This, the most noble of our organs, darkens. Sight fails, vision dims, blindness too often closes the shutters and draws the curtain forever.

"And the doors," that is the lips, "shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low." The upper and lower lips are like the two sides or folds of a door. These are shut, for the appetite is gone. Former visitors, in the shape of tempting viands, are no longer admitted, though once welcomed. The "doors are shut," for "the sound of the grinding is low;" and they are closed to the street. It is by the street that we have communication with the world outside of our house, whence come our supplies, letters, provisions, and visitors. These, appetite, hearing, enjoyment of conversation, are often shut to the aged.

"And he shall rise up at the voice of the bird." The least sound disturbs his slumbers or awakens the very old man, so that he cannot again enter within the doors of slumberland.

"And all the daughters of music shall be brought low." With broken voice the aged man can no longer join in the songs once so familiar and easy. The new tunes have no music to his ear, if indeed he can hear at all.

He becomes "afraid of that which is high." No longer can he run up flights of stairs. He fears ascents and climbing, disliking whatever is towering or lofty. Fear controls where once absent. The shrunken chest no more allows the steep to be mounted; but "fears are in the way." A thousand dangers, which youth never imagines or reasons about, are thought of and worried over.

"And the almond tree shall flourish." The silvery head of old age recalls the blossoming of the almond tree which

comes in winter, when the trunk is naked and leafless, and the blossoms in falling appear like snow flakes. So the old man's head blooms in the winter of life. Yet while this is true for the hale and hearty we see, suggested in the Hebrew name of the almond tree, viz. : "the waker," the short and uncertain sleep of the aged, often becoming the dreaded insomnia.

Then also "the grasshopper shall be a burden." Trifles annoy him. He cannot bear the least weight. He who was once as lively as a cricket, merrily jumping, has now to be carried. Another shall guide him, and not he himself. "And desire shall fail," or as the Hebrew has it, literally, the caper-berry loses its power. The appetites have withered and even stimulants do not rouse them. For the man then is on the point of going to his long home. The decaying house of flesh will soon tumble, and give way to the long home, the house of eternity. His place on earth will be empty. The mourners will "go about the streets" and up the hill to pay their last sad rites—dust to dust, the spirit returning to God who gave it.

Or, to turn to imagery more closely depicting the interior organs and inner parts of the body, which like precious gems or furniture are set deepest within—"or ever the silver cord be loosed"—the preacher presses his point. He has now his eye upon the nerves, those argent threads of life, which in the spinal cord become a great rope of many strands. Before ever these relax their tenseness of health and strength and collapse into helplessness, it is well to remember the Creator who made and gave.

Or, "the golden bowl be broken." As a silver chain holds a golden lamp, so the great spinal nerve and the head are closely linked together. The skull is the golden bowl that safeguards the reservoir of the brain, which like precious oil feeds the mind and gives light to the body. With muscles flaccid and nerves less sensitive, the silver cord is loos-

ened. Even the brain ceases its vigor. Often the mind decays before the body. Thus, one by one, the parts of the house fall into ruin.

In oriental palaces, the fountain is in the very centre of the building, as the heart, the fountain of our physical life is midway between the ribs. As wheel and bucket, as pitcher and pulley, so are the wondrous heart-valves that give and send out the red stream of life in constant ebb and flow. Under the figure of the sinking and the rising bucket of the well, we discern the systole and diastole of the contracting and dilating heart. In the general ruin of the house, even the fountain shares, "Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel be broken at the cistern." When at last, the heart ceases to beat, then death has come.

"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was," for of this body, the house rented for a few years to its heavenly tenant, the spirit, it was said even in Eden, "Dust thou art, and unto dust, shalt thou return;" but the spirit that goeth upward, shall wing its flight unto the God who gave it.

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter." God, even in this life,—and how much more in the life to come,—"will bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." "Therefore, remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh." This means, fly from lust and sin and take care of those wonderful fearful things called nerves. "Son remember" ever to love "thy Creator now in the days of thy youth." Obey his laws in body, mind, and spirit. Love thy Saviour now, and do not think that religion is only for the aged.

"So live in thy youth that old age bring to thee not terrors, but only desire of relief from the yoke of this earthly life, and the joyful hope of everlasting life with God."

How often we hear the young man and the maiden say, as they look on detestable and unlovely old age,—"I should rather die now than live to be such a man, such a woman," Yet, remember young man, young woman, forget not, that in your own hands, lies the power of becoming what you will in the evening of life—like the tree, gnarled and crooked and sour, or resinous and green. God's promises to those that wait on him are that they shall renew their youth, mount on wings as eagles, run without being wearied, and walk without fainting. For them, "at evening time it shall be light." And if there come not "that which should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," it will be strange, unless perchance Death hath been too busy a reaper. Yet it is possible, even in an old age of loneliness, to live in the light of eternal hope, with the dawn light of heaven upon the brow, and the peace of God in the heart; and, these things of the spirit are better than all earth's gifts. God grant that to each of you,

> "An old age serene and bright
> And lovely as a Lapland night,
> Shall lead thee to thy grave."

In faith, trusting in Him who only hath immortality, may we be able to say with Paul, "For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens."

The Child One Hundred Years Old.

"*The child shall die an hundred years old.*"—ISAIAH LXV : 20.

What means the prophet, when he says that "*a child* shall die an hundred years old?" We know how most persons look when four score years and ten have passed. We all, I trust, honor their grey hairs, and their venerable presence; but we know that the rosy and smooth skin, the liquid eye, the dimpled cheek, the movements of childhood are not theirs. The springing step, the chronic restlessness, the exuberant life of youth do not belong to the winter of age. Instead of the animal nature, so pronounced in early life, the mental, or the spiritual now predominates. Often, the hoary hairs are a crown of glory that hath for its silver, experience; for its gold, wisdom; for the flashing jewel of its diadem, serene faith in God. Nevertheless, the octogenarian, though he may be a child in royal simplicity of character, is not an infant of days in bodily freshness.

To make this text allude to dotage, to second childhood, would be to thrust a cruel sarcasm into the place of a sweet promise, and to turn the wine of the gospel into the vinegar of a gibe.

What then does prophetic utterance mean, when it promises that "a child shall die an hundred years old?" I can imagine a crowd of wooden-headed commentators wiping their spectacles, and mopping their foreheads, in puzzling over this text. I have read some comments on it that were as opaque as their writers were stupid. "It is a contradiction," says one Gradgrind. "It is rhapsody," says another, who reads the figurative language of the Bible as he would that of an almanac or a law book. Other comments, when you have perused them, leave the text as if seen through a cheap window-pane, distorted.

As we read the Bible, we take the passage for true poetry. It is a highly poetical way of stating a fact—the fact not of eternal life, but only of longevity. Many a divine truth is thus expressed in the Scriptures. He who has no soul for poetry, who must have every promise or doctrine written out like a deed or mortgage, in bald-headed, colorless forms of speech, will stumble often in reading the Bible—the most undogmatic book ever penned by man. For some people, even the chronicles and genealogies and laws of the Hebrews are too good, for they flash out poetry even in their very names.

God is the great Poet and Artist. He writes his stanzas over all the earth, and the heavens are the illuminated scrolls of His imagery. Even to the potato he gives first a flower, and to the matter-of-fact pumpkin he sends a golden blossom. The harvests are emerald and gold before they are meal and bread. Before the bins and cider mills are full, God hangs all the orchards with bridal garlands. The poetry of bloom comes before the prose of fruit. Perfume and honey and petals and the passionate corolla are sent first as heralds of the hardened seed. The highest truth appears first in the robes of figure and metaphor.

The heart of the Bible is its poetic language; and, if it be objected that such a form of expression leads to various interpretations, it may be answered without fear of gainsaying —so does the language even of law—else lawyers could not live. Let the experts of the assembly and senate; the masons and architects of legal phraseology try, if they can, to frame a law that shall be lawyer-proof, and from which the attorneys shall draw only one sense and meaning. Do we not all know that from many a provision on the statute-books, a smart lawyer can extract as many meanings suited to his various cases, as a chemist can get colors out of coal tar? Even the plain texts of the Bible are, in the hands of various minds, like some Chinese words, which have a single sound

to the ear, but may, by the written characters, be expressed in one or two hundred different ways, meaning as many diverse objects.

Let us not then find fault with the Heavenly Father for permitting his inspired prophets to utter their thoughts in metaphors, parables, and poetry, and in their own way.

Our text is poetry, but it is also truth. We in this twentieth century can understand its meaning better by far than the dead of ages gone by. To them it was a chrysalis, a cocoon, evidently having life and meaning inside of it, but still in their day wrapped up from demonstration. They accepted it as a highly poetical promise of long life to the righteous, and short life to the wicked. To us, the chrysalis bursts, and we behold the perfect butterfly with all the splendid colors and gauze and microscopic wonders of actual reality.

The child now in a true sense may die an hundred years old. As vast volumes of gas lie packed in a drop of water, as a thunderbolt of fire and a barn full of air, lies condensed in a flake or two of dynamite, so the experience of a century of years may now be pressed into a child's life. Once, to go round the world required a life-time; now, it can be done by an infant of days, before he cuts his teeth. Once, to send a message of speech or a page of writing to Africa or China required months or years. Now, it can be done between breakfast and supper and an answer come back before midnight. Walk down Broadway, look at the business heart of this continent and you will see that this is an age of wire, and there is a force which has turned the wires into nerves that thrill. Once, only living creatures had nervous systems, now the earth and mankind have one.

The President of this American Republic dies. In one week 600,000,000 human beings have heard of it. In Long Island Sound the mighty rocks under Hell-gate are honeycombed by human bees, who store and fill its rocky cells

with cartridges of artificial honey, that is, a substance made from a sweetish soft compound of glycerine and a harmless gas we constantly breathe. The child of four years touches the circuit key, and Manhattan Island shakes to its centre. Over the East River is spun a colossal spider's web, more wonderful than silk worm's weaving and as strong as a million Titans, and all made in a few months.

> "Young children gather as their own,
> The harvest that the dead have sown."

The heir of all the ages, the child of the twentieth century will, when ten years old, be able, under an intelligent teacher, to enjoy more of the fruits of science, art, invention, discovery, than Methusaleh and all his sons and daughters. Who cares to live nine hundred years and simply eat, drink, and sleep, but see or experience little outside of a narrow rut of daily sameness? In knowledge of the earth's surface the school boy may actually know more in extent than Ptolemy, or Copernicus; and in astronomy *see* more than Kepler or Newton. If one of the men who built the great cathedrals of the year 1000 had died in the year 1493, when Columbus came back from America, he would have seen less of the wonders of science in his nearly five hundred years of life, than is possible to a school boy of to-day.

That for which scholars and students labored for ages to discover and perfect, are now commonplaces in our households from which the novelty has long since gone. Even in Bible history and corroboration of its truth, one may with one year's study now, learn—not indeed in wisdom, but in accummulated knowledge—more than Bede or Alcuin of the Middle Ages could gain in three centuries. Within this generation, Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Rome, Cyprus, and the tombs of dead ages and races have called up their witnesses, who come up out of their sand, forth from their graves. They confront us with their tablets and sculptures. Their records in clay, papyrus, parchment, marble, gold,

and on gems, testify to the truths of the Old Testament, and of the New. The same names, the same events, the same people which figure in the pages of the prophets and historians, rise up in resurrection from the bricks of Nineveh the mummies of Egypt, and the stones of the Catacombs.

It is often asked "do ministers know more in this age than those of a century or two ago, those giants of learning and religion?" We answer that even the dwarf by climbing on the giant's back can see more.

This is the meaning we think, which is meant to be conveyed in the prophet's forecast;—that with the increase of the principles of righteousness as well as of knowledge on the earth, men shall fill out their lives with more comfort and happiness and a century of life's experiences shall be possible to the child.

Already, we may add, a very important section of the Israelites, the Reformed Jews, accept the prophecy as already fulfilled. They aver that the conditions of life as they are at present, compared with past ages, have exhausted the meaning of this and of Old Testament prophecy. They declare that no Messiah is to come in the flesh. He has come in the civilization of modern times. No personal Christ will ever appear, but the fulfilment of the Old Testament promises is to be sought in the general improvement of society, in the triumphs of science, the comforts of life, in the reign of peace and toleration, and in good fellowship, love and brotherhood.

"But!" you will say, and so will every unprejudiced reader of the Hebrew scriptures say, "This is a pretty way of interpreting Isaiah and Abraham, and David and Joel." And so it is. To take out the person, the Messiah, from the Old Testament, is to take the blood out of a man, a yolk out of an egg, the ghost out of Hamlet, or the pope out of Romanism. It is to interpret the Old Testament as a spider interprets a fly, leaving only a dry shell of wings and legs.

A Hebrew without hope of the Messiah has no business to be a Hebrew. The Old Testament without the fulfilment of the Messianic hope is little more than a book for one little nation, like the classics of China, the Kojiki of Japan, or the Vedas of the Hindoos.

But from the New Testament standpoint, all is clear. We have the Messiah and the nineteenth century too. Our faith includes both, for we believe the twentieth century will be more glorious because of the Christ of Bethlehem. We have the improvement of society, and the benefit of science, art, invention, and discovery, in a word, the civilization of Christendom, and an eternal Saviour also. Yet to put civilization only in place of Jesus or his salvation, is to give stones for bread, thorns for figs, and scorpions for eggs.

For, though this high-pressure life in our century has its blessings, it brings its penalties also. We have to pay for living too fast. We wear out rapidly, like railway tracks which, even though of Bessemer steel, are soon used up under lightning express trains. At all hazards, we secure a seat in the flyer to quick success in business, when lo! we find also a return ticket. "We pass in our checks" sooner than we expect, and become passengers in a hearse, Many a man who starts in his new suit for Wall street and a million, comes back in a box as freight. New diseases hang on our fast age, like the tags and bobs of foundered kites from our city telegraph wires. "American nervousness" is already a proverb. Insane asylums, which used to belong only to old countries, have to be built in every one of our Western states at once. Heart disease is alarmingly common. The old petition in the litany against sudden death is vain, for nothing is more common.

Thousands who can't live fast enough, disregarding all the danger signals of nature's flagmen, rush at full speed into collision and wreck. When the tubes and valves of nerves and heart and brain begin to flutter and puff, and

wheeze, then their owners imitate the old-time western engineers. They sit down on the safety valves by pouring in the anaesthetics and anodynes. In our excitement to heap up wealth, men and women are like the old racing steamboats of the Mississippi, that fed the furnaces with ham and bacon rather than to be beaten. Men say "we can't help it we'll be left behind, for that is the way they do business now," "its success or the poorhouse."

Overwork kills its thousands, and worry its tens of thousands. Education, instead of training the mind to make it tough and strong, tends every day to be more and more a cramming process. Men want to make their fortune in a year or two. Honest, hard work with intervals of daily rest is very much out of fashion. The hope of making a fortune by a quick "spurt," a lucky hit, a flyer, or a somersault, fires the brain, and fills the graveyard. Life wears out fast. Not all science nor a thousand quack medicines or elixirs can prevent death; nor do all the myriad discoveries of this wonderful century alter the relations of man to God, pardon one sin, nor answer the question, "How shall mortal man be just before his maker?"

To recapitulate, we believe that the essential meaning of the prophet's words are that though Methusaleh, and Enos, and Adam, and Enoch may have lived a very long time on the earth, in the infancy of our race, yet in the latter days of the New Testament dispensation, human life shall not be so much lengthened, as condensed. Men will be filled, and surcharged with newer forces and experiences, so that even a child by experience of the world may compass the results of a century of old time life. More and more the conquest of the forces of nature, the knowledge of the earth within and without, and heaven visible and invisible, in accordance with God's command, are making for us a new heaven and a new earth, and so making a short life to-day fuller and richer, than the centuries of Methusaleh, or the decades of Noah.

Yet along with these promises and prophesies whose partial fulfillment we now see, and whose perfect fruiting the saved in Christ shall behold, are the warnings and the promises concerning the moral and spiritual life, to which we do well to listen solemnly and to heed earnestly.

What avails it to us, that this age spreads out its wonders for us, if we do not repent of our sins, and live lives more earnest, more full of truth and love and purity and close following in the footsteps of the Master? Suppose our earthly existence spans the arch of one hundred years, yet what profits it, to any of us to gain the whole world, and lose the soul? Even long life which we crave so much is but sorrow and misery if it be said of us, "the sinner being an hundred years old shall be accursed."

If we regard not now the call to repentance and to duty, the prophets' words refer to us as truly as to the sinners in his day, and his words are as God's words to us:—"Because when I called ye did not answer; when I spake, ye did not hear; but did evil before mine eyes, and did choose that wherein I delighted not."

Oh, if you would fill the measure of your days aright, and give to life its true meaning as a servant of God created and put on this earth with an immortal soul to keep and train, come to the Saviour now. Lay aside all excuses and cavils, and procrastination, and enter the Kingdom of Heaven as an infant of days. For the Christ, the Messiah promised of all the prophets from Adam to Moses and from Moses to Malachi—whose name is Jesus, hath himself said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

It is not quantity, but quality of life on earth which we should seek, and which Jesus came to give, "I am come," said he, "that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly," that is, above the common, beyond and over the common existence.

Mother s Love and God's.

"Can a mother forget her sucking child? . . . yet will I not forget thee."—ISAIAH XLIX : 16-17.

"The Great Prophecy of Israel's Restoration," which fills fourteen chapters of the writings of Isaiah, is one of the sublimest strains ever uttered by seer or poet.

The glory of its hope, the grandeur of its theme, the consummate beauty of its diction, and the lofty elevation of its style, have led critics, like Ewald, to doubt its traditional authorship. To the Isaiah of history they credit the first forty chapters, while the remaining twenty-six were written, say they, by a "deutero or second Isaiah"—some later wielder of the inspired pen—or, as Ewald describes him, "The Great Unnamed." That any one man could, in his old age, utter in sustained flight such lofty strains of impassioned poetry is not believed to be possible by such critics.

Yet the literary question of authorship is of slight importance. Whoever be the author of these glowing pictures of exile and restoration, of suffering and glory, they bear the marks of the inspired seer. They once gleamed like jewels of hope among the hard rocks of captivity and imprisonment, and now on the outstretched forefinger of all time, they sparkle forever. Across the sky of expectation, they spanned as with a baldric of stars the darkened condition of Israel in Babylonian duress.

Nor was their scope of fulfilment exhausted, even when the ransomed of the Lord returned to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, and desolate Jerusalem was rebuilt once more. Like undying hope, they spring immortal before the eyes of devout readers in every generation.

To us, in their entirety, they never are, but always to be, fulfilled. They never can be exhausted. Once again, peruse the pulsing strophes of this chapter, and you feel the beat of the Divine heart of love for all His people, not only in the sheepfold of Israel, but throughout the earth.

What is this, but a promise for our age and century?—"And I will make all my mountains a way, and my highways shall be exalted. Behold these shall come from far, and lo, these from the north, and from the west, and these from the land of Sinim." Do we not here discern a foregleam of the words of the Christ—"Other sheep have I which are not of this fold?"

So read we the promise, we analyze it, we test it by history, and accept it as children of the faith of father Abraham fulfilled in Christ, whose gospel has gone out in all the earth and his testimony to the end of the world. God's message of love is heard, and ever increasingly heeded in Africa, in the isles of the Pacific, in Sinim,—the Chinas, in which dwell one-third of the race—in the frozen north, and the ever-sunny south.

The love of the Heavenly Father, vast as eternity, deep as the ocean of space, profound, and unceasing as Himself, is now heralded to all mankind, not only in the sublime images of Old Testament poetry, but in the parables of New Testament tenderness, and actuality of fulfilment in Jesus of Nazareth. The Messiah himself has in his own words reproduced the glowing images of the prophets, and by his life and death fulfilled their prophecies, wherein they testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow. For "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." He himself bids us search those scriptures which testify alike of Him and his Father's everlasting love.

Let us consider the grandeur of the Old Testament metaphors and images of Divine tenderness! The Hebrew seers in depicting the omnipotence, the eternity, and the change-

lessness of Jehovah point to the stable things of earth that image forth the everlasting—to the mountains immovable, to the rivers ever-flowing, and to the vast heaving sea. All these are the great features of nature, which stand as the symbols of the Creator's might, power, judgment, and unchangeability; but God's love, the eternal Father's boundless compassion is shadowed forth by images of human feelings. The home, the pitying parent, the caressing mother, the child dandled on the knees, or suckled at the maternal bosom,—these are made the ground of man's understanding of God's love. Thus, human emotions, however imperfect, are set forth to prefigure, though only as a rain-drop mirrors the ocean, that

> "Immortal love, forever full
> Forever flowing free,
> Forever shared, forever whole,
> A never-ebbing sea!"

However feeble may be the contrast of the figure with the reality, can any appeal sound the depths of our souls more than that likening of the love of God to that of a mother's? Consider that love maternal which begins before our beginning of days, which ceases not after our end of life on earth, which swells on into the eternity beyond. What a subject for a mighty epic, for some inspired Milton yet to sing! Maternal love is a theme fit for the sweeping of angelic lyres, were it not that in heaven, even human mother-love pales before the burden more sublime of God's love to man. Yes, even maternal and fatherly affection are but shadows of that love divine, deeper, loftier, than all others. For this cause, even the angels and archangels bow the knee to "the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named."

Yet, consider that mother-love that is born in tears and hope and prayer, even that love which begins before birth, which leads her, the bearer of life, fearful, yet willing, into

the valley of the shadow of death ; whose life is already manifested in her heart's pulses, in her wondering fancy, in her soul's expectation, in dream and vision and hope for her expected offspring, which stretches back, and becomes the interpreter of the mother's love that was before her own. Long before affection can find a place in other hearts, it is in hers, real, strong, full of promise and potency. When to others, the child has neither place nor name, the mother calls it her own.

Behold in infancy, that mother's face beaming in tender anxiety over the sick-bed, or shrouded in agony of suspense over fevered tossings ; in rapturous glow over the prattle of health, the laughing frolic, or the rosy slumber. Note that care and training which moulds the future man or woman, satisfying as best she may those childhood's questionings, which to answer might strike a seraph dumb. See her denying, controlling, educating herself for the sake of her child, rising out of herself in sacrificial affection that purifies her own soul. See her keeping boyhood's dreams pure, and guarding the maiden who in the Eden of home would crave the world-tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Behold her curbing the passions of youth, guiding aright the energies of early manhood—a mother's wisdom blending with her love. In the storms of life, her bosom is ever the refuge. Whether in failure or loss, adverse winds of baffling force, or success triumphant, and voyages richly freighted over tranquil seas, her heart is ever the desired haven. Her smile is sunshine and peace. And then after the hand has vanished, and the voice still, her memory becomes a religion.

Oh ! mother's love, mirror and prefiguration of the Eternal, by thee, we understand something of that love to us, which sparing not his own Son, gave the Divine Saviour for men !

To depict the depth and tenderness of God's love, to

photograph it for all time on the camera of the human heart, the prophet asks, "Can a woman forget?"

Can the mother cease to have compassion for her tender babe? Can she? Humanity with tearful eye, the orphan with fear and nameless dread echoes, "Can she forget?"

And every-day history answers, Yes! They who hope most for the race, who even with passionate and glorifying ideal weave a halo around woman's head and would fain refuse the disenchantment of fact, answer sadly, "Yes." Even nature responds "Yes!" Paganism, on whose rivers float the baby carcasses to the crocodile's jaws, or out to the insatiate sea; paganism, whose dunghills receive the cast-out girl-children of the poor; and even Christianity from her many-windowed asylums and hospitals, full of foundlings and orphans, re-echo the prophets answer and cry out, "Yes, they may forget." Death, with his ministers, pestilence, famine, disease, insanity and war, scorning fingers and pitiless empty eye-sockets, and rib-bones emptied of a heart, cries with mocking leer, "yes, they may forget."

And we acknowledge sadly, even we on whose heads seem yet to linger a mother's blessing, on whose lips lies yet like a sweet benison the mother's kiss, repeat, "Yes, they may forget."

For oh! there are "the deep tragedies of infancy." Even love so devoted and unselfish as a mother's, forges no bars against the death-angel. Gladly would she give her life that her child might live, but death takes the darling away. The baby arms are forever unlinked from the mother's neck, the warm lips of rose become cold, cradle and crib are empty. The golden head is no longer pillowed there, the crooning and the lullaby song are over. The earth comes between mother and child. The baby clothes and shoes and mementoes are preserved, but soon become like pressed flowers, from which the passionate life and color and fragrance are all gone.

Even the face once remembered so well, fades from consciousness, the memory no longer retains the image, and 'forgotten' is the word that sums up the result of time. Anon, in the darkness of night, by the alchemy of dreams, the old child-face may be restored for a moment on the palimpsest of recollection, the angel smile and the beauty are there! and then is again swept into the sea of oblivion.

"Yes, she may forget!"

By her own sickness or death, the prophet's query may be answered in sad affirmative. We have seen it. The orphan climbs up to the coffin edge, to see why mother's face is so cold, and her lips no longer warm. Some explanation is given in adult language incomprehensible to the child, on whose head mother's hand shall never again be laid. Even by distance or estrangement, or the lapse of time in absence, or by clouding of the reason, a mother may forget her own, yea, a child may be forgotten of its mother.

Forgotten! yes, this is the fear. You and I like to be remembered. You and I can understand alike the prayer of the ages, uttered by Job in his affliction and the dying thief on Calvary in his agony, "Remember me." You and I comprehend even the Christ's protest and appeal to his Father lest he be forgotten. None of us wishes to sink out of sight, and out of memory too. Though far out on the sea of life, we yearn for some eye to strain over the waters, and keep our sail in the horizon of remembrance.

This feeling, this dread of oblivion adds to the pang of parting, to absence, to solitude—the fear lest we be forgotten. In the last hour of life, this to many a soul is the keenest pang—that the sun and stars and flowers and bending trees, yea, that even friends and dear ones, blood of our blood, will forget us. To feel in anticipation that at least some one looks on amid the billowy mounds of the church yard and knows which one is ours, is joy, silent, but real.

"To be remembered!" This is the cry of the human

heart. For this, monuments arise, for this, men toil, and hope, and aspire; for this, they build column, shaft, and stately edifice. For this the statesman bears reproach, for this the soldier rides through fire and blood, for this the scholar "scorns delight, and lives laborious days." With this goal in view, the canvas blooms, the lyre vibrates, poetry glows, and the statue lives. Without this spur to the clear mind, even architecture, queen of the arts would not exist to defy the wrongs of time.

Yet, oh how often are the hope and yearning for human remembrance all in vain! Look out on the hillsides and neglected cities of the dead—"the knee-deep dust that once was man." Behold the vanished generations of the past that have left no sign! Sunk deep in the ooze of unnumbered centuries, their trophies lie. Yesterday the great man died and to-day,

> "His part in all the pomp that fills
> The circuit of the summer hills,
> Is, that his grave is green."

But, tomorrow the shaft falls, the column tumbles, the grave-mound sinks, and all too soon, the level oblivion of nature covers all. "Gone, gone, gone," sigh the breezes, their soughing makes the requiem of the past. The mountains forget us, the rivers remember us no more, the earth is deaf, and the sky answerless. What if God should forget us too?

Horror of darkness, what a fate! Why have we these human hearts that yearn for remembrance and friendship and love, if their longings are not to be satisfied? Are we to be tortured with soul-hunger in life, to find surcease only in oblivion and darkness? Are we too to cry out in Calvary's agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Nay, hear the deep voice of the Father.

Out of the eternities, down from the heavens, and up from the deeps, calling unto deep it comes.

"Yea, they may forget, yet will not I forget thee."

There's eternity in that. Beneath thee are the everlasting arms, when thou hearest these words—"I have forgotten to forget."

Let us then renew our strength by waiting upon Him, for He will remember us in this life of ours, so full of mystery. He will remember us in our sin and temptation, in our struggles, our bitterness, and our fears. He will not forget us when sorrows come, and the shadows of lonely old age falls. He knows what is in man. In the hour of death, yea in dust, he will remember us. Never an hour will the eternal eye sleep, nor the everlasting arms be witholden to save them that love Him who hath promised. Wheresoever our dust shall lie, in the ancestral home grave, or in a strange land, yea in the islands of the sea, bleaching on old ocean's floor, or entombed in polar ice, he will hold his own in remembrance. In due time, the signal shall be given by the hand of Deity to the angel of the resurrection, and then shall be sung this song: "Thy dead men shall live, my dead bodies shall they arise, Awake and sing ye that dwell in dust, for the dew of herbs is thy dew, and on the earth, on the dead thou wilt cause it to fall." For a season to humble us, Death hath victory, but the grave is but the gateway to God, for all who return this infinite love. Yea, when the earth shall cast out her dead, and the living shall stand in the new youth of the resurrection morning, thou shalt hear thy Heavenly Father say in the words that shall be thy joy for all eternity, answering the prayer of Job and countless of his brethren since—"Oh that thou wouldst remember me,"—"I have forgotten to forget."

Hear too what God says to the whole church:

"Behold I have graven thee on the palms of my hands, Thy walls are continually before me." Yea, as the loyal

soldier of the ancient time wore on his hands the name of his captain, or as a slave bore his master's name upon his palm, so have I thy name doubly before me ever. "Thy walls are continually before me." The architect knows his plan and every block shall know its place. Even the rejected stone shall fill the corner.

No more will God forget his church. "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones. And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children."

So shall God remember and comfort his church. He will not forget her. Amid all storm and stress of earthly tribulation, of internal commotion—the shrinking of the old, the birth-throes of the new, in the fires of persecution, through the dangers that spring from human ignorance, infirmity, and error, despite the sneers of the scorner, and the siege of ever-vigilant hosts of hell, the church of earth shall stand bright as the sun, fair as the moon and as terrible to evil as an army with banners. Wearing as her ornaments every pure virtue, her crown salvation, and her robes white in Immanuel's blood, she shall go on from victory to victory, conquering and to conquer, until all nations own her sway.

Then in that moment when all things shall be put under him who is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person, shall she be the bride, the Lamb's wife. Then shall all the ransomed ones, all the unforgotten of God return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, and they shall see, as the Patmos seer beheld in vision—"The Holy City, the New Jerusalem descending down out of Heaven from God, as a bride arrayed for her husband." Then shall the humblest child of earth, saved by Jesus' life and sacrifice, understand the fulness of

of the words, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Then in the halls of eternal song, shall we remember again the promise long fulfilled, "Yet will I not forget thee." Fear you not for the church of God, which Christ hath purchased with his own blood. No weapon formed against her shall prosper. We look for a mightier outpouring of the Spirit soon to come!

Friends, how shall we return this love divine? What response shall we make to words so tender, to promises so rich? What answer shall we give now, while "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?" In him behold incarnate truth, promise, and word made flesh. A greater than the prophet is here in him, and richer far, even than Jehovah's assurance to his covenant people in Babylonian captivity, is this from the lips of the Christ—"God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, might not perish, but have everlasting life."

Pray then to-day that you may have a heart to appreciate what your Father and your Infinite Friend has done for you. It is the mark of the thoughtful and the refined mind to set right store upon what is most worthy of regard. It is the trait of the thoughtless to pass without notice, to fail in appreciation of what is costly, valuable, sublime. This day, prove by a consecrated life that you are not the ungrateful child of the Father, after whom every fatherhood is named. Show that you appreciate Him who inspired the prophet to pen the glowing promise of our text. Pray that in your heart may burn as a pure flame, the humbling, purifying, uplifting sense of infinite love and human unworthiness to receive it. Let your hearts be tender, as you recall this day the memories of a mother's affection bestowed upon you in childhood, and take home with you this promise: "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted."

Samson's Riddle.

"*Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.*"—JUDGES XIV : 14.

One of Victor Hugo's most famous stories is entitled "L'Homme qui rit"—the man who laughs. This title may be fairly given to Samson who is the laughing man in bible history.

He is the incorrigible joker, punster, and riddle-maker. "He was the most frolicsome, irregular, uncultivated creature that the Jewish nation ever produced." In continually perfect health, for he was "a temperance man" in the strictest sense, a cold water drinker who enjoyed plenty of simple food, good air, and exercise, he was as naturally happy as a person in robust health ought to be. Full of animal spirits, with the strength of a giant, both his wit and his pranks suggest the gambols of an elephant among the frisking of the smaller beasts. He bubbled over continually. He out-rayed from himself fun and frolic like beams from the sun. His name means "a little sun," or "sunny," and as Dean Stanley suggests, he was "the bright and beaming, though wayward likeness of the great luminary which the Hebrews delighted to compare to a giant rejoicing to run his course," "a bridegroom coming forth out of his chamber."

Nothing can disturb Samson's radiant good humor. His most valiant and his most cruel actions are done with a smile on his face and a jest in his mouth. A fanatic from one point of view, he is a fun-maker from another. His joviality is set in strong contrast to the grossness and stupidity of his Philistine neighbors and enemies. He makes them the butt of his wit and craft, and his greatest achievements are prac-

tical jokes upon these enemies whom he regards as gluttonous and bibulous blockheads.

As a Chinese in Peking looks down upon a Mongol from the plains, as a metropolitan citizen looks upon a raw countryman as game, or a prarie cowboy pities the "tenderfoot" from Eastern pavements, so Samson despised the uncircumcised, and was ever on the alert for a gibe. He turns everything into a pun. After the massacre of the thousand Philistines he cries out, "With the jawbone of an *ass*, have I slain one *mass*, two *masses*; with the jawbone of an *ass* have I slain an ox load of *men*."

Even out of his first achievement, he draws the material for the playful riddle that forms our text. It is his wedding banquet and the seven days of festal rejoicing are passing on, filled up with eating, drinking, merry-making of all kinds. Wit and jest come in to pass away the pleasant hours. Just as the Shulamite in the Song of Songs at her wedding amuses the guests by propounding enigmas or riddles, so here the bridegroom does the same.

Samson (whose name, by the way, both in the Hebrew, and in the Dutch bibles, is "Shimshon") propounds to the company of thirty young men, who act as groomsmen, the following riddle,—"Out of the consumer, came material for consumption, and out of the terrible issued sweetness." The reward and the forfeit are stated, and the impetuous young men eagerly accept both, and clamor for the statement. It is made, and for three days, fancy and imagination are busy over the conundrum.

One might now think, and we think so—since every problem is easy after it is solved, and the answer to many a question seems ridiculously plain after it is given—that the thick-headed Philistines would have guessed the matter. But heavy eating never clears the head, and sprightliness was not a trait of the Philistines. True, Samson gave no clue, or hint, but then both lions and honey were common in

that day in the land. The sweetest thing is honey, the strongest beast known to them was the lion, and in a class of thirty, all ought not to fail.

Seven days passed, and then fraud was used to accomplish what brains failed to secure. As a continual dropping wears away a stone, so the importunity and tears of his Philistine wife—acting like the water and sand of a mountain brook that scoops out a hollow in the trap rock,—wore away Samson's will, and the secret was revealed.

The answer was given to the unsurprised propounder Samson, who robs Peter to pay Paul; for by slaying thirty Philistines at Askelon, he clothes the living with the garments of the dead. At this—whatever Samson's opinion of his heathen neighbors and brothers-in-law had been before—his views underwent radical change. Henceforth, to him, the only good Philistine was a dead one. In his zeal to exterminate the uncircumcised, he quite equalled some of our frontiersmen, whose "Indian policy" means "no Indians."

Let us see if we cannot solve Samson's riddle in a practical way, and out of this hidden saying get light for some problems of life. If Samson out of the feeder obtained food, and in the bitter found sweetness, much more may we imitate him.

Note first how the suggestion of the paradox came to Samson. He first goes down to Timnath vineyards to court his future bride. The young lion roars at him, is faced, subdued, and slain. He meets the lady of his love, and returns home. In due time he sets forth to make her his wife. On his way the soldier would re-visit the old battle-field.

He turned aside to see the carcase of the lion. This is written, for our instruction, and just here, is a timely lesson for us. We should take interest in what we have done. We should review what we have learned, digest what we have

read, call to mind the vows we have taken, watch over our contributions, look after the prayers we have offered, keep our promises. Half of the weaknesses, errors, and failures of life come from this thing—neglect of past experiences.

It is well to "forget the things which are behind" when, having made the past sure, we are now going on to do better things and achieve nobler conquests. It is well to forget the past, when forgiveness is the duty of the hour, or when Christian progress can be made by oblivion. Yes, there are times and seasons, when to remember no more that which is gone is the dictate to be obeyed but, oftener is it our duty to turn aside to see, to halt for self examination, and reflection; to take account of stock, balance books, and to utilize past experiences. The most thorough scholar is the man who reviews. The safe and sure winners are they who make every step firm before taking another.

"Raad voor daad" is a good Dutch proverb—"counsel before action." Better not take a wrong passage quickly, as Jonah did, else you may get put off the train sooner than you think, or be presented with a return ticket. It may be that all gold is not washed out in the first flush, and the tailings may yield as richly as the flume pans.

How often we see in life persons who are magnificent starters! They begin, they push off grandly, and clear with a splash. Then when the hurrah is over, they forget their own schemes, lose interest in their first plans, and succeed in doing nothing perfectly. Find out one who is a master in his trade or profession, and you note a thorough man. The opulent merchant is he who has looked after his ventures.

The successful Christian, unsatisfied with one experience, looks for more grace, and finds it. New hopes, new promises, new growth are his. He becomes not "sadder and a wiser," but a stronger, a wiser, a more joyous man, he walks on as Samson did towards his Father's home,

eating of the honey. Unexpected sweetness, the freshness of glad surprise is his continually.

Repeat in your lives, fellow Christians, the experience of the lion-slayer of Israel, and out of the past, will come delight for the future.

There is another and a very practical lesson suggested to us by the dark saying of this early Nazarite. It is shadowed forth by the revelations both of nature and science, as well as of Bible story. Samson found under the ribs of death, delicious food to please the palate, and nourish the body. We behold an equal wonder that delights the eye. See how the chemist goes to the coal-pit, takes the unsightly mass of mineral tar, and by retort and distillation obtains from the black lump the wonders of aniline. All the rainbow strands of dazzling dyes are unravelled from the tar. The resurrection of color is summoned forth by science to lighten and charm the eye. The ancient and the modern wonder alike illustrate this truth, that when character and not circumstances direct, the utmost beauty and benefit spring out of what seems most unpromising.

It is surprising what honey an humble Christian will often extract out of a hard conviction, a strong creed, a Bible difficulty. To many people the rib-doctrines of grace, the spinal column of Christianity, seem uninviting, as hard and bare and dry as the bones of Samson's lion, or the vertebrated specimens in a museum. Repentance, self-abasement, knowledge of one's sins and miseries, necessary faith in Christ and his sacrifice, a certain looking forward to punishment for unrepented transgressions,—these to the sensual man, the proud worlding, are dry bones. They look for no honey here.

Much of the easy thinking and ungrounded opinions of people who search for salvation with their back to the cross is boneless and flabby. Its emblem is the jelly fish,—mostly water, looking brilliant and plausible enough when floating

with all its streamers in the sea out of whose substance it is made. A jelly fish is little more than organized water. So also is the religion of the man who looks for salvation in himself and makes his creed out of himself, the the odds and ends of his ragged character. Such self-made men in religion think that union with Christ and his church are mere forms, and that there is no need of a frame of hard and fast doctrines in religion.

There be many who thus think that what ever sort of jelly-fish religion a man has, so that his flabby ideas are sincere, he will be saved. No matter how shaky or wabbly his framework of notions, if one only lives up to the mould in which the jelly is cast, or to the waters of the company he keeps, or the social grade of life in which like an ocean he swims.

Yet I have seen the jelly fishes of the sea, as gorgeously appearing as a belle in her summer finery, with all its marine millinery outspread, suddenly stranded and wrecked on the shore. One wave, and the huge mass collapses on the beach. A few hours in the hot sunshine, and of the half-bushel mass once so gay, so rainbow-like, hardly a stain remains. A thin white film by day, a slight phosphorescence of the crawling ghosts of fire by night, and that is the end of the Medusa.

So, there may be among my hearers, some who make a gay show of outward profession, look on the church, the holy sacraments, the doctrines of grace as unnecessary things, as needless hard bones. Yet I would cry out to you —beware ! One swell of the surge, one heave of the ocean of time may strand you in eternity. And in that world, everything is reduced to its lowest terms and simplest elements. You will be then what you are, not what you seem to be, or are supposed to be. The earthly career so bravely showing before men, will melt to a trace, a film.

To be known and welcomed among the kindred of heaven,

recognized by the Eternal One as among the permanent and stable things that change not, we must be found in Christ, not having our own righteousness, but that which is in him blameless.

Which shall we choose, the bones or the honey? The soul of life or the ribs of death? Many of us from childhood, I suppose, have amused ourselves in dull hours by reading the old theological statements of the creeds which used to be bound up in the hymn books, where the honey is surrounded by bones, the juicy pulp is guarded by tough rind and hard shell. The truths of religion are stated in technical language, for their protection.

Are you disgusted, horrified it may be, with this 16th and 17th century language? You ask, is that what it is to be a Christian, to know and believe all those things? You say inwardly and outwardly, "I cannot swallow those cast iron creeds." In your calmer, earnest moments, you even say—as you think of beautiful lives nourished by the old doctrines, and as you dream of Heaven, and aspirations after a better life than you are living come to you—"Well, I should like to follow my father, my sister, I do want to be a better man, and go to Heaven, and live among the pure in eternity, but—I can't accept the doctrines of the church."

Ah, my friend, my brother, whose heart is human, do you not suspect there is some honey under those ribs? Have not noble characters been moulded and lovely life been fed by the sweetness that distils, unaccountably, it may be to you, from under those old bones? Reflect one moment, while you gnaw the dry ribs and joints, the Christian sips the honey. How would the most lovely woman, famed for beauty and sweetness look, if you saw only her skeleton? And yet what would Apollo or Venus be without their ribs, spine, and skull?

Clothe the bony frame with flesh and blood, nourish with

good digestion, ventilate with lungs, flush and irradiate with circulation, and you have a radiant being, pulsing health, color and expression, warm with life, fascinating with social influence. So, creeds, confessions of faith, doctrines are the hard and firm frame on which the Christian life is built, and the soul of the church is kept alive. They are the timbers of the house, the keel and ribs of the ship. Do you want a tent? Then away with oak and iron; but for a house, it is only after the piles are driven, the masonry laid, the beams and joists set, that the softer materials and decorations increase beauty and comfort even until love makes a home.

Is it strange that the honey of sweet Christian lives has been found in such bones as the doctrines of Calvin and Luther? That Moses and Jesus and Paul should lay such solid foundations, that Augustine and Knox and Wesley should build so firmly? No! God ordered it so. God made the flint that entered into the teeth, and the lime and phosphorus that have been transmuted into the bones of man. God bent the rock-ribs of earth's granite, God wrote the pillared laws of the universe, and God ordained the stable truths of eternity, but he filled in the frame and bade also the flowers distil their nectar and fill their dewy chalices, the bees to brim their dripping combs, and then told man to turn aside and find the honey.

Oh! brother-man, don't study the skeleton of God's truth, with its flesh off, but if you do, delay not with the outside, look within and find nectar. There must be life inside, to produce the sweetness. There must be the heavenly light within the soul, for the things of faith to become real. Look at the Bible doctrines of grace from the outside. Read God's truth set in the hard mathematical and metaphysical language formulated in the creeds of centuries ago, and the articles of the Christian faith appear like cathedral windows from the street,—a dead, cold, hard and dusty incrustation of glass and lead and iron, stained by storm and grimed

with soot. They seem dead, of the earth, earthy. Repellent and cold, they give no sign of life and color. Well, light them up from within by the candles of reason, set the whole interior ablaze with the gas jets and reflectors and incandescent electric lights of human wisdom. Still there is little beauty to desire. They still hold their secret and revelation, or give only blurred suggestions. But, let Heaven's own light dawn, let day begin, let the sun shine in strength. Then the glory bursts, the colors tremble, "the storied windows richly light."

> "Bring all Heaven before my eyes,
> Dissolve my soul in ecstacies."

Thus God becomes his own interpreter, and makes his own word plain.

Stand then not ever on the outside. Come within. Come read the open secret of divine love. Come, and enter by the door, for Jesus is the way, the truth, the life. Come unto the Father through him.

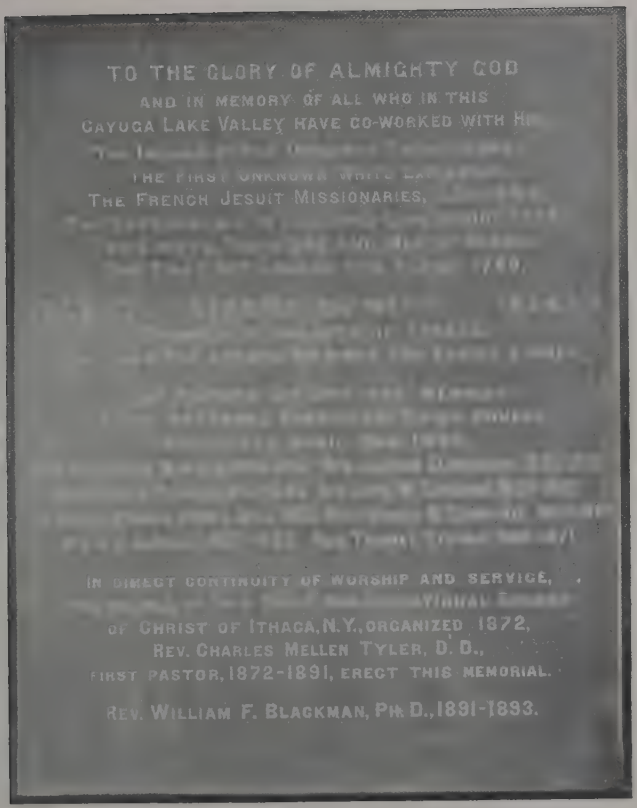
The Ministry at Large.

"Promised time comes at a gallop." For years, I had set before myself, should God lengthen my days and health and strength be given, the work of further interpreting Japan and liberty-loving Holland, in scholarly books. For years I had been securing the choicest works of research and record from these two countries, in readiness for the day when, with ripest powers I hoped to add something to critical and popular literature. I wished to write what would aid English-speaking peoples to know better and appreciate more the most hopeful nation in Asia and to realize the debt which colonial, revolutionary and constitutional America owes to the little Protestant Dutch Republic.

That hoped-for, promised, awaited date was September 17, 1903.

In view of this point of time, I preached on Sunday May 31, 1903, a sermon on "The Discipline of Joy." At its conclusion, I read the following:

"Twenty-six years ago, this very day, in the beautiful edifice of the First Reformed church in Schenectady. I was ordained by the laying on of hands of the brethren, ministers of the Classis. That ministry has since been to me a constant joy. I do not mean to say that there have not been in the active pastorate, among many men of many minds, and with human nature, such as it is in myself and others, some things to annoy and irritate. There have been. But, with the burdens have been sympathy and help both divine and human. The sunny days have far outnumbered those of cloud and chill. The proclamation of the good news of God, the meditation on great themes and the setting forth of eternal truths have been to me both privileges and delights. To work with good men and women in the vineyard


TO THE GLORY OF ALMIGHTY GOD
AND IN MEMORY OF ALL WHO IN THIS
CAYUGA LAKE VALLEY HAVE CO-WORKED WITH HI
THE FIRST UNKNOWN WHITE
THE FRENCH JESUIT MISSIONARIES,
1749.
IN DIRECT CONTINUITY OF WORSHIP AND SERVICE,
OF CHRIST OF ITHACA, N.Y., ORGANIZED 1872,
REV. CHARLES MELLEN TYLER, D. D.,
FIRST PASTOR, 1872-1891, ERECT THIS MEMORIAL.
REV. WILLIAM F. BLACKMAN, PH. D., 1891-1893.

"IN DIRECT CONTINUITY OF WORSHIP AND SERVICE."

of Our Father has been pleasant, and only pleasant. To act as your servant for Christ's sake, in pastoral visitation, at the baptismal font, at the marriage altar, at the grave side as we mingled tears together, at the communion table, where we pledge mutual covenant vows of loyalty to Jesus, our Master, have been happy privileges. For nine years in Schenectady, for seven in Boston, for ten in Ithaca, this has been my joyful duty and my enriching experience. I have had no greater joy than to hear of my children in the faith walking in the truth of Christ, no greater sorrow than to know of their dishonoring the Jesus Way. In my work and its rewards, I have envied not the physician, lawyer, engineer, banker, professor, politician, or man of wealth, power or fame. I have felt that while their work, grand as it is, influences men chiefly for this world, that of the minister of the gospel, tells in eternity.

But now I feel called to leave the active pastorate for the wider ministry; in the pulpit, not of one denomination only, but of any and all denominations, in church, in school and in college, as well as to serve others whom I may reach, not only with the living voice, but with the pen. As God has given me in previous years certain unique opportunities of experience, not enjoyed by other men, more particularly as educator in both feudal and constitutional Japan, and as student of the Dutch origins of our American nation, so I believe that now His Providence calls me to closer concentration of time and service in the historical and literary field. "The night cometh" and it behooves me to get to work speedily, lest the shades too soon fall on all earthly endeavor. To this special work I propose to give my future, even all the years of health and strength which our Heavenly Father may, or may not, have in store for me. If he give me ten years yet, I hope, besides preaching the gospel, as I have opportunity, to make some additions to American historical literature.

For these reasons and with this work in view, I hereby tender my resignation as pastor to take effect September 30, 1903. I cherish the hope that you will not be long without a leader, and that the same ecclesiastical council called for my dismission will install in this pulpit and over this congregation a new pastor. With hearty thanks to the members and to the consistory of the church, and to the Trustees of the Society, I trust and pray that we all may have fresh grace given us to keep our covenant, and that this First Congregational church of Christ in Ithaca may enter upon a new phase of prosperity to the glory of our Lord and Master."

When the evening of my birthday, September 17, 1903, came, I was "carried to Paradise on the stairway of surprise." Absolutely guileless of loving craft and preparation, I entered my home to find everything illuminated, and "a great cloud of witnesses" with gleaming faces on stairways, and in the parlors, with a feast spread in two rooms. The pastor and his wife were led submissively into a corner, where in flank and rear were handsome pieces of furniture—study desk and rocking chairs, book and manuscript cases, all shining new. This time the preacher was a hearer, and what was said shall close his already too large volume of "Sunny Memories of Three Pastorates."

FROM THE ITHACA JOURNAL OF SEPTEMBER 18, 1903.

"By careful guarding, neither the pastor nor his wife had the slightest intimation of the event which had been secretly planned for many weeks. They had been entertained at dinner at the home of Mrs. W. N. Noble and came home to be confronted by the large number of friends who had previously, but only temporarily, taken possession of their domicile. A perfect sea of faces was the scene that met Dr. and Mrs. Griffis as they walked into the front door and so complete was the surprise that speech was utterly impossible for several moments.

"When they had been ushered into the parlor, Mrs. F. E. Bates for the gathering, surrendered the rights of host and hostess and presented a number of gifts with the following remarks:

PRESENTATION ADDRESS.

"Ladies and Gentlemen: We have assembled in the house of our host and hostess without an invitation from them and at a time when we had reason to think that they were not at home. The situation seems to demand an explanation.

"We each know from experience, Dr. Griffis, (addressing the pastor) that when unexpected guests are announced the mind of the host reverts at once to the question of 'Quail,' 'Will there be enough to go around' he whispers to the butler at the first opportunity. I wish to relieve you of all anxiety by telling you that we, your guests, expect, in a few moments to have the pleasure of inviting you out to supper in your own dining room and I have learned from high authority that there will be enough of everything to go around.

"You may have already observed, Dr. Griffis, that all these people belong to the same church. We represent your parish. We have come to extend to you, our pastor, our good wishes.

"We as Congregationalists do not hold to the traditions that for many peoples cast a halo of peculiar sanctity about their pastor. We say our minister is only one of ourselves; one of the members of the church, but because we, in common with the other members of the tribe of Adam have to earn our daily bread by the sweat of our brow, we can give only a portion of our time to the study of the Scriptures and the work of the church. Hence we select a competent member and support him in order that he may give his entire time to these things. Still by virtue of the very office that he performs for us, our pastor attains a place in our regard that none other can hold.

"You have assisted many of us to make the great decision that turned our steps toward God. You have counciled us in time of perplexity and struggle and temptation. For some of us you have performed the marriage ceremony. You have laid your hands, in holy baptism, upon the heads of our little ones. You have sat by many a sick bed and given words of comfort and consolation and you have said the last prayer over the forms of those we loved. And now this peculiar relationship of pastor and people is soon to cease and we felt that it was fitting that we should not only come to you and extend to you our good will, but that we should leave with you a souvenir of our ten years of work together. We do not wish you to forget us. . . . .

"I am told, Dr. Griffis, that this is your birthday. Be pleased to accept these things as a birthday present from your people. We congratulate you upon your blest existence here on this earth. We wish for you many happy returns of this anniversary day, and year by year may you be filled more and more with the Divine spirit, looking forward to a more blessed existence in the world that is to come.

"Mrs. Griffis, I have a few words to say to you also. A man and his wife are one, in theory. As a practical matter I wish to confess to you that I have so far failed to feel entirely satisfied when my husband eats my dinner for me. A man and his wife are one in politics, and the one is the man, but I have observed that when we travel in our country the conductor of the railway train always expects two tickets. 'A woman ought to be perfectly satisfied when her husband is honored.' She is usually satisfied, in a measure I think, though she must long, just a little, to be regarded for what she is herself, individually. Some of these things are puzzling to the mind of woman. I suppose they are very clear to the mind of man. However, we are sure of one thing, Mrs. Griffis, you have a very distinct place in our affections.

You have done a work among us that was your own. You have entered into it with enthusiasm. We have wished that there were many persons like Mrs. Griffis. I suppose that you cannot be duplicated, but we have thought of a way in which you may be very clearly reflected, and so we give you this glass. When you see your form therein please to remember that you are even more faithfully mirrored in many hearts and when on some future day you sit by this table, which we also give to you, reading it may be a letter from one of us who is distant from you, be assured that though to be reflected by the mirror you must be in front of it we hold your image in our hearts though land and sea divide us.

In response, speaking for both himself and wife, Dr. Griffis said all his dictionaries, which alone contained sufficient words to express his gratitute and appreciation, were in his study on the floor above. He found words, however, to extend the heartiest of thanks."

SHORT ESSAYS

Why I Wrote Certain Sermons.[1]

Called to sow beside all waters and not knowing whether the morning or the evening seed shall prosper, the Christian preacher must be instant in season and out of season. While providing for years or a life-time, he must also take advantage of promising opportunity and fruitful emergency. Courses of sermons and broad lines of teaching are good and necessary, but special concentration of force at critical moments is of prime importance. In personal influence upon a single church, a denomination, or a community, in the training of a congregation, or in the laying of divine truth upon the conscience of an individual, the preacher may, in a single sermon, condense the potencies of a life-time. There are, perhaps, in every preacher's personal history these golden opportunities.

We assume it, as a commonplace assented to by all, that the pulpit is not the preacher's own. To use it as a private fortress of defense, or a battery for offensive warfare is to degrade it even to prostitution. No more than man, will God be pleased by an offering of strange fire in the holy place. In the pulpit, the speaker must forget, if not himself, at least his private grievances and interests, and be as the mouth-piece of the people in their devotions, and the spokesman of God in uttering the word of life.

A minister who cultivates human sympathies, and who considers living men, women and children at least as interesting and worthy of attention as books, will draw in much force by induction. It is not always the agreeable people, *i.e.*, those who agree with you, that suggest the most helpful sermons. The most valuable test of a good discourse is

[1] Reprinted from the *Homiletic Review* for February, 1891.

shown in its ministering to need, satisfying a desire, responding to some craving of souls that look to their pastor for food, for light, for help, for uplift. The preacher must beware of the dangerous influence of flattering "friends," and utilize the criticisms of the wise, and even the strictures of "enemies." It is a capital tonic to get into mental air outside of the study, and to know how men think who have not the clerical cast of mind and environment. It is good for a man in magisterial authority, whom the flock salute as "rabbi," or call "doctor," or "domine," [1] or, with tone and manner equal in sentimental value to a university parchment, salute as plain "Mr." to receive contradiction sufficient to compel deeper thought. Happy is the man who turns such experiences into occasions for deeper searching of heart, and for more prayerfully consulting the lively oracles, rather than for belligerent exhibitions of "rights" and assertion of selfhood. All criticisms should serve as healthful counter-irritants, even as after the bath crash is better than silk.

One need not indeed be in a hurry to rush into script, to utter a new revelation, or to cry "Eureka" publicly while still nude, and with no regard to the properities which should control even Archimedes. There are great critical and other questions on which we must show soldierly powers of patience, of endurance, of waiting for more light, rather than of heat, or of the noise of the too ready trumpeter. Yet in the great crises and movements of men toward truth the preacher must not be too skilful in straddling fences. The utterance of honest and matured convictions at the critical moment, when men-pleasers with eye-service are slavishly watching the clock or the weather-cock, will save much sorrow of mind, as well as please God. In every case, it is a good investment of time to get all the facts pos-

[1] There is only one way to spell the title of a pastor in the churches of Netherlandish descent—the unaltered Latin Domine.

sible and all the vision vouchsafed. Then, sure of being right, there remains no moral alternative but certainty of action.

Having crudely outlined some principles which should govern pulpit production, the writer modestly yields to the request of the editor to tell why he wrote certain sermons.

A discourse entitled "Some Bible Principles Applied to Christian Burial Customs" had an immediate, powerful and lasting effect in the congregation and town. In type, it was widely copied and partly reprinted in church manuals, etc., and assisted, as testimony both verbal and literal has shown, in encouraging other fellow-ministeas. The "domine" found that the undertakers were in league with the liverymen, florists, and venders of mourning dry-goods, gloves, etc., sharing percentages and keeping up certain expensive customs designed to make a funeral as public, as time-consuming, as ostentatious, and often as sabbath-breaking and costly as possible. Social custom and commercial greed had combined to bring as many funerals on the Lord's day as decency and the preservative powers of Mohawk river ice would allow. In fact, funerals had become a means of oppressing widows and orphans and of preying upon the rich.

When the domine found this out, it happened, or was predestinated, that the notice of the funeral of a stranger without the gates of congregation, denomination and muuicipality was handed him on a Lord's day morning for pulpit advertisement. When that worship distracting interval came on, in which the minister turns himself into a town-crier or bulletin-board, the domine stated that out of principle he would omit one notice, and also that "hereafter, notices of Sunday funerals of persons outside of the congregation will not be read from this pulpit." To make sure of not being misunderstood, he repeated the words.

The buzz and stir created in town and congregation by that announcement might remind one of the effect of a

lighted fire-cracker skillfully dropped into a hornet's nest. Versions, of the domine's words and manner, current next day on street and at tea-table would have delighted playright, novelist or caricaturist. On the following Sunday the domine, acknowledging that there was evidently good ground for misunderstanding, and deprecating as a servant of Christ and of the people the springing up of any root of bitterness, gave notice of his intention, a moon's phase hence to inquire into Bible principles applied to Christian burial customs. Divine grace being given, and all magisterial manners laid aside, inquiry of the Word was made, reason and argument used and exhortation lovingly applied. The results, immediately visible and continuing during nine years of observation, were the commercial "ring" broken, modest funerals the fashion, Sunday funerals rare, pulpit notices of funerals voluntarily and utterly given up.

It seems to the writer that a preacher's hearers will submit to the heaviest blows of the two-edged sword of truth, even from a fellow-sinner in the pulpit, if they be sure that the word is spoken in love, and that he who utters it believes it to be God's and not his own. The domine once presented some facts, hygienic, medical, moral, about round dancing, indulging therewith certain denunciations of promiscuous waltzing. Why did he do it? Because he felt he must and ought to. Thereupon the young virgins were grieved, and the old ones, confessing that the pastor preached only the truth, yet thought him unwise. Certain young men branded him as impure-minded, the old men winked; and the newspaper batteries opened with roar and kicks, the latter especially when the doctor had whispered in the editor's ear that the domine was wholly right.

Perhaps the domine had illustrated the foolishness of preaching. Confessing, he confesses that for two weeks at least the world seemed as dark as Erebus, and life not worth living. Fortunately, he was able to hide himself in the

metropolis for a fortnight and exchange with a brother parson between whiles. Then coming back, he met his people with a sermon on "The Friendship of Jesus," transmitting the thoughts of the texts, Proverbs xvii : 17 ; xviii : 24 ; xviii : 14 ; into words appropriate and potent to secure deeper union of hearts and hands for the master's work. No principle was abandoned, no facts were compromised. The response was immediate, and the union of pastor and people in fresh consecration made stronger than ever.

One has only to preach a course of sermons on religion and amusements to discover what a superlatively practical and vital subject this is to the young people. The domine did not want to lose his undoubted popularity with the college boys who lived in the dear old college town, yet his spirit was grieved to find the liquor saloon not only well patronized by the students, but openly boasted of and wittily handled in the rhetoric of the college newspaper. Further, he knew even of the drunkenness of seniors in "swallow-tails."

Why did he preach a sermon on the drinking customs of society, in which he was so local and pointed in his application? Why did he make himself the cause of a college mass meeting in chapel with denunciatory resolutions, committee of remonstrance and interview, and of groans, hisses and frowns even on the public streets, where before only bows and smiles and respectful salutations greeted him? Why? Because he felt necessity laid upon him. A friendly conclave with the students' committee showed him his narrowness and also his mistake. In a crowded church, according to announcement, he read out his acknowledgement of error, viz. : that as he had learned from the students' committee, there were *four* saloons patronized instead of *one ;* while to make clear his "animus" in the matter, he praised warmly, sincerely, truthfully, the excellence of the general record of the college, faculty, and students. Bating

not one jot of fact stated, or of principle enunciated, the boys after a good laugh voted the dominie not only victor but warm friend.

To epitomize from a list of twenty-one "modern instances," the domine's most visibly fruitful sermons to single persons as well as to masses, parties, or the general public, were those preached for a manifest need, after careful preparation, survey of the dangers and difficulties, patient waiting for light, and often along with prolonged prayer and shrinking of the spirit and weakness of the flesh, that made him easily willing to commute with God in stripes or affliction, if perchance he might be excused. Often, instead of going to Nineveh, the domine would have been glad to rush off to Joppa and take ship to Tarshish. When he has attempted the latter, he has usually received from Providence a return ticket. When he has obeyed, and lived up to his commission, he has enjoyed an exceeding reward in that peace of mind and glow of delight which the skulker in the rear never knows, but which is the brave soldier's highest guerdon.

Some Sextons I Have Known.[1]

The sexton is a church servant to whom, in the average congregation, little is given while much is required. As custodian of the sacred edifice he may make or mar good work, in frightening off or attracting hearers. He is expected to understand the mysteries of heat and ventilation, the personal conveniences of the minister and the idiosyncracies of at least the important pewholders, to be the temple-guardsman and warn or expel the unruly, to be an usher with the manners of a Chesterfield and able to read at once, by face or coat only, the precise qualifications of a stranger to sit in this or that pew, and, though living in the vestibule, to know the exact requirements, physical and psychical, of the auditorium. In the country churches and in most towns, he must add the duties of the Nethinim to those of Obed-Edom, take charge of the cemetery, funerals, and the digging and filling of graves, and to attend to the sacred vessels and their replenishing and cleansing at communion and baptismal seasons. In short, the modern sexton must unite in one person the complex duties of sacristan, beadle, pew-opener, *parochus*, undertaker, funeral-director, and manager of church weddings. Rarely is the sexton praised, not too often is a good one appreciated. While the relation of the pastor to the people is that of a bride beloved, the sexton's is too often that of the mother-in-law—of the humorists.

There are sextons who have so rightly magnified their office, and so honored the name, that of them local memories are flourishing as of devoted servants of God and man, whose life and work have become part of the influence of noble churches. Others, again, have left thoughts only of

[1] Reported from the *Homiletic Review* for July, 1890.

irritation, and remembrances of boorishness, not to speak of scandal, sacrilege and outrage.

A church of ancient name and grand history, of which for nine years I had the honor of being chief servant, was famous for a notable line of sextons—and sextons. There had been five edifices, from rude log-cabin with door key made by a blacksmith on an anvil, to superb pointed Gothic stone temple opened with Yale lock and key. How behaved the first of this line, I know not, for he and his five lusty sons were "captivated by the Indian salvages," and taken to Canada by the Mohawks. From 1670 to 1735, the salary of the sexton of this little church, then in a "frontier town" of the "far West," *i. e.*, ten miles west of the Hudson River, was $7.50. Then, for ten years, the office was held by a widow woman whose negro slave was *Klokluiyer*, or bell-ringer. No stove, furnace, or steam apparatus then troubled the door-keeper in the house of the Lord, for each dame brought her foot-stove. The Cæsar of the saints' household, actually so named, and a negro slave, served with acceptance during twenty-four years. Then followed a white Dutchman who adorned his calling at $50 per annum, since to his duties were added those of undertaker with fees fixed by the rule of the consistory.

Alas that honored fathers are followed by degenerate sons! The establishment of a medical college in a city near by, and the residence of students of anatomy in the village carried temptation to the young beadle. The Spanish dollars paid on receipt of a "scull" were too much for a conscience not too sensitive, and the graveyard became a mine of wealth. Suspected, finally, of his ghoulish habits, the sexton was summoned before the court of domine, (never such a thing as a "dominie" in that church) elders, and deacons, and charged with having "sold a scull" to a medical student. The good rulers of the congregation not dreaming of a prolonged traffic in whole corpses, ordered the

resurrectionist, in presence of an official witness, to restore the head to its parent trunk, and then summarily dismissed this covetous intermeddler with dead men's bones. Only a half century or more later, when the old God's Acre was emptied and its site removed to the beautiful cemetery on the hill, were the suspicions of the mercenary sexton's contemporaries proved to be just. Then it was found that a score or so of graves contained only fragments of coffin wood, but no bones.

A temptation to be popular, perhaps an itching for soft words to offset the scoldings common to his lot, befell another sacristan, to whom was confided the care of the communion wine. To those who had ridden far on cold or stormy Sabbaths, a cup of red wine, often partaken of innocently by some, and knowingly and with nictation by the ungodly or unscrupulous, warmed the veins of those thus surreptiously refreshed, often loosening their tongues in thanks and compliments. It is needless to say that the appointment of a new sexton followed the discovery of the scandalous practice.

Coming out of tradition and history into the light of experience, let me tell of one William Weaver, who lived in the city of Brotherly Love in the good old days when undertakers' signs with pictures of coffins and grave-diggers' advertisements adorned the walls or precincts of most of the churches. Severe and forbidding of visage as the old man seemed to my youthful eyes, not infrequently given to scolding, to vibratory use of the index-finger, and to application of thumb and fore-finger to the ears of refractory boys, even those whom he most disciplined learned to honor the old man who so honored his calling. He seemed to be instinct with knowledge of the proprieties of God's house. In due time and place, the oil and feather skillfully annihilated creakings of door and hinge, while the secrets of the silent world as applied to boots were his to perfection. Slamming

a pew door was a lost art to him. Did sun, or cloud, or equinox compel unexpected increase or decrease of light, blinds or shades were opened without sensational noise or theatrical glare. Was air needed, or found too fresh, the pole was wielded with the lightness of a fairy's wand. No fickleness of weather, but he was alert to detect change, and no cold wave or hot spell could steal a march on him. Courageous, cool, calm, patient under stress of tongue, a saint even under the persecutions of the mischievous boys, William Weaver, the sexton, was one, and not the least, of the forces that made the power which for over a quarter of a century in the Chambers church helped the kingdom of God.[1]

Other sextons, alas! I have known who were connected with the manufacture and sale of those coverings with which others gird us but not we ourselves. One was not only careless of the properties and the necessities of the church edifice, but "willing to do anything to sell a coffin." So careless was another of the difference between the outdoors and indoors climate, as to compel the exclamation of a pewholder that he "was too smart at providing business, by killing us off before our time." The less said about these the better. Wherever practicable, the business of sexton and that of coffin-seller or funeral director should be separated. Pure Christianity, it seems to the writer, requires both this and the removal of the undertaker's business cards and advertisements from church walls. In cities, this can be done without objection. Religion is for the living, not for the dead.

Nevertheless, my ideal sexton, who dwelt in the flesh during three-score years or more, whose face and speech were as unmistakably Scotch as was his ancestry, was also a burier of the dead. He not only magnified his office, but

[1] See John Chambers and His Ministry in Philadelphia. Andrus & Church. 1903.

glorified it. To him the church edifice, and all that belonged to religion both within and without the heart, were too sacred to be trifled with, irreverently handled, or neglected. Not only was neatness the law of the seats, but warmth and brightness the rule for the rooms in which even small groups during the week time met for prayer, for sewing, or for committee work. He always listened carefully to the notices, kept his appointments, was sunny, cheerful, patient, industrious, devout. Even the small boy was conquered by his circumventing friendliness. He actually won the larger lads to his assistance in always preserving order. In handling the dead no mother was more tender with her babe. To him every human form, even in ruins, was a temple built of God, and his voice, manner, and executive details during the sad days from ice to earth, disarmed death of some of its worst terrors. Somehow, he contrived to put in the shadow that which in the "sexton and undertaker" of the old sign-boards rouses prejudice and dislike, and made one feel the honors and beauties of his calling.

The minister has often in his own hands the making of a good sexton, provided the latter is not too old or set in his ways. I have five other sextons in my mind's eye, and of these there was not one who was not improved, or at least encouraged by kindness and sympathy. Resisting the temptation to look upon the man at the other end of the church as one's valet, and honoring him as a fellow-servant of God and the congregation, the clergyman who is thoughtful and appreciative will most surely succeed in being educative also. Thus will the glory of God and the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth be promoted. In the mutual relations of pastor, people, and sexton, the motto once borne on the banners of William the Silent is not too lofty, but very good for the daily food of routine duty, *pro rege, pro lege, pro grege*—"For the King, for the law, for the congregation."

Japanese Wit and Wisdom for the Preacher.[1]

More than one-half of the thirty-two thousand or more converts to Protestant Christianity in Japan and nearly all the native pastors are of the *samurai* class, which constituted the former military-literati of the country and had the monopoly of intellect and culture. The intellectual discipline which these young men, who are now preachers, enjoyed before coming under the influences of the Gospel, has given them a great advantage over the native ministry in other mission fields. The Japanese pastors and preachers have shown singular ability, tact and eloquence in presenting the Gospel message; and this is the general testimony of missionaries in the field and of secretaries at home. Whereas the Roman Catholics seem to keep everything in their own hands, the Protestants delight to pass everything over to the native brethren, keeping the attitude of friend and helper. Besides the four hundred and more native unordained evangelists and lay-helpers, there are, to the nearly three hundred churches, about one hundred and fifty native ordained pastors.

In other words, here is a body of young men, endowed by environment and heredity, who take naturally to public speaking. Questioning the language and literature we find a mine of wisdom relating to preaching and public address. The coinage of long experience circulates in their proverbs. From these terse sayings, full of "shortness, sense and salt," a Japanese Quintillian might construct a manual of conduct before an audience. We shall cull out a few of those we have gathered and arrange them under appropriate heads. A proverb is the short story of a long experience,

[1] Reprinted from the *Homiletic Review*, September, 1890.

and perhaps even our American pulpit orators may profit by perusal.

Appreciation of the good speaker is never lacking, for while "it is easier to capture the commander of three armies than to change the will of one man," yet "a powerful will pierces even a rock," and the ultimate work of the preacher is to move the will. The clever "Bonze and story-teller pick men's pockets with their tongues." It may be said that the will of individuals and of a nation has been moved in Japan by the eloquent men who have in time converted their countrymen to Buddha's faith, and filled it with temples and monasteries, concentrating wealth as nothing else in Japan has done. By forcible address, "Hearing becomes seeing," and the listener is made "To see one thing and understand ten." "One great man can still a crowd," and the speaker with lively imagination "Without going from home, sees all the world's famous places," "Turning men's ears into eyes." Or when pleasing in order to win is not the end in view, but when the aim is rather the bold rebuke of evil, and the crushing of violence by the weapons of speech, then the orator takes courage in remembering that "The tongue three inches long can kill a man six feet high."

For personal equipment, a knowledge of one's art, shrewdness in reading human nature, tact and the power to seize opportunity are indispensable. "Even a dragon may be tamed, if we know how to treat him." "By pinching one's self, learn how others feel." "Catch a tai [delicious fish] with a rice grain," and "The right kind of bait to each sort of fish." One must not be too self-indulgent or kind to his own faults; which, if persisted in, ruins reputation and influence. "The superior man is not ashamed to inquire of his friends," and "Something may be learned even from a grass-cutter." The little infelicity of to-day becomes the disgusting mannerism of the next decade, when "The twig which was despised has put his eye out," and "The dyke

has been destroyed by the ant-hill," and "The evil of three years has become a necessity." On the contrary, the man who perseveres to excellency "Though he falls seven times, rises eight." "The crystal ball and the needle become bright by polishing," "The dust heaped up becomes a mountain," and "A famous sword is made of iron-scrapers" [or heel-irons.] "There is no teacher of Japanese poetry," or of good oratory, but the speaker who strives to reach that height of art at which art is forgotten will "Through mortification get benefit," and in him the natural gift, like "A polished gem will attain splendor."

Clearness and concentration of thought are demanded in Japan as severely as in America. The Japanese do not like to read the books or hear the sermons of "A man who writes with a hair at the end of his pen." To them "Proof is better than argument." As it is "Better to smite with the fist than to fillip with the five fingers," so they like a "Demonstration better than a discussion.

Preaching is not usually the presentation of something new, it is the re-presentation of what is old in novel form. The flower, old in name and from ancient soil, must be fresh picked and dewey. One must take for granted some preparatory knowledge in his audience—just how much cannot be told—or else the speaker may be "Preaching to Buddha." The lawyer who addresses the Supreme Court must not expatiate on Blackstone. Platitudes are hateful in Japan as in Yankee land. "*Hotoke no kao mo, san do*"—even if the dead saint is in Paradise, one cares not to look on the face of the corpse more than three times. "Even a crow laughs at tales told during three years." The platitude-monger makes the young folks snicker. Even exaggeration must be deprecated. "A needle must not be called a club, nor a cat a tiger." One cannot "reach the young people" by "Boiling water become cold," or "Flowers picked three days."

Conciseness, brevity, freshness are qualities highly appre-

ciated in a speaker. "Clever preacher, short sermon," coutrasts with "The long sermon of a stupid preacher." "The unskilful speaker is long-winded," and "While the tongue works the brain sleeps," and "The more words the less sense," even though the man in the pulpit "Argues till a crow's head becomes white." Such a house-emptier need not complain that his audiences are unappreciative, brainless, or uncultured, for "The bad artist always blames his brush," and the people know it. Rather than such failure in public speaking, it is better to be one of "Those silent men who are worth listening to," who illustrate the proverb "What is not said is better than what is spoken."

In a word, in the spiritual renascence of the Land of the Sunrise, "the foolishness of preaching" is being made one of the mighty influences of Divine Providence, and the young Christian heralds of the Gospel seem resolved by diligent use of the unchanging laws of right discourse to illustrate Paul's glorious paradox on its noblest side. Among the "gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh," which these men from the East are laying at the feet of their divine Saviour, that of the power to win souls by preaching is not the least.

The Teacher of Teachers.[1]

In using this august title for the heroine whose sketch we place upon our easel today, we are not looking higher than six feet above the earth. We do not mean God the Father, nor the Christ, nor the Holy Spirit; but we mean some one who stood to us at the first, more than any other, in the place of God. We have no reference to patriarch, prophet, psalmist, apostle, or Church Father. We go further, to the under world of sub-consciousness, and we declare that our first teachers are our mothers.

The first two years of life are for education more important than any other years of existence upon the earth. Within these two years one experiences the wonderful world of sense, learns the difference between love and dislike, between smiles and frowns, and is educated in many things that never need relearning or unlearning in after life. We are not sure that Wordsworth in his poem on "Intimations of Immortality" has exaggerated the basic facts of the case, but it is very certain that "the child is father to the man." Oriental wisdom responds to this poem which Emerson declares was "the high water mark" of modern poetry, in a well-known proverb: "The child three years of age keeps his heart until he is sixty." Yes, blessed is the mature man and the aged who can keep his child's heart.

Now, in the making of that child's heart and the boy's life, none has power like a mother. When we say this we are not dealing in glittering generalities. We are stating a historic as well as a philosophical fact. There rises before us the picture of one whom we shall call by the old-fashioned name of Maria. Notwithstanding that, in our days, it is more fashionable to give some other one of the score or so

[1] Reprinted from *The Advance.*

variations of the name of the Virgin, we shall not depart from the ancient and hallowed Maria. Old-fashioned flowers, such as lady-slippers, marigolds, and honeysuckles are just as beautiful as the last new fad out of the hot-houses, even though they are not so fashionable. At any rate history and truth ought to know no fashions.

Maria was a true trainer of sons. She taught them virtue, courage, self-denial, benevolence, faith, and the Christian graces. Still more than all this, she trained them to be patriots, to love their country, and to be willing at the first call to enlist in her defense. So it came to pass when the Civil War broke out, she had the joy to have one son serve under Farragut on his floating fortress during four years. The other, though but eighteen, followed the flag with the Forty-fourth Pennsylvania regiment. She taught them to love books and good reading, and to know the difference between trash and treasure as represented in printer's ink.

She had none of those curious, one-sided ideas about the training of boys and girls so often held in our days, and occasionally held in New England. She could not understand why girls should be taught to be good wives and mothers, and boys be left to find out for themselves how to be good husbands, or to be indoctrinated in the idea that marriage duties were simply affairs of women and not of men. So she gave her boys a thorough training in those duties which would fit them to be husbands and fathers. She loved the church and the things of religion. She complimented rather than supplemented the preaching and Sunday school instruction, the daily family worship and table grace by her own personal encouragement to study the Word of God.

Maria, the mother of seven children, was a theologian of the right sort. She was of that kind which the church particularly needs today. To use a name and coinage of words which all New Englanders can, or ought to understand, she

had "the John Robinson frame of mind." She believed that we ought to understand Paul, and Peter, and Jude, and John, and all the fathers and theologians, by first understanding Christ. She believed that the gospels were the key to all theology. She did not believe in the method of getting one's mind filled up to the brim with the teaching of the fathers and doctors, and then attempting to understand what Christ meant. She would not have her boys loaded to the muzzle with all sorts of compendiums, question books, and other apparatus of interpretation before they had first learned what Jesus taught and meant to teach. She did not make actual study of Calvin's and Augustine's books, nor had she ever read Luther or Turretin. In fact, to be plain, she knew only one language, and that was the English. But she did believe in learning of Christ first of all. She thought the whole Bible ought to be understood by reading the New Testament, and that all the apostles ought to be made to conform to Christ, and not Christ's words be straightened out or measured according to what the apostles said.

So she trained her boys to read the Bible and never be afraid of what they found in it. Should they, in reading the old Testament, run across strange language, or things that were not to be spoken ordinarily in the common speech of to-day, they were to come to her to be instructed. The consequence was they never learned what may be called private knowledge from servants, or from bad boys or girls, but from pure lips and a life made purer through faith in the atoning blood of Jesus Christ.

How it ever came to pass, as we sometimes read in the biographies of holy women—biographies somewhat "medicated" we suspect—that they were able to train up their boys with severity only, and not by coaxing or reward, we do not know. This woman of flesh and blood, about whom we are writing, knew that committing Scripture to memory, however important or subsequently beneficial, was in itself hard

work. In fact she had a tremendous sympathy for the seven children who followed their father and mother, in true apostolical succession, every Sunday, and filled up a generously long pew, or overflowed it. So, to make the small wrigglers comfortable, she had hassocks and footstools made high enough to keep the little legs from being pendulums, and otherwise she made life very enjoyable and religion very attractive. Let me paint a Jan Steen picture in words.

Day of the week, Saturday ; time of day, 10 A. M. Small boy has been out-doors since half-past eight, cheeks are rosy red, animal spirits somewhat subdued by hard playing and lively sport. Place, kitchen, large and sunshiny. Material visible, flour, eggs, pastry, apples, all sorts of good-smelling things. Temperature high, range red hot, ovens all ready, roller and pie plates at hand. Moon-like tin disks are soon filled with lucious and spicy compounds. The big ones are for the family in general ; but for the particular small boy who has ensconced himself in a corner (and in prospect of joys to come is happier than the Jack Horner of nursery rhymes) there is an apple turn-over. One sheet of pastry is well filled with apples, turned over on itself, well kneaded together at the edges, and snipped along the top with a pair of scissors to let some of the savory imprisoned air out and and prevent a sugary explosion. It was then put into the oven, and soon changed into a delicious browned mass that tickled the esthetic as well as the gustatory nerves of the small boy.

All this time, while the baking is going on, he has a New Testament in his hand. On one Saturday, he commits to memory one-half of the second chapter of Matthew, another Saturday the other half. And so, week after week, the memory is stored with gems of Scripture that are of more worth than jewels. Wisely are the genealogies omitted ; wisely, too, those parts which when committed leave no definite impression on the mind. The salutations and wind-

ings up of the Epistles, and other things not so well retained in memory, nor so suggestive to the childish mind, are omitted ; while those portions which the later combined wisdom of International Sunday school committees are agreed upon are stored away in the memory.

Whenever the small boy comes upon a word he cannot understand, or an expression which is dubious, he obtains light from his mother. But, with the child, the work is that of true memorizing, which she personally hears herself afterward. She does not insist that everything shall become clear to the boy at once. She only wisely and kindly guarantees for him that he shall be equipped and enriched with the Word of God.

How the years passing by have justified the wisdom of the good mother ! How the ages are approving the principle of the Bereans and John Robinson, and all other students of the true Word of God. Was Maria, the mother, original? Was she an innovator? Do we claim for her that her thought takes its place among that of creative minds? Nay, such claim would be nonsense. The founder of this principle of Bible Study was Jesus Christ himself. When Maria, the mother, told her boys to study the Bible thoroughly and never to be afraid of anything they found in it, she was but a true disciple of Jesus. When she told them that there were many things they could not understand at once, or expect to see clearly, it might be for years, she also impressed upon them that patience and perseverance would reward them, and time and the Holy Spirit would make all important things plain.

Her method of making Christ the Teacher of teachers, and of subordinating all prophets, apostles, theologians, and catechism makers to the Christ of God is yet to become the method of the whole church. Why should we learn first of Johnathan Edwards, or John Wesley, or Robert Hall, or of Turretin, or Calvin, or Luther, or Augustine, and then go to

Christ? Why should we not learn of Christ first of all? His words are simple enough to be understood of a child, and deep enough to be pondered by sages, while eternity will not exhaust their richness.

So, in a time like ours, when many questions arise, when controversies rage, when archæology brings forth its trophies which compel us to restate our theories, when critical investigation compels us to readjust many of our statements, happy the man who, by pastor, or father, or mother, or Sunday school teacher, has been taught in the right way.

We own a pair of "semi-lunar fardels" which, on a salver of snow-white paper, with a tremendously big seal of gold, were handed to us by Union College; but, more than any titles or diplomatic documents, or honorary degrees, we value the training which we received from our first theological teacher. Christ first, parents next, other teachers afterward. God's Word outweighs all other books. This was Maria's, the mother's motto, and we call her blessed.

The Outlook for Religion in the Twentieth Century.[1]

Frederic Harrison, the great positivist, declares that Christianity in this twentieth century is "discredited." His remark illustrates the absence of that sense of humor, so often noted in earnest men, showing a defect where we should look for balance and complete sanity. In all ages Christianity has been thoroughly "discredited" by those who did not accept it. A Latinized word need not confuse when a plain Anglo-Saxon term makes the situation plain.

Nevertheless, if all there is of Christianity be in churches, their adherents have distinct cause for disquiet. If the prosperity of the religion of Jesus rests either upon the number of church members or the rate of increase, then the cause of the Founder shows at least signs of temporary weakness. In the church of England, though the statistics of the year-book have a rosy hue, they are upon analysis disappointing. In the decade past the number of confirmations in a year has fallen, with some fluctuations from 244,730 to 195,673, and the decrease during the last five years has been continuous and rapid. The same phenomena are seen in the Sunday schools, in the number of baptisms and more strikingly in the field of total abstinence. Compare these figures, gloomy as they look, with the increase in population, and the reason for deep searchings of heart in England are even more manifest.

American churches tell the same story. Analyzing the material furnished by the United States census, we find that though the statistics of church membership look very cheerful, the actual gain as compared with the population is very small—not three per cent. The rolls swell, but the rate decreases.

[1] Reprinted from the Maynard syndicate of newspapers, 1901.

The number of names given in individual church reports is never the minimum, nor do these on the average show close accuracy. If the names of those dead, absent or non-attendant, or of the myriads whose letters of dismissal still lie in their trunks, were erased, there would be a veritable black Friday in shrinkage. If anything seems certain it is that net gain in church membership is small, while decrease in its rate is certain. Whether ritualistic or with plain service, "orthodox" or "liberal," of Dives with social prestige, or of Lazarus ever in need of help, the churches tell the same story.

What is the reason for this state of affairs? Is Christianity declining? Are there discernible causes of the lack of growth in church membership, that is, of numerical Christianity?

Do we listen to the doctors and experts? We are charmed or dismayed by their disagreement. The decay of preaching, the decline of pulpit ability, a lowering of personality in the clergy, the poor quality of the music, the lack of artistic resources, the hideous ugliness of the edifices or the stuffiness of the air in them, the villainy of sextons, the stupidity of church officers, are causes assigned. The ordinary Protestant church, as to form and spirit, is alleged to be a survival, a village meeting house in a great city. Furthermore, the ideals of the preacher are non-strenuous, they appear to the feminine rather than to the masculine mind and taste. Or, the church is monopolized by the rich. The working man can find no food for his soul there. The people are cold and proud, there is no social atmosphere nor winsome personality, etc., etc., and so on to the end of the chapter.

No reasonable man can deny the force of these and other criticisms. Preachers are no longer eminent as scholars—pyramids of learning amid vast levels of ignorance. The brains are now in the pews. The clergy are not the ideal, but only the average of educated men. For ability in pulpit and at altar we must depend upon what the fathers and mothers of each generation can furnish.

Yet even now the people can make or unmake the parson far more than they imagine, and in general the congregation can have very much the sort of minister it wants.

Undoubtedly music and art have in many communions a far larger part to play than in the past. Without a doubt, also, theology is too much the product of monastic, medieval, and scholastic ages, instead of the real message of the living Christ. Men of today cannot live upon "cut straw five hundred years old." They long for the juicy pasturage which blooms perennially, with every new springtime, in the gospel records. There is certainly a hiatus between the life of Jesus, the outdoor teacher, and his commandments, direct, forceful, human, divine, and the ecclesiastical verbiage with which men are asked to feed the souls.

It cannot be denied further that most of our preaching satisfies women more than men. The church seems to be a place for bonnets and fine dress, rather than for thinkers and devout worshipers. Often from the pulpit there is almost a morbidly feminine outlook upon life.

Revivalism, which roots its success in emotion, has been the bane of popular religion. The vast majority of converts thus made are women and girls. The crop of "burnt out" or hardened fathers, who talk before their children in a way that does not breed respect for the churches, is large. The clerical standard of conduct seems negative rather than manly. Religion is measured more by what a girl will not, than what a boy may do. Hence the man goes where he is respected and invited—to the lodges, saloons, clubs, and athletic games. The Sunday school works hand in hand with the church, and the ideal of religious life is rather a sweet young girl who will not do anything rough. In general it is the mother and not the father who is ever lovely and of good report. We may not wonder that where the German and Dutch are spoken in our American churches the men crowd them, for here no such morbid idea prevails.

That wealth and social ambition dominate many churches, keeping out the wage-earners, cannot be denied. The workingman has a notion that the chief supporters of Protestant churches are those prominent in the corporations, which are soulless to a proverb. Perhaps all will agree that the rapid and almost unprecedented multiplication of amusements, the multifarious attractions and luxuries which come in the wake of national prosperity, and the phenomenal revival of outdoor sports and recreations have much to do with the decline of the churches.

Granting all the facts, there is as yet no sign of decay of the influence of Jesus, nor of any real lessening of the inexhaustible fertility of Christianity, what we see is merely the transit of activities, a change of emphasis. Our age makes its appeal to life. It is, therefore, none the less religious.

Faith is not credulity. It is vision of the eternal reality. Never was the power of the founder more manifest than in our age. We see this in the spread of popular education and in the noble standards of public service set forth in our colleges and universities and their "settlements" and "extensions" in the humanization of law, in the increased sensitiveness to suffering, in the multiplication of hospitals, in the growth of an army of nurses, in prison reform, in social amelioration and in the clarification of the ideas which lie at the basis of human progress.

Our true advance has been not in mechanical inventions, or in methods of communication and transit, but in the leavening of a large mass by the forces inherent in Christianity. Ours is the era of spiritual expansion. Never was the army of faith larger, or missionary activity both at home or abroad greater. Many who least profess to be actuated by the commandments of Jesus are really doing his work. It is not for the Master's disciples to rebuke those who imitate the Christ, though they are not in the circle of the twelve or even in the corporation.

In reality this is a religious age. Though labels may be rewritten or transferred, the trend of things is nearness to the divine Founder, and this is increasingly manifest—whether those to whom tradition is hallowed like it or not—by the removal of many courses of intermediaries between the men of today and the Son of Man. To those who see the reality of things, there is transformation indeed, but it is of the tree, not of the clond—that is, normal and beautiful evolution.

Those who realize that all true progress in Christianity consists in a deeper insight and closer apprehension of the original ideas of the Master will not be cast down, but cheered. This much is certain, that when the church lives more like her Master and goes forth seeking to save, when she more clearly apprehends the truth which He lived before He taught it, when she substitutes the simplicity of His teaching for the vast accummulation that has been deposited upon it, when she stands for righteousness and for righteousness only, there will be nothing to mourn over either in the phenomenon or the leavening.

There are not two gospels, but only one. Between those who seek worldly culture and selfish gain on the one hand, and those who are on fire for God in self-denial there will always be contention. Although renunciation and sacrifice will ever form part of true religion yet self-culture and the wholeness of life are equal factors in the one undivided scheme of eternal evolution.

The church that has the widest outlook, and which most fully ministers to the needs and services of the human soul, will never lack for members. Only as the good news of God is made convincingly clear, and the church becomes more like her seeking, healing, and saving Founder, can the decline in church membership, both as to quality and quantity, be arrested. There is no other patent medicine or prescription of the faculty that can heal her disease.

Can the Modern Man be a Christ-Man?[1]

[1] Reprinted from the Maynard Syndicate of Newspapers.

This is the question which our student boys and girls, and thousands in middle life are asking:

"How can you keep your faith while you think about things?"

So asks the college girl who tells us that between her Philosophy classes and her Bible course, she gets into more mazes of doubt and uncertainty every day.

So, too, does the college boy, unless he drives out all thought by physical dissipation in foot ball, or the "Dutch Kitchen," over a beer mug, after hard work in lecture room, laboratory, or manual labor shop, is over. How can a thinking lad or lassie of to-day, inhabiting the new heavens and the new earth revealed by modern science, be a Christian and "only believe."

The average youth finished the study of theology some time ago in the Sunday School, under a sweet young lady of sixteen or twenty, most probably graduating from high school into the university where the professors bid you doubt and question. How can he or she keep faith now? The old, narrow path seems ever narrower, amid quagmires without landmarks on one side, and abysses and quicksands on the other. Or, led up over exceeding high mountains of daring speculation into immensities and infinities, one seems to be traveling through rarified atmosphere, as in a balloon just about to burst.

"I don't know whether I believe in anything," is the despairing cry.

After this, look out for the hardened man who makes no more flights or struggles, but settles down into sterility and hardness, good for this world only—a Confucian Chinaman, without knowing it.

Or, behold the wild-eyed male or female seeker after, and the victim of, every apostle of the isms, needy adventurer, or fattener on human gullability. "Ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth," are these "clouds without water." "Thrice dead, plucked up by the roots," they are dead facts stranded on the shores of the oblivious years." Every community is full of them. They are spoil for the spoiler.

Needless to name either the fat foxes or the plucked geese of the twentieth century. Every age has, in one form or another its special Brigham Young—superb in physical equipment, amazing master of the multitudes, crafty and shrewd, dollar and flesh-loving to the last degree. From Caesar's time to Roosevelt's, there will be ever the "weird woman"—Mother this or that. Living in cave, or cottage of colonial architecture, electric-lighted and telephone-equipped, at the Delphic oracle or talking over the wires, it is much the same woman. Barnum believed that humanity loves to be humbugged, yet he knew, also, even as Lincoln did—"not all the people all the time." He had to provide new humbugs to tickle the shallow thinkers, to whom faith and credulity are the same.

It is not thinking that destroys faith. In fact, to make a trained thinker, a spiritual athlete, the true college professor seeks to turn out stalwart intellects, yea, and true Christians also, first seeks to melt down as the sun the icicle, the old ways of thinking, the pretty snow wreaths of the callow student. He can not fulfil unless he first destroys much. He throws the boy overboard in order to teach him how to swim. So Jesus, against "ye have heard it said by them of old time" put his, "but I say unto you." Christianity is Christ. All else is dilution.

Yes, there is a way to use your mind and be the stronger in faith. Here Jesus is the teacher of teachers. "Ye believe in God, believe also in me." "Have faith in God."

How? do you ask. He replies, "Consider"—that is think it out *slowly*. Consider. Sit down, don't be in a hurry. You cannot form either a final philosophy or a complete system of theology in the fermenting stage of your mental career. Wait until experience interprets life, and life truth. Be a skeptic in the original sense of that much abused word; that is shade your eyes from the glare and look steadily. Shut out the world's Babel and seek God in prayer. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." You'll hear a still small voice. Contemplate (*con-templum!*) Look all around the temple. Take a broad view. Words—yes, even of mighty philosophers, are next to nothing. "Not every one that *saith* unto me, Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will of my Father." There is no such thing as religion in words and opinions only. It is life or it is nothing.

Doing helps us mightily to know of the doctrine whether it be of God. "If I hadn't got mission work to do, and turned my belief, as far as I had any, into life and action, I should have been an infidel," said my fellow student under Doctor Shedd, and now the successor of Philips Brooks.

Yes, our teacher, who with his eye on a hole in the ceiling, sharp-pointed pencil in hand, took us up into the spirations of Deity, and later showed us "Calvinism, Pure and Mixed," tried honestly to reconcile to the modern world, Augustine, Anselm, Aquinas, and Edwards, and still more audaciously and with honest self-persuasion attempted to reconcile Christ to these worthies, and, almost, as we thought, he showed their equal claims on us.

How far behind seems that world of ideas of even thirty years ago. Yet the Christ is still ahead. Generation after generation has said "Lord, Lord, permit us to explain Thee and Thy teachings, permit us to limit Thee, by making Thee talk our dialect, to clothe Thy Gospel in terms of our philosophy and view of the universe." How well they succeeded—for a time! Even as in the Arabian Nights, Abra-

ham and the patriarchs, are made to talk good orthodox Islam, make pious ejaculations like Mahomet's own, so our old theologians made Ezekiel and Peter talk the language of Rome, Moscow, Augsburg, Westminster, Andover, or Princeton.

Even now men try to perform the same pious legerdemain, expecting to furnish the final philosophy. Still the voices of Gerizim and Jerusalem, of Moscow and Rome, of Protestant and Catholic, of Ritschl and Maurice, of Restorationism and Eddyism, of Liberal and Orthodox, ring out insistently. Each calls as of old, "Lord, Lord."

Yet "the Word of God is not bound." It cannot be. Living Samson breaks green withes and new ropes. In reality the old Jesus way is still plain, yes shining, clear even to the fool, whether way-faring man on the highway, freshman in college, or the bald-headed scholar immersed in walls of books. Blessed is the man that can see the living Christ as the new, fresh teacher, ever making obsolete the old hampering systems. What are orthodoxies or heterodoxies, certificated by sect or ecclesiastical corporations, or popular theologians, compared to the teachings of the Son of Man? His words are plain. Twenty centuries have added nothing to them, nor can add. If philosopher and theologian, agnostic and confessionalist, school and party, ism and every "new idea" have demonstrated anything, it is their utter impotence to make a Christian. Christ is still ahead, lord of the centuries, and Christianity means loyalty to him.

Our grandfathers were nearer, in mental outlook on the universe, to the Greek fathers and the mediæval system makers, than we are to our grandfathers. The Protestant Reformation was a revolution only in forms, ours of the past fifty years is a revolution in spirit. Most of the old apologetics, of Paley, Butler, and all their host are hopelessly antiquated, but for us, the men of modern mind in the

twentieth century, the Christ, the divine Christ with the white hair of eternity, has the bright eyes of eternal youth. His word stands. His commands are binding, His way of life is the only one.

So fear not, little maid tossed between the rabbi and the philosopher. Don't read Paul and Augustine and Aquinas and Calvin and Moody and Drummond first, and then try to understand the Christ. Read Jesus first. Take Him seriously. Prove by practice that His ideas are workable. Believe in His doctrine of "the second mile." Demonstrate what it means. You'll not know Him well until you do. Then, you'll find Him Divine. Saturate your mind with His mind. Do your Father's will, and you'll soon learn how to value all things outside the soul and God, yes, even Bible, church, the fathers, theology teachers, etc. With Jesus you cannot go wrong. It isn't possible to do so. You may have to walk over Calvary, but not into the mire.

Don't trust even Fairbairn instead of Christ. Once he was suspected. Now he is the leader of orthodoxy in Britain. I know and love him and his work, but all human philosophy is alike. Commentaries and philosophy are as the newspapers for the hour. The text will always be more than the commentary. Prophecy, knowledge, philosophy, even catechism shall fail. Jesus' words will never fail. Master the Master. First, last, always, test all things by Him. Let philosopher, priest, teachers, new or old, "advanced" or "orthodox" thinkers go. Cling to Christ. Walk in His footsteps. Do His will.

Do you find Farrar's Life of Christ "a little gushy." "Rather popular and sensational, isn't it?" You say.

Yes, I'll forgive your "impertinence." It's rather a sign of growth to advance beyond Farrar. I thought like you long ago. Tried in the fire of critical examination much of Farrar's work will not stand. He did not verify his references. No careless work abides. Helpful as his

book once was, it does but show how even literary and orthodox stars, seemingly of the first magnitude, soon grow dim. Jesus is the bright, the morning star unto eternity. Even what appears to us the very heavens and earth of proper belief pass away, but Christ's words will never pass away. Twenty centuries only brighten them. "His name is called the Word of God."

So don't fear to think. Have only the fear of the Lord which makes clean. Even our dear leader in Gethesemane "was heard in that he feared."

The modern man may be a Christ-man. Yea, abundantly, for the modern world already here is part of the coming perfect world which Jesus came to bring. Somehow or other our Jesus of the Gospels seems wonderfully at home in it—that is, if we are doing His will, and believe and practice His word "inasmuch." Learn what it means to "die daily," and keep even in faith's eye the picture of the Leader, "conquering and to conquer," whose armies follow Him "clothed in white linen," the righteousness of saints. 'Twixt rabbi and seer, "fix your eye upon Jesus." He himself has said, "Behold I make all things new."